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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Western Counties of England.

VOL. I.

OBSERVATIONS

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO THE

NATURAL HISTORY,

Pictureſque Scenery,

AND

ANTIQUITIES,

OF THE

Western Counties of England,

Made in the Years 1794 and 1796.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A Mineralogical Map, and sixteen Views in Aquatinta by Alken.

BY

WILLIAM GEORGE MATON, M. A.

FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

VOL. I.

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1797.

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TO
THE REVEREND
THOMAS RACKETT.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT would be great ingratitude not to inscribe to you a work that owes its embellishments to your accurate pencil. To you it is indebted for much valuable information too, and many useful hints with regard to selection and method.

But, independently of these considerations,—the remembrance of having had such a companion as you, on my journies,
of

of our having travelled with the same views, and partaken of the same pleasures;—but, above all, a sense of the *many* important advantages I have derived from your friendship would persuade me to seize this, and every, opportunity of testifying the obligation and respect, with which,

I am,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your faithful humble Servant,

W. G. MATON.

SALISBURY,

April 22, 1797.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THE following OBSERVATIONS were made during two Tours, one comprehending the more southern parts of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and the county of Cornwall,—the other the northern parts of the two former counties, and Somersetshire ; these Tours are accordingly described in separate volumes, which, though very unequal in size, (the length of the first journey having exceeded that of the second by almost three hundred miles), it was thought would be a more commodious method of arranging the
matter,

matter, than if an equal quantity of it had been contained in each.

My motives to put the materials which I had collected into print were the hopes of directing the public attention to a district hitherto very imperfectly described, and the wish to assist the researches of those who may visit it with views and pursuits similar to my own. The information, I am sensible, is scanty,—indeed it was scarcely possible to do perfect justice to a subject so multifarious at the first attempt, especially by a pen so inexperienced as mine;—but I trust I shall not be found to have deviated from truth, and it will be my endeavour, if the work should be thought worthy of another edition, to remedy so far as I am able the imperfections of the present.

There is certainly no portion of the kingdom, of equal extent, that exhibits such a diversity of interesting objects as the western. For the study of mineralogy, in particular, and the
mining

mining art, this district possesses superior advantages. Cornwall, a county of quite a primeval aspect in regard to the stratification of substances, contains an inexhaustible store of metal in its bowels. The bold mountains of Dartmoor and Mendip also are not without their metallic treasures, and here too nature appears in her rudest and wildest form,——

“ —— immunis rastroque intacta nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus.”

Of sublime as well as decorated scenery the most striking specimens will be found ; with respect to the former, some parts of Cornwall and North Devon cannot be exceeded in our island, and, as to the latter, the southern coast of Devonshire and many spots in Somersetshire are perhaps unrivalled.—The stupendous remains of ancient architecture,—of structures erected in the earliest ages ; the extensive military works ; and the more modern relics of monastic grandeur scattered on all sides must be in the highest degree interesting to the antiquary, and cannot
but

but awaken the feelings and meditations of the man of general taste.

It would be a great want both of candour and gratitude not to acknowledge the assistance which I have been fortunate enough to receive in this undertaking. I derived great advantages on my first tour from the company of Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S. whose skill in mineralogy is too well known to need mention here. To Francis Webb, Esq. of Brasted, in Kent, I am indebted for memoirs of his friend the late Mr. Giles Hufsey, which will occur in this volume. My obligation to other gentlemen I have taken opportunities of expressing in the body of the work. But there is one whose name I cannot mention in *any* place in terms of respect at all adequate to my feelings, or correspondent to the encouragement which he extends to every attempt, however humble, to contribute to the stock of natural knowledge; his liberality and condescension are shewn with

no view indeed but to the interests of science, which, whilst dignifying by personal character and acquirements the chair of one of the most distinguished Societies in the world, he has promoted beyond all prior example.


OBSER-




OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WESTERN COUNTIES.



DORSETSHIRE.



THE first object to engage the attention of a traveller entering Dorsetshire by the great western turnpike is the *Via Iceniana*, or Iken-*Via Iceniana*, ing Street, which appears on the right, after passing through a part of Cranborn Chace, and

Dorset. crosses the road near Woodyates.* It does not remain very perfect in its progress from Old Sarum to this spot, but may be afterwards traced pretty distinctly to Badbury, stretching over the plains on the left, and approaching the village of Moore-Critchill. Spetisbury being our first place of destination, we took the Roman road in some measure for our guidance, and surveyed the remains of antiquity which accompany its course.

About a mile and an half from Woodyates' Inn, we observed several *tumuli*, or barrows, some of which are extremely large. There are also four circular trenches, each about sixty feet in diameter, and having a sort of hillock in the

* On the left, a large *vallum* is observable, which crosses the road just at the point where the Ikening Street does, beginning a little west of Grovely, in Wiltshire, and passing near Chirkbury, Broadchalk, and Woodyates, and thence in a south-east direction to the Stour, not far west from Christchurch, in Hampshire.—It is supposed by Dr. Stukely to have been thrown up before Cæsar's time, perhaps by the *Belgæ*, and serves at present to divide the counties of Wilts and Dorset.

centre, that appears to be depressed or sunk in the middle. It is probable that these last were used in the performance of some religious or funereal rites, and are coeval with the former; that they are as old as the British times, seems evident from the following circumstance: the Roman road reduces the size of one of them that lay in the line of its course, the bank being in one part incomplete. On the declivity of the hill to the left, there are vestiges of some extensive entrenchments, which afford reason for believing that this spot might once have been the scene of an important battle.

Dorset.

We passed by CRITCHILL HOUSE, a seat of Charles Sturt, Esq.* which stands in a well wooded spot, and is a very large mansion, but of an irregular form. It was built by Sir William Napier. There is a piece of water, which, though artificial, has been managed to sufficient

*Critchill
House.*

* Now in the occupation of the Prince of Wales.

Dorset. advantage for producing the effect of a broad fine river.

Badbury. BADBURY is situated on a considerable eminence, about four miles north-west from Winborn, the *Vindogladia* of Antoninus, to which it appears to have been a summer station. It was afterwards occupied, however, by the Saxons. We read of Edward the elder posting himself here, when on the march to punish his rebellious kinsman, Ethelward, who had taken Winborn. The Roman road leads to the north-east entrance of this fine encampment, which consists of three somewhat oblong ramparts, and the inmost part commands a most extensive horizon. The Isle of Wight may be seen to the south-east, and the Purbeck hills bound the view towards the south. A great number of Roman coins, urns, &c. have been found here, and are in the possession of Henry Bankes, Esq. of Kingston Hall.

Kingston
Hall.

KINGSTON HALL may be seen from Badbury,

bury, and is remarkable for having been a long time the residence of James, the first Duke of Ormond. It is a large pile of building, and contains some admirable pictures* by Vandyke and other eminent painters,

Dorset.

Taking leave for the present of the Ikening Street, we crossed the river Stour by CRAWFORD Bridge.—This Bridge consists of thirteen arches; it underwent considerable repairs about the year 1506, when forty days of indulgence were granted to such as would contribute to the work.† The stones being placed chequer-wise, confirm this account of the date of the Bridge, for it was a fashion very prevalent at that period. We saw no remains of the Abbey of Crawford,‡ though the conventual barn is still standing.

Crawford
Bridge.

* Among these is a most beautiful landscape by Berghem.

† See Hutchins's History of Dorset, vol. 2, p. 190.

‡ *Tarrant* Crawford is the proper name of the village.

Dorset.

The Nunnery is said to have been founded for Nuns of the Cistercian order, by Bishop Poore, who was born here, and for whose memory I cannot help feeling a veneration, as he was the founder also of that beautiful edifice (justly the boast of my native city) Salisbury Cathedral. This distinguished Prelate gained the favor of the Pope, by his courtesy and kindness to the Apostolic Legate, whom he assisted in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. The zeal and loyalty which he discovered when Lewis, the French King's son, attempted to seat himself on the English throne, gained him the attachment also of his Sovereign, Henry III. to whom, probably, the Bishop was most indebted for his munificent preferments in the church. After being removed from the Deanry of Salisbury to the Bishoprick of Chichester, (in which he continued but a few years) he came to the episcopal throne of the former diocese. In the year 1225, however, he

was

was again removed from Salisbury, and exalted to the see of Durham.* Dorset.

SPETISBURY is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Stour, three miles from Blandford, and is a village of considerable extent. To the right of the road passing through it to Poole, there is a very perfect encampment, (called *Spetisbury Ring*) which has been considered by some as a Roman, and by others as a Saxon one. Its proximity to the Ikening Street, (which runs about a mile distant) seems at first to countenance the former supposition; but the same circumstance induces me to think that it was constructed after the Roman times. If it had been a Roman station, the road would certainly have been made to communicate with it, either directly, or by means of a vicinal branch, no traces of which are to be perceived. Besides, the rampart is nearly circular, and several

* *Antiq. Sarisburienses*, p. 137.

Dorset. Saxon coins have been found within its area.
The entrance is from the north-west.

*Charbo-
rough.*

CHARBOROUGH, the seat of R. E. D. Grosvenor, Esq. (which lay in our road to Wareham) is not undeserving of mention. Every lover of the British constitution, as established by the Revolution of 1688, must feel a reverence for the spot where that glorious event was concerted. Over the door of a small house, in the grounds, appears the following inscription, viz :

“ Under this roof, in the year 1686,
 A set of patriotic gentlemen of this place
 Concerted the plan of the glorious Revolution
 With the immortal King William,
 To whom we owe our deliverance
 From Popery and slavery ;
 The expulsion of the tyrant race of
Stuarts ;
 The restoration of our liberties ;

Secu-

Security of our properties ;
Establishment of our national honor and wealth.
Englishmen, remember this Æra ! and
consider that your Liberty by the virtues
of your Ancestors must be
maintained by yourselves.

Dorset.

1780.

Thomas Erle Drax."

As we approached Morden, a village about four miles from Wareham, we found ourselves incommoded by a deep sand, and on the verge of a wide heath. The country over which we had hitherto passed was wholly of chalk, and exhibited in general an open, unornamented aspect. Our view in front was now terminated by the hills of Purbeck, but we obtained a glance of the sea gliding into Poole harbour.

On the heath between Morden and Wareham, *Exacum filiforme* (marsh centaury) appears in great profusion. This rare little plant has
never,

Dorset. never, I believe, been found farther northward. It grows on spots overflowed in the winter (*locis hieme inundatis.*)

Wareham. WAREHAM was once a very large and populous town, though, in consequence of frequent ravages by fire, devastations by wars, and the retreat of the sea from its port, now an inconsiderable place. In Edward the Confessor's time, it had two mints; and William the Conqueror added to its importance by building a strong castle, of which, however, there is nothing to point out the site, except the name of *Castle-clofe*, a spot which is now a deal-yard, on the south-west side of the town. Traces of other fortifications may be seen in several places.

Near St. Mary's Church, there are some remains of a priory, (now converted into a dwelling and malt house) which was one of the most ancient religious establishments in the county, and is said to have been founded by St. Adhelm,

Adhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, about the year 709. *Dorset.*

We noticed two churches besides St. Mary's, but divine service has been discontinued in them, and they are going fast to decay. The latter is a spacious, handsome fabric, with an embattled tower.

At the distance of four miles from Wareham stands the town of Corfe-Castle. Near the road a very fine clay is procured; large quantities of it are sent from Wareham to Poole, and thence into Staffordshire and various parts of the kingdom, for the manufacture of earthen ware. The colour is almost white, and the pits appear to be about twelve or fourteen feet deep.

The remains of the CASTLE of CORFE appear most strikingly grand at the distance of half a mile. The hill on which they stand is very high, and abrupt northward; it seemed before

Dorset. before we approached it to be in a line with the lofty ridge that runs from the easternmost to the westernmost part of Purbeck, and is interrupted only by a valley of sufficient extent to disclose a full view of the ruin. A compact white limestone forms the substance of these hills, and appears to have been serviceable for filling up the walls of the Castle.

On the side towards the town, ascent to the Castle is easy. We pass over a strong bridge crossing a moat of considerable depth, and then under the great gate, which remains pretty perfect. Proceeding through the first or outer ward, we arrive at the gate of the second, the ruins of which, and of the tower near it, are very remarkable. The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch, at the time of the demolition of the Castle, and it moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on
the



Corfe Castle

W. H. Sturt
1842

the contrary, inclined so much, that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular positions of these towers seem to have been occasioned in consequence of the foundation being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner; though indeed the purpose was as much answered as if they had been shattered to pieces. On the highest part of the hill stands the keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of boundless extent to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution of its original height, the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement. The upper windows have Saxon arches, but are apparently of a later date than another part of the building west of the keep, the stones of which being placed *herring-bone fashion*, prove it to be of the earliest stile. One may discover that the chapel is of a very late date, from its obtuse Gothic arches; and I have really an idea that almost all the changes of architecture from the
reign

Dorset.

Dorset. reign of Edgar to that of Henry VII. may be traced in this extensive and stupendous ruin.

We could not view without horror the dungeons which remain in some of the towers : they recalled to our memory the truly diabolical cruelty of King John, by whose order twenty-two French prisoners confined in them were starved to death. Matthew of Paris, the historian, says that many of these unfortunate men were among the first of the Poitevin nobility. Another instance of John's barbarous disposition, was his treatment of Peter of Pontefract, a poor hermit, who was imprisoned in Corfe Castle, for prophesying the deposition of that prince. Though the prophecy was in some measure fulfilled by the surrender which John made of his crown to the Pope's Legate the year following, the imprudent prophet was sentenced to be dragged through the streets of Wareham tied to horses' tails.

The time at which Corfe Castle was built is
very

Dorset.

very uncertain, but it is most probable that the foundation was laid in the reign of Edgar. It was certainly a place of great strength and importance from the time of his son Edward to the reign of Charles I. when it was taken by the Parliamentary forces, and partly destroyed by gunpowder. Lord Chief Justice Bankes was Governor at this last-mentioned period, but, being absent when an attempt was made upon it by Sir Walter Erle, his Lady acquired great honor from the resistance which she made.—The manor still remains in the possession of that family. When complete, Corfe Castle must have been one of the most magnificent fortresses in the kingdom. Its circumference is full half a mile. The scattered fragments of the walls, the inclination of the towers, and the loftiness of the situation, cannot fail to strike the traveller extremely ; and he will not, perhaps, lament that he cannot see it in a more perfect state.

It was here that Edward, son of Edgar, is said to have been assassinated, by order of his mother—

Dorset. mother-in-law, Elfrida. How this affassination could give the unfortunate Monarch any claim to be considered as a martyr, I have always been at a loss to conceive. It must have been the affection of the monks, more than the manner of his death, that was the means of gaining him so glorious a title. Here too another ill-fated prince endured a part of his misfortunes—I mean Edward II. who was removed hither a prisoner from Kenelworth Castle, by order of the Queen, and her favourite, Mortimer. This was the preparatory step to his murder, which took place at Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire.

The town of Corfe-Castle, though a borough, is a miserable place, and of very small extent. The church seems to have been built at an early period. Two Saxon pillars remain at the porch supporting a Gothic arch, which was evidently substituted for a ruinous circular one.

A tolerably good road leads directly from
Corfe

Corfe-Castle to Swanwich, and the distance is about six miles, but we preferred taking rather a longer route, in order to enjoy a more extensive view. Our track lay over a part of the range of hills mentioned before ; it is not passable, however, in a carriage. Having ascended these mountainous heights, we turned about in order to observe once more the majestic ruins of the Castle, which, relieved by the broad shade of the hills behind them, were extremely bold and picturesque. The valley on our right exhibited a most agreeable intermixture of cottages, gardens, and pastures ; and on the left we saw the full extent of Poole-harbour, which had all the stillness and calmness of a great lake. But a more sublime spectacle awaited us. Proceeding over NINE-BARROW DOWN, we obtained a view, not only of the town and bay of Swanwich, but of a vast tract of the British Channel beyond it, the sandy shores of Hampshire, the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and to complete the astonishing effect of the scene,

Dorset.

Nine-barrow
Down.

Dorset. a fleet of an hundred ships sailing with a fine gale westward.

Nine-barrow Down, derives its name from nine barrows in a line, which are supposed to be of British construction. According to the late trigonometrical survey, the most elevated part of this down is six hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea, reckoning from low-water mark. The ridge terminates at Handfast-point, (near Studland) the white front of which is opposite to the high point near the Needles, and I cannot help thinking that it might once have formed a part of the fine chain of hills that passes by Motteston-down, towards Brading-harbour, in the Isle of Wight. From Handfast-point the ridge may be traced in nearly a straight direction almost to Luckford-lake.

Enchanted with the amazing extent and grandeur of prospect which appeared from Nine-barrow Down, we gazed, insensible of our progress,

grefs, until the steepness of the road (now winding down the side of the hill) excited our alarm, and induced us to dismount, and lead our horses. Reaching at length (what was *called*) a turnpike-road, flanked with bold swells of ground, we soon found ourselves on the sand of Swanwich-bay.

Dorset.

SWANWICH is situated in a very low spot, but it enjoys a pleasing sea-scene, bounded by Peverel-point, on one side, and Studland-foreland on the other. The bay is extremely commodious for the bathing machine, and, of course, attracts a few families to the town in the watering season. A great quantity of stone is shipped from the quay, and previously cut into convenient masses for paving and building. We were informed that nearly fifty thousand tons are put on board annually, the best sort selling for twelve shillings per ton at the vessel. Having taken up our abode for a night at an inn situated near the scene of business, we were awakened at so early an hour by the chipping of stone, and the

Swanwich.

Dorset. vocal music with which the workmen chose to amuse themselves, that we did not feel ourselves much disposed to rejoice at the prosperity of the trade. All the houses are of stone, the quarries of which are close to the town.

The stone just mentioned is composed of shells and other marine *exuvia*, closely cemented together by a calcareous spar. Immense rocks of it extend along the coast to St. Adhelm's head, and beyond, and it seems to be the *basis* of the southern part of Purbeck. It exhibits different degrees of fineness, and the decomposition of the shells is much farther advanced in some specimens than in others. Some may be cut to a very smooth surface; this sort, (of which the pillars of Salisbury Cathedral are composed) is called *Purbeck-marble*.*

In the interstices of the *strata* of limestone

* *Saxum fusco-albidum*, of Da Costa.

See Natural History of Fossils, p. 132.

about Peverel-point we observed numerous glittering crystals of selenite, formed in a sort of fibrous marl. The surface of this marl is here and there covered with a fine farinaceous *gypsum*, and it appears also in an indurated state, constituting alternate *strata* with the limestone. *Pyrites* abounds in the latter, and hence the sulphuric acid concerned in the formation of the selenite and *gypsum* seems to be obtained.

Dorset.

The shore about PEVEREL-POINT is very dangerous to mariners. Large masses of rock (which fell, probably, at some period or other, from the adjacent eminences, undermined by the sea) lie at no great depth below the surface of the water, and in some places rear their heads above it. It was here that the memorable wreck of the Danish fleet, in the year 877, is supposed to have happened. A violent storm (and, probably, their ignorance of the coast) carried them close to the point, and one hundred and twenty sail were wholly lost.

Peverel-point.

Dorset. From Swanwich we made an excursion to the village of Studland, the Agglestone, the Isle of Brownsea, and Poole.—It is advisable to take a boat at Swanwich, and thence to coast along first to Studland.

Studland. STUDLAND is situated near a romantic range of cliffs, which end in a narrow neck of land, called the *South-haven-point*, and form a boundary to Poole-harbour. The cliffs are composed of a compact yellow sand-stone, in which there are several grottos and cavities, darkened by overhanging shrubs.—Ferruginous sand-stone abounds throughout the north-east part of Purbeck, which is a bleak unfruitful heath; and, on account of its proximity to the sea, cliffs and heaps of sand are continually accumulating.

Moist semi-oxygenated particles of iron, it is well known, have an agglutinating power;—the
Agglestone. AGGLESTONE, therefore, which is composed of ferruginous sand-stone, appears to me to have been formed on the spot, and there can be no
necessity

necessity for supposing that the Druids (if it be true that it is a Druidical monument) would bring so enormous a mass from a distance.—This extraordinary insulated rock, is situated on the heath, not far from Studland, and is about eighty feet in circumference, at a medium, the height being about twenty. It is somewhat in the shape of an inverted cone. The spot whereon it stands is raised like a barrow. This circumstance occasioned the conjecture that it was erected as a monument to some British chief, interred below. Whether it was intended for a sepulchral memorial, or whether the heap of earth was thrown up only to render the top of the rock accessible, the name *Agglestone** certainly seems to shew that it was erected for some superstitious purpose.—The country people call it the *Devil's night-cap*, and there is a tradition that his Satanic Majesty threw it from the Isle of Wight, with an intent to demolish Corfe Castle, but that it dropped short here!

Dorset.

* From the Saxon *halig-stan*, i. e. *holy stone*.

Dorset.

From Studland cliffs, the opposite shores of Lymington and the Isle of Wight seemed to unite, and form an immense bay. Hengistbury-head screened from our view the town of Christchurch, but we saw several of the adjacent villages. The blaze of a meridian sun dyed the sea with a variety of beautiful tints, and rendered the scene before us strikingly splendid and interesting.

Brownsea.

A narrow space of sea separates Purbeck from the Isle of BROWNSEA, which it may not be amiss for the naturalist to explore, but it is not inviting to an ordinary traveller, there being nothing to attract his attention, except an embattled mansion, called *Brownsea Castle*. This building was erected by the corporation of Poole, and fortified by them at the time of the civil wars, for the defence of the harbour and town. The late Humphry Sturt, Esq. made considerable additions to it, and, retaining only a battery for the protection of the mouth of the harbour, rendered it a very convenient residence

for

for the enjoyment of sea air. The island is not more than three miles in circumference, and is a wild, exposed spot, though there are plantations of firs near the house, and some parts are made to produce a little corn. Being situated at the mouth of Poole-harbour, through which a strong current will sometimes drive, it cannot always be visited with safety.—Time would not allow us to survey Brownsea minutely, but I have no doubt that a botanist (with the advantage of leisure) would find much amusement in it.

Dorset.

The land opposite Brownsea, is called the NORTH-SHORE. Here most of the English North-shore. marine shells may, at particular seasons, be collected.—The collector is most likely to succeed after what is called a *ground sea*, and a spring tide.

The prospect, as we proceeded up Poole-harbour, was uniform and uninteresting. From the quay the ruins of Corfe Castle may be seen,
but

Dorset. but mists are continually hovering about the summits of the surrounding hills, and render them obscure.

Poole. POOLE* is by no means well built, the streets being narrow and irregular; it is, however, a populous large town, and is supposed to contain seven thousand inhabitants. The Newfoundland trade was the cause of its great increase within these few years, and is its principal support. There is a large importation of deals, from Norway, and the eastern part of the county obtains its supply of Newcastle coal chiefly from this port.—The town is situated at the extremity of a peninsula, the sea surrounding it in every direction, except the northern. Being on the borders of a wide, desolate heath, and on an unsheltered shore, it is far from being inviting. By a charter of Elizabeth, this place was made

* The name of *Poole* originated, probably, from the smoothness of the harbour, which appears like a standing water, or *pool*.

a county within itself, and enjoys an extensive jurisdiction, and very considerable privileges.

Dorset.

On the shore we found employment of a very laborious kind, having to contend almost with impenetrability itself, in order to obtain specimens of the various masses of rock, deposited by ships, which bring them as ballast. We were much pleased with our mineral acquisitions, among which were many species of granite, porphyry, basalt, &c. but our gratification would have been much greater, could we have traced out their native situations. In the eyes of the astonished (and perhaps *pitying*) spectators, we certainly gained neither credit nor respect for our pains. Even some of my Readers would have been inclined to smile, I believe, if they had seen us wielding our formidable large hammer, and expressing our rapture at every splinter that yielded to its force.

We were informed of a singular appearance, with respect to the tides, in Poole-harbour.

The

Dorset. The sea ebbs and flows four times in twenty-four hours;—twice when the moon is at south-east and north-west, and twice when she is at south by east and north by west. Two of these tides seem to be occasioned by the Isle of Brownsea, which obstructing the water as it runs towards the mouth of the harbour, causes it to flow back again;—this is the second flood.—In the harbour the ebb and flood appear alternately every six hours. The ebb, at low water, between the coast of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, runs so strong that it shoots into Poole-harbour, (which lies in the line of its course) so that when it is low water at Hurst-castle, it is high water here.*

As we returned towards Swanwich, we ob-

* The Euripus (separating Eubœa from the main land) is said to be affected by tides in a still more remarkable manner, ebbing and flowing seven times in twenty-four hours——

“ Euripus undas flectit instabilis vagas,

“ Septemque rursus flectit, et todidem refert,

“ Dum lassum Titan mergit oceano jubar.”

Senec. Herc. Oct. act. 3.

served *Salsola fruticosa*, (shrub stone-crop) growing very abundantly, about a mile from Poole, on the north east side of the harbour.—*Santolina maritima*, (sea cud-weed) another of our *plantæ rariores*, has been found hereabout. Dorset.

Having completed our observations at Swanwich, and in its vicinity, we directed our course towards St. Adhelm's (vulgarly called *St. Alban's*) head, one of the most elevated parts of the Purbeck coast. In our way, we had sight of a fine sweep of the sea, bounded westward by the bold promontory of Portland, and eastward by the cliffs of Freshwater, melting into the atmosphere.

ST. ADHELM'S HEAD did not fail to recall St. Adhelm's head. to our memory the loss of the *Halfewell East-Indiaman*,* with the melancholy circumstances that attended it. The cliff bearing this name

* Wrecked near this cliff, January 6, 1786.

Dorset. rises to the height of four hundred and forty feet, almost perpendicularly, and caverns in it may be perceived through the fissures on the top. The ruins of a small square chapel, standing on the very brink of the precipice, and exposed to the full fury of the winds, add to the awful effect of the situation. It was dedicated to St. Adhelm, and seems to have been anciently a chantry, in which religious rites were performed for the safety of mariners, whose perils must often have been most audibly announced to the priest, by the thundering roar of the waves against the rocks. Some part of the roof (which is supported by a single massy pillar, and four circular arches, crossing in the centre) has fallen in, but enough of the building remains to deserve the attention of the antiquary, who will be pleased with the simplicity of this curious specimen of Saxon architecture.

We now proceeded towards Kimmeridge, remarkable for its fossil (or stone) coal.—We had intended to take a direct course along the cliffs

cliffs from St. Adhelm's head, but were soon convinced of the impracticability of this plan, by seeing the chasms which interrupt the rocks on the sea side. Being obliged, therefore, to take a much longer route, we passed by Encombe, the seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. We had no reason to regret the prolongation of our journey, as our track brought us to spots unlike what we had expected. Deep valleys (our descent into which was, in some places, almost perpendicular) with here and there a picturesque groupe of cottages, a clump of trees, rapid rills gliding down from the higher grounds, and occasionally an opening to the Channel, had a pleasing and romantic effect.

Dorset.

ENCOMBE is situated in one of these valleys, ornamented with several fine plantations, and a piece of water near the house so happily managed as to have the appearance, from the windows, of forming a part of the sea, which terminates the view along the valley. Here stood the ancient seat of the Cullifords, which
being

Encombe.

Dorset. being much decayed, was entirely pulled down in the year 1734, and an elegant house erected on the site of it by the father of the present worthy possessor.

Leaving Encombe, we followed a road which led us over a noble eminence to the coast again, *Kimmeridge.* and we soon found out KIMMERIDGE,—a miserable village, situated about a mile from the sea. The ridge terminates here abruptly, but the ground presently begins to rise in the same direction. We had lost the shelly lime-stone, and observed that the hills were now composed of a white compact species, with veins of chert, which are very narrow, and appear only towards the base of them. There seems to be a transition of one of these substances into the other, for we discovered that such parts of the veins of chert as were contiguous to the limestone effervesced slightly with acids, forming an intermediate species as it were; both had a strong bituminous smell when rubbed with steel. The
strata

strata make a considerable angle with the horizon.

Dorset.

The fossil-coal is dug out of the cliffs close to the sea, about twelve or fourteen feet from the top. It is nothing more than an argillaceous slate in a high degree of impregnation with bitumen, and of a blackish brown colour. The principal bed seems to be about three feet deep, but does not extend far from the shore.—In order to see how this substance burned, we intruded ourselves into a little hamlet, a smoke from the chimney of which announced to us that the *process* of roasting or boiling was going on within. A good old woman satisfied our curiosity, by shewing us that it burned very freely and gave out a strong degree of heat.

There is a pleasant valley, running westward from Swanwich, which we crossed, and ascended the lofty range of hills, mentioned before, in describing the situation of Corfe Castle.—The prospect hence is as vast as it is magnificent.

Dorset. Christchurch, Ringwood, and Lymington were discernible, and a large tract of the New Forest, the whole landscape being finely set off, at this time, by large masses of shade, formed by the partial clouds which floated in the atmosphere. —Our ride along this commanding eminence towards Lullworth, gave us a distinct idea of the *geography* of Purbeck, which certainly does not deserve the name of a peninsula, much less that of an *island*, for Luckford-lake (its boundary to the west) seems to be too inconsiderable a stream to be taken into the account. Purbeck is bounded by the sea in every other direction, except indeed the northern, where it is washed by the Frome. The face of it, southwardly, is diversified with hill and dale, interspersed with brooks, and enriched with corn-fields, coppices, and pastures. The soil is altogether calcareous, and, for the most part, a continued mass of limestone, either white and unmixed with shells, or brownish and replete with them. We saw no flint until we descended towards Lullworth, when large nodules appeared.

—That

—That part of Purbeck which lies north of the ridge is a sandy unfruitful heath,—the same as extends to Bere and Morden, and surrounds the whole of Poole-harbour.

Dorset.

LULLWORTH CASTLE, (the seat of Edward Weld, Esq.) situated at East Lullworth, appears to great advantage as we descend the Purbeck hills. It is a square, embattled mansion, of considerable height, and flanked with four circular towers. It was built about the year 1600 by Thomas, Viscount Bindon, out of the materials of Mount Poynings and Bindon Abbey. The latter was situated at a very short distance.

Lullworth
Castle.

At Lullworth Castle the *connoisseur* will have the gratification of seeing a collection of portraits, in pencil, by the late Mr. Giles Hussey. Giles Hussey.

The notions entertained by this very ingenious artist, and the principles which he practised in the exercise of his profession, were very peculiar. He contended that the principles of

Dorset. harmony obtained generally, throughout nature, and even in the proportions of the human form, these proportions being as delightful to the eye, in works of art, as they are, in sounds, to the ear; and that the former sense was as capable of judging of these harmonious proportions as the latter. Ideas similar to these indeed were entertained by many of the early philosophers, particularly by Pythagoras,* but it does not appear that they were ever applied, or extended, in so extraordinary a manner as by our artist. He always drew the human head by the musical scale, alledging that every human face was in harmony with itself; that however accurate the delineation of it from nature might be, in consequence of an artist having a very nice eye and hand, yet some little touches necessary to complete the likeness would be wanting, after all possible care; and that the only true criterion

* “ Παντα εἰσιν ἀρμονία.”

Harmony prevails in all things.

by which it could be known that any two things, in drawing, were exactly alike, was to procure a third, as a kind of mean proportional, by a comparison with which the exact similarity of the other two might be proved. Accordingly, after he had sketched a drawing of a face from nature, he applied thereto his musical scale, and observed in what correspondent points (taking the whole face, or profile, for the *octave*, or fundamental) the great lines of the features fell. Adhering to his principle, that every face was in harmony with itself, (though sometimes it might be a *concordia discors*) after the *key note* was found, he of course discovered the correspondent ratios, or proportions; so that if, on applying the scale thus rectified, as it were, to the drawing, he found any of the features or principal points of the face out of their proper places, by making them correspond to the scale, he always perceived that such corrections produced a better and more characteristic likeness.

Dorset.

A friend having once remarked to Mr. H.

Dorset.

that, though this principle might hold true respecting the whole of the human frame, when drawn quite formal and upright, and to the human face, (especially in profile) yet he doubted whether it would apply in all the various attitudes into which the human body might be thrown,—he replied, you will find that my principles hold good universally, if you consider these different attitudes as different *bars* in music. Having produced a Madonna and child of Carracci, he exemplified his meaning. The child was standing on one leg, the other bent, and leaning on the Madonna's breast. "This," said he, "is a beautiful boy, and elegantly drawn, but now I will trace him exactly, apply the scale, and correct every part thereby, and then we shall see if he come not out more beautiful still, and more elegant." He did so, and the intended effect followed.—Thus much must certainly be allowed by all who have seen Mr. Hufsey's pencil drawings from life, that he has preserved the best characteristic likenesses of any artist whatever; and, with respect to those
of

of mere fancy, no man ever exceeded him in accuracy and elegance, simplicity and beauty. *Dorset.*

The academical drawings which he left at Bologna (notwithstanding the school has been often *purged* as it is called, by removing old drawings to make room for those of superior merit) are preserved to this day, and shewn, on account of their great excellence.

It would be wrong to conclude my digression on the subject of Mr. Hufley, without adding some account of the person and manners of that extraordinary man. He was of a middle stature, remarkably well made, and upright even to the last. His eye was quick, intelligent, and piercing, and it changed, as well as his whole countenance, with astonishing rapidity and expression, according to the various emotions of his mind. By habitual temperance, carried almost to excess, Mr. H. enjoyed firm and uninterrupted health. His application to study was indefatigable and unremitting. He used to say that he was never
D 4 weary,

Dorset. weary, and that he could apply himself ten hours in a day to study, without languor or fatigue. He had a natural turn for geometry, and by his peculiar use of figures was enabled, in a singular manner, to give very concise and elegant solutions of mathematical problems. Had he not been a devotee to a system of religion, the great principle of which is a subjection of the mind to authority, whereby the native energy and spring of the understanding must necessarily be impaired, and, in some instances, wholly subdued, he would probably have risen to a very considerable eminence as a scientific man. He was serious, but not morose—grave, yet decorously cheerful, and the purity of his mind was unblemished. His modesty was that of unadulterated youth. His humility was equal to his modesty, yet he knew his own powers, and felt his strength and superiority, whenever he saw arrogance assuming, or conceit insulting. In short, he appears to have been a truly great and good character.—Having, from religious motives, made a voluntary resignation of all his worldly

worldly possessions to a near relation, he retired to Beaton, near Ashburton, in Devonshire. Here, as he was one day employed in gardening, he suddenly fell down, and as if by "*stroke etheréal slain*," instantly expired. This happened in June, 1788, about three months after he had completed the seventy-eighth year of his age.*

Dorset.

Within

* Left the above sketch of the character of Mr. Hufsey should be considered as too partial, I cannot avoid inserting the words of that eminent and liberal artist Mr. Barry, who thought the former worthy of a distinguished place among the illustrious men represented in the great room of the Academy of Arts, and who is by far a better judge of his professional merit than I can possibly be. "The public (says he) are likely never to know the whole of what they have lost in Mr. Hufsey. The perfections that were possible to him but a very few artists can conceive, and it would be time lost to attempt giving an adequate idea of them in words.—My attention was first turned to this great character by a conversation I had, very early in life, with Mr. Stuart, better known by the name of *Athenian Stuart*—an epithet richly merited by the essential advantages Mr. S. has rendered the public, by his establishing just ideas, and a true taste for the Grecian arts. The discovery of this truly intelligent and very candid artist, and what I saw of the works of Hufsey, had altogether made such an impression on my mind, as may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. With fervor I went abroad, eager to re-trace all Hufsey's steps, through the Greeks, through Raffaele, through dissected nature, and to add what he had been cruelly torn away from by a laborious intense study, and investigation of the Venetian school. In the hours

Dorset, Within Mr. Weld's grounds, there is an house appropriated by him to the accommodation of some emigrant Monks of *La Trappe*, who wear their proper habits, and practise undisturbed all the rigid duties prescribed by the founder of their order. The situation of the monastery* cannot fail to foster that religious enthusiasm under the influence of which alone so singular an institution can continue to gain or preserve votaries. A fine vale in front of it affords an uninterrupted prospect along the quiet banks of the Frome to Poole-harbour, and through a most beautiful opening, formed by a sudden sinking of the hills which bound the view to the

hours of relaxation, I naturally endeavoured to recommend myself to the acquaintance of such of Mr. Hussey's intimates as were still living; they always spoke of him with delight, and from the whole of what I could learn abroad, added to the information I received from my very amiable and venerable friend Mr. Moser, since my return, Hussey must have been one of the most friendly and companionable of men, and the farthest removed from all spirit of strife and contention."

* Since my visit to Lullworth Castle, I have been informed that the society now reside in a house built solely for their reception, near Warbarrow cliff,

south,

South, the main sea displays itself, either in the serenity of a calm, or the awful horrors of a tempest. The woods of the park screen and close in on the monastery to the north.

Dorset.

The monastic order of *La Trappe* is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying of all the institutions of this nature. One strong instance of their unsocial and unnatural discipline is the profound silence which is enjoined them, and which is never broken, unless on very extraordinary occasions, and with the leave of the superior of the convent. They shun the sight of women, and in their diet are so abstemious, that they live solely on vegetables, never tasting flesh, fish, or wine. Their employment, in the intervals between their religious rites, is generally the cultivation of a garden, or any other manual labour.

The founder of this order is said to have been a French nobleman, whose name was *Bouthillier de Rance*, a man of pleasure and dissipation, which

Dorset.

which were suddenly converted into the deepest devotion and melancholy by the following circumstance : His affairs had obliged him to absent himself for some time from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connexions. On his return to Paris, he contrived a plan in order to surprise her agreeably, and to satisfy his impatient desire of seeing her, by going without ceremony or previous notice to her apartment. She lay stretched out an inanimate corpse, disfigured beyond conception by the small-pox, and the surgeon was about to separate the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short ! He was a few minutes motionless with horror, and then retired abruptly from the world to a convent, in which he passed the remainder of his days in the greatest self-mortification and devotion.* The lively and sensible Lady Mary Wortley Montagu makes the following remarks,

* See Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, vol. 3, p. 126.

after

after visiting one of these societies established between Fierenzuola and Florence :—" I cannot well form a notion," (says her Ladyship) " of that spiritual and extatic joy that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger, and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastic discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness, to excite an enmity between soul and body, which nature and providence have designed to live together in an union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree."

Dorset.

WEST LULLWORTH is about two miles from East Lullworth. It is much frequented by visitors from Weymouth, on account of its vicinity to Lullworth Castle and the curiosity of the cove, but is a very shabby village.

West Lullworth.

The distance of the Cove from our inn was not a mile.—This cove is a sort of natural basin, into which the sea runs through a wide gap in the cliff, sufficient for the entrance of a small

Dorset,

small vessel. The rocks around it rise to a great height, particularly those opposite the entrance, which are composed of a hard, white calcareous grit. Those nearer to the main sea consist of a shelly limestone (similar to that of Peverel-point and St. Adhelm's head) and chert, and it is observable that the *strata* of these substances on one side of the cove correspond exactly to those on the other, both in direction and texture. It may be remarked too that the whole range quite from Peverel-point make the same angle* with the horizon, or nearly so, pitching, or dipping, in general to the north. The rocks west of the cove have been undermined in a singular manner by the sea, and there are large, grotesque caverns, through which it pours with an awful roar. Immense masses seem just ready to drop into the deep, exhibiting marks of some wonderful convulsion. Alterations in their aspect daily take place, and the depth and

* About forty-five degrees.

extent of the sea within the cove have considerably increased even in the memory of several natives of the village.

Dorset.

Alca Torda (razor-bill) and *A. arctica* (puffin) lay their eggs about the rocks of Lullworth. They generally make their first appearance towards the middle of May, and migrate before the end of August. The former deposits its eggs on the bare rocks, and even those belonging to different birds are placed contiguous to each other; but, what is still more remarkable, they are sometimes set upon one end, it is said, on the smooth rock in an exact equilibrium. These eggs are food for the country people, who often run most terrific risks by trusting themselves at the end of a rope to the strength of only one person above, if whose footing should be insecure, they must both tumble down the precipice together.—We saw *Corvus Graculus* (chough) flying over our heads, and were told that this bird builds, though in small numbers, in the cavities of the cliffs.

Among

Dorset.

Among the vegetable tribe inhabiting Lullworth Cove we noticed *Euphorbia Portlandica* (Portland-spurge.) *Lichen concentricus* appeared on the veins of chert, and a singular variety of *Fucus nodosus* on the shore.

On the eastern side of the village, and overlooking the cove, is a fortification consisting of three ramparts and ditches, and with two entrances, one on the south-east, and the other on the south-west. Its form is oblong, but its ramparts are very slight on the south side, which is next to the sea. The people of the village call it FLOWERBURY HILL, but no idea can hence be formed whether the encampment be British, Roman, or Saxon. Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, conjectures that *Flower* is a corruption of *Florus*, the name of some Roman officer,

Flowerbury
hill.

By the time that we had fully surveyed the Cove, the day closed, and the moon beginning to shed a beautiful lustre on the surface of the waves,

waves, presented us with a truly delightful spectacle.

Dorset.

“ O’er the distant billows the still eve

“ Sail’d flow.”

HOWLES.

The tide gently rippled against the rocks, the broad white foreheads of which reflected large masses of light, and formed a fine contrast to the gloom of the overshadowed sea in the Cove;—the heavens were serene;—not a whisper of wind was heard;—and, in short, the beauty of the whole scene was so uncommonly exquisite that it seemed to have been raised by enchantment. We quitted this spot with reluctance, and not without many a pause to take a farewell peep at it.

A contemplative mind will always feel an indescribable pleasure,—a peculiar kind of internal ecstacy, which exalts its attention above the ordinary revolution of ideas, at a scene like that which I have mentioned. It will feel too an involuntary *religio*, which if encouraged can-

Dorset. not but have an useful effect on the moral order, and sensibility of the heart.

Wishing to continue our course along the coast, we proceeded from West-Lullworth to Weymouth, and passed as near as possible to the sea; in consequence of which we were much retarded by gates, hedges, and marshes. The aspect of the country is wild and dreary, and nothing occurred to interest us, except the multitude of barrows, which surround Weymouth in every direction. A ridge of limestone hills, washed at their feet by the sea, extend almost the whole way. There is a wide prospect to the right, and the obelisk in Mr. Pleydell's park, at Milborn, becomes a very conspicuous object.

Weymouth. WEYMOUTH, (so well known as the resort of people of fashion for the convenience of bathing) including Melcombe-Regis, is an extensive populous place. The shore is covered with a fine sand, and so flat, that, it is said, one might walk three hundred feet into the sea, without
being

being more than knee-deep. The two towns are separated only by a bridge crossing the river Wey, (which here falls into the sea) and were conjoined by an act made in the reign of Elizabeth. They send four members to Parliament, who are elected by the freeholders. A considerable trade is carried on with Newfoundland and other countries.

Dorset.

Melcombe-Regis was the birth-place of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, who represented it some time in parliament. In the parish-church there is a large and splendid altar-piece, painted and presented by him in 1721. Sir James died in 1732, leaving one daughter married to the celebrated Hogarth.

There was formerly a castle, called SANDES-FOOT, for the protection of the harbour, but it is now in ruins, and applied to no purpose whatever. Leland describes it as "*a right goodly and warlyke castel, having one open barbicane.*" Its form was a parallelogram. There was a plat-

Sandesfoot
Castle.

Dorset. platform originally on the south part of it for cannon. The walls, when entire, must have been both thick and lofty, and the whole structure handsome. Henry VIII. built castles on various parts of the coast after his defection from the see of Rome, being apprehensive of an invasion, and Sandesfoot seems to have been erected at that period. From this spot there is an extensive view of the Channel, but the most delightful place for a wide sea-scene is the *Esplanade*. Here the fine line of eminences that run along the coast on the left, and the heights of Portland overtopping the rising ground on the right, shut the sea into a magnificent bay.

The shore about Weymouth produces at particular seasons a great number of shells. The late Dutchess Dowager of Portland (whose rich and splendid cabinet will long be the theme of naturalists) was particularly successful here, but her Grace was often shamefully imposed upon by the fishermen whom she employed to drag.

The

The botanist may be much enriched by the great variety of *Fuci* which are thrown upon the beach; if stationary here for some weeks, he might no doubt find all the species that inhabit the southern coast of England. The gaiety and bustle of a fashionable watering place, however, are very unfriendly to the researches of the shy naturalist.

Dorset.

P O R T L A N D,

Is joined to the main land by a bank of pebbles called the *Chefil-bank*, which is nearly seventeen miles in length; it reaches Abbotsbury at the distance of ten from the peninsula. The narrow arm of sea that runs between this bank and the Weymouth side is called the *Fleet*, over which there is a ferry, about a mile from that town, and two miles from Chefilton, in Portland. The water is not more than a stone's-throw wide, but the current is often very strong, and not a little intimidating to horses.

Dorset.

On reaching the Chefil-bank, our attention was first attracted by the profusion of *Euphorbia Paralias* (sea-spurge) which grows very luxuriantly a great part of the way to Chesilton, and is often mistaken by young botanists for *Euphorbia Portlandica*. Just after crossing the ferry, *Asparagus Officinalis* appears, but very sparingly, and so diminutive that it may easily escape observation.

Chesilton.

CHESILTON is the first and largest village in Portland, and from this place, where it commences, the Chefil bank takes its name. Here is a very comfortable *hotel* (one is forbidden to give it the degrading old English appellation of *inn*) and we took up our abode at it the night after our arrival, intending to make our *grand* survey of the peninsula the following day; in the mean time we viewed the vicinity of the village.

In front of Chesilton stands Portland Castle, commanding Weymouth road, and the residence
of

Dorset.

of the Governor of Portland whenever he honors the peninsula with his presence.—This was one of the last fortresses in the west of England that held out for the unfortunate Charles I. and the natives were so well affected to the royal cause that it was a great check upon the garrison at Weymouth. It is a very small building however, and incapable of resisting any attack.—On the wainscot of a little closet, over the gun-room is the following quaint inscription, viz.—
“*God save Kinge Henri the VIII. of that name, and prins Edwarde, begottin of Queene Jane, my ladi Mari that goodli virgin, and the ladi Elizabeth so towardli with the kinges honorable counselors.*”—The castle was built by Henry VIII, probably at the same time as Sandesfoot.

The rocks on the western side of the peninsula are, in some places, tremendously high, and large masses lie scattered on the shore. They are composed of a whitish freestone, or calcareous grit, containing molds, or *larvæ*, of various shells, and emitting, when rubbed with

Dorset. steel, a bituminous smell like that of the *lapis suillus*. The grit is cemented together by a calcareous paste, but the molds of *entrochi*, *vertebræ*, &c. which the stone contains, resemble in their composition the *hammites*, of Pliny, for the granules seem to unite only by the natural cohesive power of their surfaces.—The name of *freestone* is very expressive of the useful property of the Portland stone in enduring to be cut in any direction, whether horizontal, perpendicular, or parallel to the site of the *strata*. Bearing the injuries of the weather equally well in every position, it is extremely serviceable in building, and very generally used throughout the kingdom. It first came into repute in the time of James I. who made use of it, by the advice of his architects, for the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. St. Paul's and many other magnificent edifices were built with it.—In some parts of the rocks are immense *ammonitæ*, and we could trace regular veins of chert similar to those near Kimmeridge. We were informed that a stone coal also like that of the village just
men-

mentioned is found in Portland; when burnt to ashes it is used for manure, and perhaps to an argillaceous soil may be of great use.

Dorset.

Whilst we were making our observations, gulls and a great variety of water-fowl fluttered over our heads. Amidst the screams and wild notes of these birds, the roar of the waves, the *alpine* aspect of the rocks, and the dusk of evening, there was a sort of gloomy grandeur that highly interested us.

We commenced our tour of the peninsula at a very early hour.—Having ascended the high ground above Chefilton, we pursued a road leading towards the light-houses at the southern extremity of Portland. We seemed to be now about two hundred feet above the level of the sea.—Quarries appeared on each side of us just after we had reached the summit of the hill, but these were not very considerable ones, and we found their productions exactly similar to those of the rocks below. The *stratum* worked for
fale

Dorset. sale is nearly parallel to the surface of the ground, and but a few feet below it.

The whole space before us had a very wild, naked, and desolate aspect, and there was nothing to attract our attention in advancing towards the light-houses but the new church, which stands in about the centre of Portland, and is an handsome modern edifice. Its lofty spire serves as a sea-mark.—Though the building was completed at so late a period as the year 1764, I have been informed that the timbers are already becoming rotten, and that new pews must speedily be provided. This circumstance shews the great dampness of the situation, which seems to be the effect of the fogs that are continually hovering over the peninsula. On this account the harvest is always late here, though indeed it is not a large portion of ground that has been cultivated.

In the south-east part there is good pasture
for

for sheep, and the Portland mutton is much *Dorset,*
esteemed.

We observed astonishing swarms of *Gryllus campestris* (field-cricket.) The very ground seemed composed of animated particles leaping and adhering to every thing that traversed it.

The two light-houses stand at a very little distance from each other. One of them is almost new, and bears an inscription signifying that it was built by order of the corporation of the Trinity-house, for the guidance of mariners, and as a mark of British hospitality to all nations. The danger of the adjacent coast rendered the erection of such edifices very necessary. Scarcely under water there are innumerable masses of rock, (records perhaps of ancient ravages of the sea*) and these extend in a south-west direction
to

* Very large portions of land have sunk into the sea in different parts of the Portland coast within late years. In December, 1734, nearly one hundred

Dorset. to a great distance off the coast, and eastward even as far as St. Adhelm's-head. In the former direction there is a conflux of the tides from the French and English shores. These circumstances together occasion a very perilous surf, generally known by the name of the *Race of Portland*.

I have often thought that light-houses, and other buildings of the same kind, which from their very design must be durable, might be used for ascertaining the changes produced on the coast in a certain series of years, and therefore made of eminent service to geology. Nothing is more easy than to inscribe on some conspicuous part of such an edifice the distance of the shore, or of the high-water mark, at the time of its completion.—This idea I was much pleased to find realized by the new light-house

hundred and fifty yards on the eastern side suddenly gave way, and fell into the sea, occasioning by the shock several large chasms. At no later a period than the year 1750 too, a huge portion of rock was torn from the main land.

in Portland, which informs us on the outside how far distant it is from the margin of the land.

Dorset.

The new light-house is full sixty feet in height. At the top are the lights, which are maintained by the new patent lamps, each placed between a lens and one of Bolton's reflectors, so as to throw a concentrated blaze, as it were, to an immense distance.

We now passed over some corn fields, and reached the southernmost point,—a pile of rocks undermined and excavated by the sea, and presenting several singular grotts* and chasms. These rocks are composed of a limestone abounding with shells; in fact, the peninsula is one continued mass of stone with a very thin

* There is one very large and remarkable cavern, called *Keever's hole*, which was pointed out to us by our guide as one of the wonders of Portland; indeed the inside of it had something uncommonly striking in its appearance when we looked down, and the effect is heightened by a ceaseless, solemn roar of the waves.

Dorset. layer of vegetable mould. The bed whereon it rests seems to be clay which appears, at low water, on several parts of the shore, and also about six feet below the Chefil-bank. On the eastern side of Portland a few trees appear, but the vegetation of shrubs, throughout the peninsula, is so scanty that stone-walls make the usual separation of property.—The *Vicars' house* (as it is called) stands on this side; a few fragments of walls, however, are the only remains of that ancient mansion. Not far from it stood the old church. The old castle is situated on a fine, commanding spot. It is supposed to have been built by William Rufus, and is generally known by the name of *Bow and Arrow Castle*. The walls are of a pentagonal form, and perforated with a great number of loop-holes.—Robert, Earl of Gloucester, took possession of it for the Empress Matilda, in the year 1142, and this is the only historical anecdote respecting it that I can find.

The rocks here exhibit a truly bold and
awful

awful appearance, the precipice being tremendously steep. The sea foaming and dashing at the bottom adds much to the effect of the scene, at which the traveller will naturally pause, though he must contemplate it with terror.

Dorset.

Euphorbia Portlandica, in great profusion, and *Lavatera arborea* (tree-mallow) will attract the notice of the botanist about the neighbouring eminences. *Lichen Roccella* (orchell) has been observed growing here by Lord Lewisham.

The best stone is obtained from the quarries of this part of Portland. They are called, I believe, KINGSTON-QUARRIES, from the name of the village close by, where is a pier for vessels, and where six thousand tons of stone (on an average) dug in this part of the peninsula only, are said to be shipped every year.

Kingston
quarries.

We had now seen every thing worthy of notice in Portland, and, after a few hours' rest
and

Dorset. and some refreshment at Chefilton, proceeded along the bank to Abbotsbury.

But before I advance farther in the journal of our operations, it may not be amiss to give the Reader some idea of the extent of Portland, and as much of the history and manners of the inhabitants of this insulated tract as I have been able to collect.—Its breadth seems to be nowhere more than two miles, and its length (from Chefilton to the *Bill*) about four. It is reckoned about eight or nine miles in circuit, and contains nearly two thousand inhabitants. In the reign of Edward I. the peninsula was purchased by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, but it is now become the property of the crown.

The natives are a stout, muscular race of people, and fit for the hard labour which the quarries require. It generally happens, that a capacity, or ability, for the labour which a particular situation furnishes becomes in a succession of generations congenial with the constitution

tion of the people by whom that labour is inherited. We talk of a breed of race-horses; why should we suppose any absurdity in a *breed* of quarry-men? I was amazed to see with what facility these people lifted, and divided masses of stone large enough to deter ordinary men from *attempting* it. Smeaton (in his *History of the Edystone Light-house**) mentions a very singular circumstance that came to his knowledge during his observations in Portland. The Portlanders, it seems, have for ages inter-married only with the natives of their own district, but, what is still more remarkable, a man never marries until his intended bride shews signs of pregnancy, and it scarcely ever happens that he proves unfaithful to her, or unwilling to marry, because in that case he would be disgraced, and never more acknowledged by his countrymen.

Dorset.

There is another curious circumstance in the

* Book I, chap. 3, p. 65.

Dorset. history of these people. The ancient tenure of *gavelkind* still obtains among them, the lands of the father being, at his death, equally divided among his sons, or, if he has no issue, among his brothers, or next of kindred.—But now to return.—

Chesil-bank. The CHESIL-BANK is one of the most extraordinary ridges, or shelves, of pebbles in Europe, and perhaps the longest, except that of Memel, in Polish Prussia. I have mentioned before that its length is supposed to be about seventeen miles. Its breadth is in some places nearly a quarter of a mile. The pebbles are so loose that horses' legs sink almost knee deep at every step, but a traveller of any curiosity should by no means neglect to examine the productions of this pebbly desert. With regard to the pebbles themselves, they in general consist of white calcareous spar,* but there are

* These are generally known by the name of *Portland-pebbles*.

many of quartz, jasper, chert, and a variety of other substances. It is worthy of remark that they gradually diminish in size the nearer they approach the main land, being for the most part very little larger than horse-beans towards Abbotbury, though at the other end of the bank they are from one inch to three inches in diameter. We found the edge to the right by far the firmest, and easiest for our horses, especially as the pebbles were somewhat bound together by the marine plants growing in patches along the water side. Among these we observed *Salifolia fruticosa*, and *Inula crithmifolia*, the showy yellow blossoms of which seemed to form a long line of golden fringe. The beautiful *Pisum maritimum* (sea-pea) grows in solitude among the loosest pebbles, on the highest part of the bank.—We had no reason to complain of a want of amusement,—the red gleam of a setting sun on the distant hills; the gay notes of busy hay-makers on the opposite side of the river; the various cries of timorous water fowl; the murmur of the billows against the bank—was

Dorset.

Dorset, sufficient to attract our attention, and these together formed an assemblage of circumstances very impressive to musing minds. Even a solitary shed, and a few lobster-traps were, in such a desert, interesting objects, and afforded something like that species of pleasure which the philosopher Aristrippus must have felt, when he cried out "*Hominum vestigia video.*"—At length occurrences more important engaged our notice. Amidst the great variety of water fowl that found undisturbed haunts on the eastern side of the bank, we saw the swan in its wild state (*Anas Cygnus ferus*, of Linnæus) and were enabled to assert with confidence (what has been much doubted) that it is an inhabitant of Dorsetshire.—Within two miles of Abbotsbury, we saw multitudes of the tame swan (*Cygnus domesticus*)

" Proudly rowing their state,"

(to use the words of Milton) and were confirmed in our preceding decision by an opportunity of comparing.—There cannot be a more
elegant

elegant figure in all nature than a swan in the act of swimming, though so ungraceful a bird when out of the water;—no constrained, stiff motions—no awkward position of the limbs, but every attitude easy, and every transition beautiful.

Dorset.

ABBOTSBURY is about a mile from the shore, Abbotsbury: and surrounded by bold hills, which assume various distorted forms. Towards Winterborn-Abbas they seem to consist principally of chalk, with crags of conglomerated flint-stones rising above their surface; but nearer to the coast reddish sandstone, clay, and loose rubble appear. The sandstone is found very serviceable in building, and has compactness enough to withstand for many years the injuries of the weather.—The low grounds about the shore afford good pasturage for cattle.

On a quick eminence half a mile south-west from the village stands a little Gothic chantry
F 3 called

Dorset. called *St. Catharine's Chapel*, which, Hutchins conjectures, was built about the time of Edward IV. The stile of architecture is very singular, each side of the building being strengthened with buttresses that rise above the parapet surrounding the roof, and terminate in square tops. At the north-west angle there is a tower, the steps leading to the upper part of which are now gone, though the rest of the building has suffered but little damage. The roof is lofty, and beautifully arched in the inside, where a few ornaments and mouldings still remain, and, on the outside, the lower part of the parapet is pierced with arched apertures to drain off water. There is a porch on each side supported at the angles by low buttresses.

Abbotbury itself is a very small market town, and no longer derives any consequence from its abbey, which, though once so splendid and extensive, is so far decayed and demolished that one can scarcely trace out the arrangements of its several parts. The offices are most entire,
and

Dorset.

and seem to be still applied to their original uses, such as a dairy-house, barn, &c. The latter was built on a singular and superb plan, being surrounded by a parapet communicating with turrets at the angles. To one end of the barn adjoins another building, which is in a less perfect state, and beautifully patched with ivy. A few paces south-west from the church the gateway of the abbey may be seen, and the precincts of the latter are pointed out by a low wall which includes within a spacious area several fragments and part of a porch that probably belonged to the old conventual church. Indeed relics may be traced to a considerable distance southward of the present parish church, which itself is not of a very modern date. The abbey was founded (Dugdale says) by Orcus and his wife Tola in the year 1026, for Benedictines.* Others assert that Orcus turned out the secular canons, who had been established there, and placed re-

* See Steevens's edit. (fol. 1722) p. 37.

Dorset, gular ones. Edward the Confessor bestowed on this society all wrecks found on the shore of Abbotbury. After the dissolution, some part of the abbey became the residence of the Strangeways family, but was destroyed during the civil wars.

About a mile west from Abbotbury, stands a
Strangeways
Castle. seat of the Earl of Ilchester called STRANGE-
 WAYS CASTLE. The swannery (which once
 consisted of as many as seven thousand swans)
 belongs to the above nobleman.

This situation commands a very magnificent view of the sea, which now forms a vast bay, bounded to the west by the Devonshire coast, and to the east by the pebbly rampart of the Chefil-bank, and Portland. There is a remarkable appearance with respect to the hills east of Weymouth, and on the opposite part of Portland. The elevation of both is so nearly equal, and both present an abrupt aspect so nearly opposite to each other that the flat ground be-
 tween

tween looks as if it had been opened to the sea, and the communication of the ridge on the Weymouth side with the higher ground of the peninsula interrupted, by some sudden convulsion.

Dorset.

At Burton we regretted being prevented by darkness from looking for *Santolina maritima*, (of which Mr. Lightfoot found some specimens growing on these cliffs) though indeed we had no expectation of being more successful than other botanists, who have explored Burton-cliffs in vain. There is great reason to believe that it no longer inhabits this part of the coast.

BRIDPORT is very neatly and regularly built, and though the situation is low, extremely clean. It is one hundred and thirty-five measured miles from London, and the great western road passes through it. The principal manufactories are those of twine, cordage, nets for the Newfoundland fishery, &c. A great quantity of hemp is grown in the neighbourhood, and parti-

Bridport.

Dorset. particularly towards Bemister, which gave rise to the phrase sometimes applied to a man's being hanged, "*He was stabbed with a Bridport dagger.*" So flourishing were the manufactories about the reign of Henry VIII. that cordage for the whole English navy was ordered to be made, exclusively, here, or within five miles ; but the trade is at this time very considerably reduced.

The quay is full a mile from the town. Very little business is carried on at it, the harbour having been long irretrievably choaked up with sand. The cliffs here are composed of sand, though the surrounding country is covered with limestone, (full of shells) rocks of which, with their broad mantles of samphire and sea-cale, no longer guarded the coast, as in Purbeck and other parts of the county. The height of the cliffs is in some places nearly two hundred feet, and they contain *belemnites*, and other fossils, besides pyrites, gypsum, hepatic ore, &c.

Our next stage was to Lyme-Regis, and we Dorset.
now approached the western boundaries of Dorset. The road is uncommonly hilly, and many extended landscapes open, particularly near Charmouth, where most of the objects may be seen which are so beautifully described by the Rev. Mr. Crowe in his poem of "*Lewesdon-hill*." This hill is in view on the right, and forms one of the bold boundaries to a fine vale chequered with inclosures, along which the eye wanders with wonderful delight.

CHARMOUTH stands in a very romantic situa- Charmouth.
tion, commanded by lofty hills at each end;—not far from it the river Char empties itself into the sea. It is a small, but neat village, and enjoys a fine sea air. The cliffs which are chiefly composed of indurated marl, abound with *madreporeæ*, *ammonitæ*, *belemnitæ*, and skeletons of fishes and other animals in a fossil state. The *ludus helmontii* is common here, and it is difficult to persuade the vulgar that it is not a *fossil turtle*. All curious productions of this nature
are

Dorset. are diligently collected by a man living at Charmouth who is generally known throughout the county by the name of the *Curi-man*. We purchased from his collection some fine specimens of chalcedony, which he assured us were found in the cliffs near his garden. Its *matrix* is chert, *strata* of which are observable about Charmouth; and the chalcedony seems to have exuded, as it were, from that substance in the same manner as the calcareous spar to be seen in the fissures of the cliffs from the marl. There is a good deal of pyrites and bituminous matter in the soil, which has often taken fire after heavy rains, and produced an appearance of flames at a distance. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the year 1751.—The shore is bold and rugged quite to Lyme, the projecting parts being daily diminished by the force of the waves, and indeed the numerous springs that gush out of them hasten their continual downfall.

Lyme Regis. LYME is a very pleasant town, situated on the declivities of two hills. That part of it which
is

Dorset.

is nearest to the sea is so low, that at spring tides the lower rooms and cellars of the houses are often overflowed to the depth of several feet; the other part is so steep as to be difficult of access. The church is a venerable Gothic structure, and the custom-house large and supported by pillars, for the convenience of the corn market underneath. There is a very fine pier, called the *Cobb*, for the accommodation of ships. This work is much admired for its durability and use. It was begun as early as the reign of Edward III. but has been frequently damaged by tempestuous seas, against which it is the only shelter for vessels between Start-point and Portland. The length (from the land to the end) is six hundred and eighty feet, the breadth (at the foundation) twelve feet, and the height (from the foundation to the walk) sixteen feet. On the brink of the sea stand the public rooms, to which there is a great resort of company in the bathing season. The windows command a very wide and beautiful sea view, and there is near them a pleasant terrace considerably elevated above

Dorset. above the level of the water, and secured by a strong parapet, with an alcove at one end.

We could not help meditating on the conduct of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who landed on this very spot, and published his declaration against the king. However sinister the Duke's views might have been, it is not improbable, had his plan of operations been better concerted, that he would have effected the same revolution as was reserved for the address and influence of the Prince of Orange. James II. was already become unpopular,—indeed he had not ascended the throne without great suspicion on the side of the Protestants ;—the whig party was become formidable both from its extent and credit ; and the Duke of Monmouth himself was much beloved among many orders of people. His precipitation was his ruin. Though he was not without great expectations from the commons, it was certainly highly impolitic to neglect courting the interest of the opposition lords. His death, however, was of service to the cause
of

of freedom, for by the unconstitutional and cruel proceedings which James's tyrannical disposition prompted him to adopt, in punishing the Duke's adherents, Englishmen saw more clearly than ever how little love, or obedience was due to such a monarch.

Dorset.

DEVONSHIRE.

SIDMOUTH being our next place of destination, on this day's journey we entered Devonshire. Not only another county, but a new scene, opened to us as we approached that town. Unlike the wide downs and frequent wastes, silent with desolation, in the county we had just left, every part of the landscape now in view seemed, from the plenitude of its population, the extent of its cultivation and inclosures, and the luxuriance of its vegetation, almost itself alive.—

—“ The roving sight
“ Pursued its pleasing course o'er neighbouring hills
“ Of many a different form, and different hue,
“ Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
“ With clover's purple bloom.”

Scot's *Answell*.

The

The mind dwelt with peculiar delight on the broad space in which the hands of man had been so industriously employed, and in which nature promised to remunerate him with plenty.—We had now lost all vestiges of chalk, and from the fertility before us easily conceived how rich a change the soil had undergone. The former seemed to terminate about ten miles beyond Lyme, and is succeeded by a red sand.

Devon.

We quitted the high road about three miles from Sidmouth, and descended into the town from one of the lofty ridges that command it on each side and bound a most charming vale.

SIDMOUTH is situated close to the sea, which is reddened by reflecting the colour of the cliffs. These are composed of sand, tinged by the red oxyde of iron, and partly calcareous. Sand and pebbles have choaked up the port, so that pleasure-boats and fishing-smacks are the only vessels that can touch at the shore. At the

Sidmouth.

Devon. time of a clear summer sky, Sidmouth is intensely hot; its low situation, a broad bed of pebbles, and the glare of the lofty red cliffs act like so many reverberators. It is much frequented, however, in the bathing season, and many families continue their residence even during the winter. The situation is certainly a very delightful one.—In our botanical excursions about Sidmouth, we found *Anchusa sempervirens* growing abundantly. The little *Arenaria rubra (marina)* literally covered the front of the cliffs on the shore, but unaccompanied by any other plant.

Taking leave of the coast for the present, we proceeded towards Exeter, through Ottery St. Mary.—The red oxyde of iron continued to tinge the soil the whole way, and, added to the richness of the surrounding scenery and the romantic winding of the road, exhibited a novel and agreeable effect.—We descended into Ottery under the umbrage of widely-spreading trees, the branches of which screened the town from

from our view until we arrived close to it, but the venerable towers of the church sometimes peeped through the foliage.

Devon.

OTTERY ST. MARY is a place of some trade, manufactories of flannel, serge, &c. having been lately established here, through the laudable exertions of Sir George Younge, and Sir John Duntze, Barts. The town has certainly much to recommend it to attention, particularly the church, which is a fine ancient fabric. It was dedicated to St. Mary. The manor and hundred were given by Edward the Confessor to the church of St. Mary at Rouen, in Normandy. This prince, it will be recollected, was much attached to Normandy, on account of having been so long resident there;—his mother too was a Norman princess. The chapter of Rouen afterwards sold the whole to John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, who established a quarter college for a prior and secular priests, and built the present church, after the plan of St. Peter's at Exeter. This took place in the

Ottery St.
Mary,

Devon.

reign of Edward III.* The north porch of the church was built in the reign of Elizabeth, but the body of it and two fine square towers are part of the original structure. Narrow windows, more like loop-holes than any thing else, seem to have been in fashion when this church was built, though in the west front there is a noble circular one, ornamented with a good deal of tracery work. Several monuments were pointed out to us, belonging to very distinguished personages interred here.—We did not view without interest an old mouldering turret, the only remains of an house once inhabited by the great Sir Walter Raleigh.—There is another building deserving of notice just without the church-yard, where the old convention-room of Oliver Cromwell is shewn to the traveller.

The road to Exeter is a broad, flat, dusty turnpike, augmenting the glare of the sun's rays

* See Polwhele's Hist. of Devonshire,

by the redness of its surface.—Clay now begins to preponderate in the soil, but a considerable portion of sand still remains mixed with it, so as to constitute a very rich loam, which seems to originate from the decomposition of a compact dark-coloured stone that lies very little below it.—A new tribe of plants appeared; *Cotyledon Umbilicus*, *Hieracium subaudum*, *H. umbellatum*, and *Polypodium Filix mas* were in profusion by the road sides.

Devon.

We gazed in vain for a view of the capital of Devonshire until we arrived in the very suburbs, though the approach to it is in every direction on an ascent. The streets are extremely inconvenient to those who pass them either on foot or on horseback, being very rough and filthy, and but partially paved.

The first object that arrested our attention in the city of EXETER was the Cathedral church—a magnificent Gothic edifice, with two conspicuous Saxon towers. Our lady's chapel, as

Exeter.

Devon. it is called, constituted the whole of the original fabric, the foundation of which is generally attributed to Athelstan. It is supposed that Bishop Chichester (who was installed in 1128) finished the choir, but Warlewast laid the foundation of it in the year 1112. This latter prelate, therefore, has generally been esteemed the founder of the church, which was not entirely covered in until 1369. It is probable that the west front was not finished long before this period, for the stile of it is more elaborate than usually occurs in the Gothic of the fourteenth century. There are a multitude of images, representing the Saxon and English kings, &c. The chapter-house was completed in the year 1439.—The whole building is in length three hundred and nine feet, and in breadth seventy-four.

Leofric, Bishop of Crediton, first sat in the episcopal throne of Exeter, to which place the see was transferred by Edward the Confessor. This prince attended the installation in person, with

Devon.

with his queen, and enthroned Leofric in a very remarkable and solemn manner, delivering the following charge, viz. "*I Kynge Edward, taking Leofricke by the righte haunde, and Edithe my queene by the left, doe installe hym the fyrst and most famous Byschoppe of Exon, wythe a greate desyre of aboundance of bleffynge to all such as shall furder and encrease the same, but with a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shall diminish or take any thyng from it.*" These words are quoted from an old writer. The three seats on which the King, Queen, and Bishop are reported to have sat during the ceremony were pointed out to us by our conductor on the south side of the altar; they are supported by brass pillars, and adorned with a profusion of carving. The altar-piece represents the inside of the church in perspective, and was executed in the reign of James I. There is a very large organ, the greatest pipe of which is fifteen inches in diameter.

In an ancient building (which appears to have

Devon.

been originally a refectory for the college of prebendaries) now used as a school-room, near the church, we found an admirable portrait painted by an artist of Bristol, of the name of Gandy. It is the head of a Dr. Langdon, who died in the year 1712, according to the inscription on his tomb in the Cathedral, of which he was a Prebendary. One of the officers of the church informed us that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to contemplate this picture with new admiration as often as he came to Exeter. The ingenuousness of Sir Joshua's mind seems to have been in no way diminished by any consciousness of his own abilities, for he is said to have often declared that "*had he painted that portrait, he should be more proud of it than of any of his performances.*"

We had not an opportunity, though extremely desirous, of seeing the pictures in the Guildhall, some of which are much celebrated, and preserve the portraits of very illustrious personages. Among these are General Monk,
George

George I. and Henrietta, Dutchess of Orleans, *Devon.*
daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. whose
queen was delivered of her at Exeter.

Near the east-gate, in the highest part of the city, stand the remains of Rougemont Castle,* formerly the seat of the West-Saxon kings, and afterwards of the Dukes of Exeter. According to the Itinerary of William de Worcester, it was built by Lord Rothemond.—Here John Penruddocke and Hugh Grove, two zealous Wiltshire royalists, who had attempted to restore Charles II. during the protectorate of Cromwell, were by his order beheaded † The Castle has nothing now to recommend it but its antiquity, and the situation, which commands a delightful view of the surrounding country, and near it is a very pleasant terrace, much frequented by the *beau-monde* of Exeter. The

* So called probably from the redness of the soil on which it stands.

† Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. 6, p. 559.

Devon.

city (with the suburbs) is about three miles in circumference, and contains sixteen churches within the walls and four without. Thirteen of these are said to have been exposed to sale by Oliver Cromwell, by the mouth of the common cryer. It had formerly more convents than almost any place in the kingdom.—There is a good quay, and the river is navigable for vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, though it was some time choaked up by order of Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and with so much ingenuity, that all attempts to recover the conveniences bestowed by nature were ineffectual until the year 1697. The Earl is said to have been offended with the citizens, but as Topsham, a town about four miles down the river, flourished so much in consequence of his measures, it is not improbable that the chief object of such pains was the advantage of that place.

There was anciently a mint at Exeter, and indeed money was coined here as late as the reign

reign of William III. some of whose coins I have seen distinguished by an E. under the bust.

Devon.

The old walls remain in many places, and seem to have been originally exceedingly strong. An octagonal turret on the east side of the city, and the south gate (one arch of which Dr. Stukely conjectures to be Roman work) continue very perfect. As Exeter is a place of great trade, particularly in articles of the woollen manufactory, we were not surprised to see shops and warehouses extending from one end of a street to the other. On the banks of the river there is a very large cotton manufactory, which employs three hundred men at a time. The exportation of serge, kerseys, &c. from this city has produced immense profits, the average value of it having been almost six hundred thousand pounds per annum. The markets are Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy.

Exeter was the birth-place of Sir Thomas Bodley.

Sir Thomas
Bodley.

Devon. Bodley. This great patron of Oxford and the Muses, was born in 1544, and received a considerable part of his education at Geneva, to which place his family had emigrated to avoid the persecution of Mary. After this queen's death, he came and studied at Magdalen College, in Oxford, and seems to have been strongly attached to a literary life, though he was prevented from dedicating himself entirely to it by his various engagements at court. He was employed by Elizabeth to request the assistance of the Protestant princes in relieving the French party of that persuasion, who were commanded by Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. At length, however, he retired from the world, and formed an immense collection of books, which he presented to the University of Oxford, forming the foundation of the wonderful library that still retains the name of the *Bodleian*. Sir Thomas died January 28, 1612, and was buried in the choir of Merton College.*

* See *Biographia Britannica*,

Having satisfied our curiosity in the city of *Devon.* Exeter, we visited the stone-quarries of Thor-
verton, and the manganese mine of Upton-
Pyne. In this excursion, as well as during our
stay at Exeter, we received great assistance and
information from Mr. Sheldon, (of that city)
Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy,
—an office for which uncommon professional
skill, no less than the most general knowledge,
justly qualifies him.

The village of UPTON-PYNE is about three Upton-Pyne.
miles and an half north from Exeter. In the
lanes leading to it we observed an unfrequent
variety of *Hieracium umbellatum*, described by
Haller as "*H. foliis pene ovatis, vix dentatis,*
*caule humili, pene unifloro.**

The manganese mine is not far from the vil-
lage, the soil surrounding which is a deep red vis-

* *Stirp. Indig. Helvet.* p. 15.

Devon. cid clay, and in this the ore is dug. The deepest part of the mine * seemed to be about twenty feet. There is no occasion for a shaft,† as the ore diminishes so much in richness in proportion to its depth, that it is worked only in an horizontal direction. We observed that the ore was in nodules of various dimensions, and generally crystallized in the inside. It is very productive,—at least what is dug at the upper part of the pit, and was used in the glass-houses formerly established at Exeter, but it is now sent chiefly to London. The manufactory at Bristol underfold that of Exeter.—Judging by the colour of manganese, and the martial earth with which its surface is often covered, several mineralogists have supposed it to be a meagre ore of iron, but from the experiments of Bergman, Gahn, and others, and from its appearing to

* It is improperly called a *mine*, for, the top being open, it is merely a pit.

† By a *shaft* is meant a chimney-like perforation leading to the bottom of a mine; it is seldom much larger than to admit a person.

possess properties common to no other metallic substance, it should certainly be considered as a peculiar semi-metal. It is remarkable, however, that many, even of the first chemists, have never succeeded in the reduction of it. The black oxyde, (generally called *black magnesia*) is used in glass-houses to take away the yellow, green, or blue tinge from glass intended to be of a clear white. Too large a proportion of it gives a violet colour.

Devon.

THORVERTON-QUARRIES are at nearly the same distance from Upton-Pyne, as the latter place is from Exeter.

Thorverton
Quarries.

Teucrium scorodonia (wood-sage) grows in wonderful profusion hereabout.—We were informed that the fruit of it is pretty generally used by the poor in the neighbourhood as a substitute for hops. It possesses the bitterness, and a good deal of the flavour of the latter.

The extraordinary substance called *Thorverton-stone*

Devon. *ton-stone* is dug, to the depth of forty feet, in a woody and rather a romantic spot, close to the village of that name. It seems to be more compact in proportion to its depth, but one part of the *stratum* exhibits a cellular appearance like toad-stone. The granules are very discernible even in the most close-textured specimen, and are partly calcareous, partly argillaceous, and partly steatitical. Some parts of the quarry look, at first sight, like reddish porphyry, containing small lumps of calcareous spar. Other parts are of a blackish colour, and almost entirely argillaceous. Narrow veins of white calcareous earth appear in other specimens, and others again have quite a lava-like texture, and a brownish, powdery surface, occasioned probably by the decomposition of the *steatites*. Upon the whole, the Thorverton-stone is one of the most curious substances, with respect to its composition, I have ever seen.—The *Vulcanist* perhaps will pronounce it the effect of fusion, but the cautious mineralogist will set it down among amygdaloidal earths, without

without venturing to speculate upon its origin. *Devon.*
—The top of the quarries is covered with a thin layer of vegetable mould, from which however springs very luxuriant herbage.

We observed that most of the cottages in the neighbourhood are built with the stone, which (at least the closer species of it) seems to stand the weather very well.

There is a substance somewhat resembling the Thorverton-stone which is dug in Heavitree parish, nearer to Exeter, and this also is used for building and a variety of other purposes, but it approaches nearer to the nature of a *breccia*, and is more coarse and loose-textured.

The principal object of our present journey being a survey of the southern coast, we were induced by the beautiful aspect of the country to lose as little space as possible between the Ex and the Teign, and accordingly, in our way

Devon. to Teignmouth, passed along the banks of the former from Powderham Castle to Star-crofs.

Powderham
Castle.

The road to POWDERHAM CASTLE presented us with several pleasing views of the environs of Exeter; and the broad stream of the Ex, with the numerous villages on its banks, formed a most charming addition to the landscape on our left. We were led to expect a noble situation for the castle, but how great was our disappointment to find it almost in a flat, very much exposed on the side towards the Channel, and with a broad marsh in front. It faces the river, but little pains have been taken to open the view to it with advantage, or to heighten the effect of those magnificent materials which nature has furnished.—The original building was erected by Isabella, daughter of Baldwin *de Ripariis*, and widow of William *de Fortibus*, in the reign of Henry III. Some part of the present castle is ancient, and gives an air of grandeur to the whole, which however is by no means a striking pile of building

at

at any distance. It has long been the seat of the Courtenays, who are descended from the old Earls of Devonshire, and are one of the noblest families in the kingdom. The present possessor is William, Viscount Courtenay.

Devon.

Though the Ex is very broad at its influx into the sea, we saw EXMOUTH very distinctly across it, and perceived a similarity of soil on each side of the river. This town stands very pleasantly, but is protected by nothing except a barred haven. It had formerly a small castle.

Exmouth.

The lands about Star-cross were two years ago covered with furze, and in a state perfectly wild, but are now cultivated; they produce surprisingly well, though so much exposed to the sea. We here saw *women* employed at the plough, which they guided with as much dexterity as the most robust men, and we were informed that the practice is not uncommon in Devonshire, though I question whether the

Devon. failure of the loom would afford many new hands to the farmer in other parts of the kingdom.

We came now again to the coast, and passed over several bold cliffs, which rise quick from the shore, towards Teignmouth.—In a pleasant valley, and close to a little creek, stands DAWLISH—a neat, new village not frequented by summer visitors until within the last two or three years.—Hereabout *Rubia sylvestris* (madder) appeared very frequent in the hedge-rows.

Teignmouth. TEIGNMOUTH is situated (as its name indeed implies) at the mouth of the river Teign, which takes its rise on the mountains about Chegford, and spreads a noble sheet of water as it approaches the sea, though there is a large shoal of sand on the eastern side of the haven.—On this latter spot, which is covered by the sea at spring-tides, the view up the river is extremely beautiful, the ground gradually rising on each side into verdant hills, ornamented with wood,
and

Devon.

and cheerful with cultivation.—Here too we picked up some rare species of shells, such as *Mastra lutraria*, *Nerita glaucina*, and others. The cliffs overhanging the sea have a singular, and, I think, very picturesque appearance, resembling much some of Sir William Hamilton's views of *lava* hills about Naples. They are of a deep red colour, (with the exception of a few broad patches of verdure,) and mount in rude irregular shapes, to the height of seventy or eighty feet.—We had now an opportunity of observing the soil of this part of the country to some depth, and discovered that it lost its soft, loamy nature a few feet below the surface, passing into loose stones which are partly in indeterminate forms, and partly rounded into pebbles, but most of them of an amygdaloidal composition very nearly allied to the Thor-verton-stone.—As we walked along the beach, I could not help fancying that I saw nature in the very act of forming the latter, and bringing together materials for constituting future quarries. In one place I observed minute pebbles

Devon. deposited by the sea on a portion of soft sand, mixed with slime and clay; in another I could perceive these substances becoming compact after being forsaken by the tide, and growing by the apposition of new particles into a hard mass of stone. *Here* were *strata* of amygdaloidal matter awaiting only some grand convulsion to be far removed from the sea, and to render the agents which were employed in the formation of them mysterious. And *there* were masses of *breccia* of which almost every wave imperceptibly increased the dimensions.

In contemplating the coasts, a curious and interesting question arises, which can be decided only by a long and general series of geological observations. What is the direction that prevails *on the whole* with respect to the particles of matter kept in motion by the sea?—Is it towards the land or towards the bosom of the ocean? Of all the agents by which the sea is put into agitation, the tides seem to be most uniformly powerful in their effects, and hence their exact direction

direction must in every instance be ascertained before we can determine the probability of a particular spot extending forwards, or decreasing. Another circumstance to be considered is the degree of declivity of the shore, or strand, itself.—Supposing the latter to be a mere shelf, or gentle ascent, and the motion of the tides to be in a line nearly parallel to it, one may conclude that there must be a constant *apposition* of loose bodies, for the waves in their retreat cannot have so much power to propel any thing, as in their approach, having in the one case only their own pressure, whereas in the other, they are urged on, as it were, by an immense weight of water in their rear.

Devon.

Teignmouth was once a much larger place, and has suffered a good deal by invasions. The Danes were its earliest ravagers. It was almost entirely destroyed also in Queen Anne's war with the French, who landed and set fire to it in the year 1690.—Though this town was so inconsiderable a place, when compared with

Devon. others on the coast, the French historians have actually made the destruction of it appear an event of importance.*

We proceeded from Teignmouth over a varied country to Chudleigh, and remarked as we advanced that limestone now began to prevail. The hills in the horizon exhibited bolder forms than any we had lately seen. The ridge called *Halldown* shut from our view the scenery about the *Ex*, and made but a dreary feature in the landscape, though from certain points its effect was not unpleasing. We should have followed the course of the *Teign*, had it not made too great a curve to the left.

Chudleigh. CHUDLEIGH is by no means an interesting place, being only a decent market-town, of small extent, yet it is agreeably situated.—The neighbourhood is famous for cyder. An

* See M. de Quincey's *Hist. Mil. de Louis XIV.* 2 p. 330.

orchard of only three acres, very near Chudleigh, yielded in one year apples enough to make almost eighty hogsheads, at one guinea per hoghead.—The cyder of this part of the country is of a most exquisite quality too.

Devon.

There are some singular rocks (of a bluish limestone called *Chudleigh-marble*) about half a mile west from the town, which from their romantic appearance and situation invite the steps of a traveller. The landscape that meets the eye from the highest part is uncommonly beautiful, and here and there the branches of a picturesque oak form a sort of natural canopy for the contemplative spectator. To the left are the fine woods of Ugbrook (the seat of Lord Clifford) the beauties of which are celebrated by Mr. Reeve in his poem of *Ugbrook-Park*. The family of Clifford take the title from Chudleigh, of which Sir Thomas Clifford, Lord High Treasurer in the reign of Charles II. was created Baron by that prince. One part of the rocks is upwards of an hundred feet in height,
and

Devon. and presents its broad front towards a charming vale terminated by the Teign. *Anethum Fœniculum* (wild fennel) growing here in some places higher than our heads, seemed to form almost a forest.—The Chudleigh limestone admits of a very good polish, and some of it is burnt into lime, by the aid of Bovey coal. It lies in *strata* five or six feet in thickness, which dip to the south-east.

Bovey
Coal-pits.

Leaving the Ashburton road to the right, we proceeded through BOVEY-HEATHFIELD, in order to view some curious Coal-pits. They are more than a mile however from the village, and about ten miles from the sea, in the midst of an open heath. We were surprised to find the coal in alternate *strata* with a whitish clay that constitutes the substance of the adjacent soil. The upper *stratum* of coal is but a few feet below the surface of the ground, and the others about the same distance from each other, being from four to sixteen feet in thickness. The lowermost rests on clay, which is followed by a
bed

Devon.

bed of sand seventeen feet deep; then clay appears again without any coal. These pits have been worked several years, and are of considerable service to a pottery close by, which is one of the largest in the west of England. They are about eighty feet in depth, the *strata* seeming to continue in an eastern direction, towards Bovey, and underlying, or dipping to the south about twenty inches in a fathom. As to the coal, it retains the vegetable structure, and has exactly the appearance of charred wood, being of a black, or blackish brown colour, extremely light and friable, separable into irregular *laminæ*, and strongly impregnated with bitumen. By what process of nature such an arrangement of *strata* was occasioned, and the wood (for the Bovey coal evidently has been wood) underwent such a change, I am totally at a loss to form any conjecture. I have found exactly the same substance, at the depth of several feet, in a blackish clay near Shotover-hill, in Oxfordshire,—indeed it may have been found in several other places. The appearance of a single tree, or even

Devon.

even of several trees in the same *stratum* is certainly not so perplexing to account for, as of several *strata* divided from each other, and spreading over a great space of ground.—We perceived a large turf bog at a short distance westward from the pits, and here decayed roots of vegetables, and indeed whole trees, are often discovered, but none of these bear the least resemblance to Bovey Coal,

The pits are often filled with water to the height of forty feet, or more, and an engine is put in motion for carrying it off by an overshot wheel twenty-four feet in diameter, which works two levers with rods and buckets. An ochreous sediment is found under the water.

A peculiar wildness of landscape prevails towards Ashburton; the features of the country are bold, but neither wood nor water appears sufficient to enrich or beautify it. There was something highly picturesque in the volumes of vapour which at this time crept up the acclivities

ties of the distant hills, and enveloped objects in a white cloud.—We observed in many places rocks and quarries of the same species of limestone as about Chudleigh, and crags of it peep continually above the foil.

Devon.

The borough of ASHBURTON stands on the banks of the river Dart, and is one of the four stannary towns of Devonshire. It is a great thoroughfare, being on the high-road from London to the Land's-end, and about half way between Exeter and Plymouth. The church has more the appearance of a collegiate than a parochial one, and has a very handsome tower ninety feet high, with a small spire covered with lead. Adjoining to the church there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Laurence, which, since the reformation, has been used as a grammar-school. Ashburton is altogether a neat, respectable town, and carries on a considerable manufactory of serge. Once a week a market is holden solely for wool and yarn.

Ashburton.

Devon.

Proceeding from Ashburton to Totness, we perceived that the soil was now entirely shistose. Wood and pasture lands meet the eye more frequently than any other, but the scenery in this part of Devon is altogether rich and interesting. Dartington-bridge is fortunately situated for affording a very finished and romantic scene, in which a hill above, exuberantly clothed with beech and oak, forms a noble feature. On the left appear fertile fields, coppices, and orchards, in a wide range, pleasantly interspersed with numerous hamlets and villages.—The road-sides, we observed, were luxuriantly decorated with the elegant *Linum angustifolium*, (narrow-leaved flax) which may be truly denominated a Devonshire plant.

Totness.

TOTNESS is built on the side of a steep hill, down which runs a tolerably good street, about three quarters of a mile in length, and terminated by a bridge over the Dart. It is one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom, and was formerly well fortified, being furrounded with
walls

walls and four gates, and defended by a castle, which was erected by one of the Zouches, once Lords of the manor. Only the southern gate now remains. A few fragments of the castle indeed may be seen on a hill north-west of the town. The church, which is spacious, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and has a tower at the west end adorned with four handsome pinnacles. There was once a priory of black monks (Leland says) at the north-east side of the church.

Devon.

BERRY-POMEROY CASTLE was too near to us to be omitted in our way to Torquay, and is not more than a mile from Totnefs. A view of it was not disclosed to us until we arrived within a few paces of the spot where it stands, which is a rocky eminence rising above a brook that empties itself into the Hemms. The approach is through a thick wood extending along the slope of a range of hills that entirely intercept any prospect to the south; on the opposite side there is a steep rocky ridge covered with oak, so that

*Berry-Pomero-
roy Castle.*

Devon. that the ruins are shut into a beautiful valley. Placed in so retired and so romantic a situation, on the banks of a bright stream, which

—————“rushing o’er its pebbled bed,
“Imposes silence with a silly sound”—

the venerable remains of Berry-Pomeroy Castle at first suggest only an idea of some peaceful monastic mansion to the mind of the spectator. When he perceives frowning turrets however, massy walls, and gloomy dungeons, his imagination will be wholly at variance with the beauty and serenity of the spot, and he will think only of sieges, chains, torture, and death. The great gate, (with the walls of the south front) the north wing of the court, or quadrangle, some apartments on the west side, and a turret or two, are the principal remains of the building, and these are so finely overhung with the branches of trees and shrubs that grow close to the walls, so beautifully mantled with ivy, and so richly incrustel with moss, that they constitute the most picturesque objects that can be imagined. And when the surrounding scenery is taken into
the



Berry Pomeroy Castle

Thos. G. M. M. Esq.

Devon.

the account,—the noble mafs of wood fronting the gate, the bold ridges rifing in the horizon, and the fertile valley opening to the eaft,—the ruins of Berry-Pomeroy Caftle muft be confidered as almoft unparalleled in their effect. The eaftern tower is accessible by a paffage from the room over the gateway ; here, we found, was the beft point for furveying the environs of the caftle. The interior part appears to be confiderably more modern than the gate and outer walls, the windows being fquare or oblong, with linterns and crofs bars of ftone. It is going rapidly to decay, however, and the walls being compofed of ftate might be entirely demolifhed with little trouble. When perfect, thefe apartments muft have been extremely grand, and were decorated in a fplendid manner, if one might judge from the mouldings, columns, &c. which remain.—The large room over the gateway is divided by a wall fupported by three pillars and circular arches, but it is not eafy to difcover the ufe of it. There was evi-

Devon. dently a portcullis to the gate, which is turreted and embattled, and over it the arms of the family of Pomeroy are still to be seen. It was from this family that the castle took its name, the manor having been conferred upon them at the time of the conquest. Ralph de la Pomeroy (who is the first that we hear of) was one of the Conqueror's attendants, and assisted him in obtaining the kingdom, for which service (we are informed by Dugdale*) no less than fifty lordships in Devonshire were bestowed on him, and here at Berry-Pomeroy his descendants resided until the reign of Edward VI. when Sir Thomas Pomeroy sold the manor to Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset. It is most probable that the inner buildings were erected by one of the latter family, and before the rebellion, for at that period the castle was dismantled. The manor still belongs to the Seymours, Dukes of Somerset.

* Baronage, vol. 1, p. 498.

The parish church of Berry was built by one of the Pomeroy's, many of whom were interred there. Sir Richard, grandfather of Sir Thomas, had a very handsome monument in it.* *Devon.*

The face of the country, after we leave Berry-Pomeroy, is rather insipid, a heath appearing to the right, and very little wood, or irregularity of ground, in front. At Torr-Abbey, however, a delightful view of Torbay opens, with fine broad swells to the north.

TORR-ABBEY originally belonged to a society of Canons *Premonstratenses*, to whom (it appears by Dugdale†) the lands of Torr, the church of St. Saviour that once stood there, fishing in the bay, and other rights were given by William Briwer, or Bruer. The Briwers were a family of great note in the reigns of

* Prince's *Worthies of Devonshire*, p. 491.

† *Monast.* vol. I. p. 186.

Devon. Richard I. and John, and had a feat very near the abbey.

It may not be superfluous to mention that the order of Premonstre, of which few establishments existed in this kingdom, was founded by St. Norbert, and the appellation originated from Bartholomew, Bishop of Laudun, having chosen a place called *Premonstre* for a monastery of these canons.—A curious story is told by the monkish writers respecting the derivation of the name of *Premonstre*. Inglebrand the Great (say they) who was noted for his heroic achievements, one day set out to kill a lion, that had long been the terror of the neighbouring country. It happened that he saw the beast much sooner than he expected, whereupon he cried out “*Saint Jean, tu me l’as de pres premonstré.*”^{*} Others say, it was because the spot was pointed out for a chapel by the Virgin.—

^{*} i. e. “Saint John, thou hast almost foreshewn him to me.”

The first place where the order was established in England was at Newhouse, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1146, during the reign of Stephen. Cockerland, in Lancashire, Sulby, in Northamptonshire, and Titchfield, in Hampshire also belonged to it.

Devon.

There are still some remains of the old abbey of Torr, now converted into out-houses, &c. close to a modern mansion, the seat of Mr. Carey. The situation is charming, and I must confess I looked for a more striking object than the house as we rode through the fine avenue, shaded by aged elm and oak.

TORQUAY far exceeded our expectation in every respect. Instead of the poor, uncomfortable village that we had imagined, how great was our surprise at seeing a pretty range of neat, new buildings, fitted up for summer visitors, who may certainly here enjoy convenient bathing, retirement, and a most romantic situation. It commands a full view of Torbay,

Torquay.

Devon. and is surrounded by a very bold amphitheatre of hills, from which the eye may command a prospect of astonishing grandeur and variety.

We were amazed at the number of shells scattered along the margin of the bay——

“ ——qua mollibus undis

“ *Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit æquor arenam.*”

—What an inexhaustible store-house of life is the sea! What a succession of objects its surges and its tides produce! The same wave that sweeps off a whole tribe makes a recompence for its robbery by strewing the shores with a new series!—There cannot be a more beautiful branch of nature’s works than the testaceous class, and whenever I walk along a beach covered with these creatures, and consider that they form a link in the chain of the creation, I am at a loss to account for the contempt which the supercilious pedant thinks proper to bestow on the humble conchologist.—The contemplative botanist, indeed, and the entomologist are doomed to equal ridicule from the tribunal of those

those who call themselves *learned*, but who, with all the ostentation of criticism, or all the pomp of philosophy, are often unable to increase the general stock of knowledge by a discovery even of so *little* consequence as that of a microscopic moss, or of an insignificant butterfly.—And yet they cannot condescend to think with more respect of those who do!—Indignation glows within me at the squeamishness of those vain, or vacant minds that are unwilling to bestow on a natural object the attention which a rational man would bestow on a common piece of mechanism.—Liberality, the greatest ornament, and perhaps the only criterion, of a man of REAL learning, must condemn the principle of measuring by the standard of one's own acquisitions, and, considering all the sciences as advantages, or embellishments, or at least as praiseworthy resources to human life, approves of the cultivation and encouragement of any.

Devon.

A singular cavern, called KENT'S-HOLE, is Kent's-hole. considered as the greatest curiosity in this part

Devon. of the county. It is about a mile distant from Torquay. Two women, whose usual business it is, conducted us to the spot, provided with candles, tinder-boxes, and other necessaries for the expedition.—After pursuing rather an intricate track, we arrived at the mouth of the cavern, and soon saw there was some occasion for the assistance of guides, who presented each of us with a candle stuck in a piece of flitted stick. The aperture was just large enough to admit us. As we advanced, our guides fixed candles on the sides of the cavern, in order to give us as much light as possible, and to provide against the consequences of an extinction of those we held in our hands. The chill we received after having entered is inconceivable, and our clothes were moistened, (as it happens in the Peak) by the continual dropping of water from the roof. The lights, when viewed at a distance, gleaming through the gloomy vaults, and reflected by the pendant crystals, had a most singular effect. We began to fancy ourselves in the abode of some magician, or (as our companions

Devon.

panions were two ancient females, and not the most comely of their years) in the clutches of some mischievous old witches, the representation of whose habitations in Shakespere's *Macbeth* we could for once persuade ourselves had its foundation in nature.—Kent's-hole is in no part more than twenty feet high, but the bottom of it is very irregular, being sometimes on an ascent, and sometimes on a descent, and the moisture of the stone on which we trod rendered *both* not a little difficult and dangerous.—The roof is in some places so low that we were obliged to advance on our knees.—At length we reached the extremity of the cavern, which is full two hundred yards long, and, though it sometimes winds, seems to run for the most part in a southern direction. As no great elevation of ground appears on the outside, the declivity of it must be considerable.

The rocks about Torquay consist of limestone, which seems to form the shell, as it were, of the greater part of the country south of Chud-

Devon. Chudleigh, Ashburton, and Totnefs. Occasionally in this tract red loam, slate, or clay will appear, but these substances form in general a kind of coating to the former, and are deep only in the valleys and lower grounds.

The limestone of Torquay is of a hardish texture, and somewhat resembles that of the Bristol rocks in colour and fracture, but about Chudleigh and Ashburton, (as I have mentioned before) it is of a light blue, with veins of white, and takes so good a polish as to obtain the denomination of marble.

Torbay. TORBAY appeared in all its grandeur as we passed the more elevated part of its borders, in our way to Dartmouth. Here were the first myrtle hedges that I had seen; they were covered with a most delicious bloom, and surrounded many of the gardens by the road side. We could scarcely persuade ourselves that we were not on the south side of the British Channel.—The bay appears to be about twelve miles
in

in compass, and is reckoned one of the finest roads for ships our coast can boast of. It was the general station for the English fleet during the whole time of William III.'s war with France, and here it was that this monarch arrived, when Prince of Orange only, on the memorable fifth of November, 1688.

Devon,

The country at some distance from DART- Dartmouth. MOUTH has a very bold aspect, and the road curves round the feet of some lofty hills, which appearing in succession, and continually forming new lines and boundaries of sight, strike an admirer of picturesque effect extremely. We were in some measure prepared for the enchanting scene which our passage across the Dart opened to us. This river is almost half a mile wide between Kingswere (where we entered the ferry-boat) and Dartmouth.—On our left appeared the castle, which stands at the mouth of the river, surrounded by a rich mass of oak, and the steeple of an adjoining church just peeps above the branches. Opposite to us was the

Devon. the town, situated on the declivity of a craggy hill, and extending, embosomed in trees, almost a mile along the water's edge.—The quay and dock-yards project into the river, and cause an apparent curvature in its course which had an effect inexpressibly finished and beautiful. Some ships of war, and several small vessels, floating in different parts of it, broke its uniformity.—The rocks on each side are composed of a glossy purple slate, and their summits fringed with a number of ornamental plants and shrubs.—Enraptured with so lovely a scene, we arrived insensibly at the quay of Dartmouth,

This town is very singularly built, the streets being one so much higher than another that it is almost possible to shake hands from without with a person at the window of an attic story. The quay is large and convenient, and the trade of Dartmouth (by no means inconsiderable *now*) was *once* as extensive as that of any place in the county, Exeter excepted.

The walls of the old castle stand at the south end of the town, but do not give one an idea of its having been either strong or handsome. It was of a circular form.—*Valeriana rubra* (red valerian) grows in the crevices of the stone; this plant indeed is not uncommon in such situations along the western coast. *Devon.*

The present castle is full half a mile distant from the town, and, if not a warlike, is certainly a very picturesque building, but by no means spacious. Adjoining to it there is a chapel, the stone tower and spire of which were built by the townsmen not many years ago. It belongs to Stoke-Fleming Church, two miles off, and was erected in Edward III.'s time.

Dartmouth has frequently been attacked by the French, who struck no small terror into the inhabitants in the reign of Richard I. and Henry IV. They met with a rough reception, however, in the year 1404, and from a very unexpected quarter. M. de Castel, their leader,
(Camden

Devon. (Camden says) “ was so set upon by the peasants and *women*, that he was cut off with his whole party.” This is a memorable proof of the personal courage of our fair countrywomen.

We felt the greatest reluctance to leave Dartmouth. The town itself indeed, and our accommodations were enough to drive us away at once, but the scenery about it delighted us more than any thing we had seen in the course of our tour. Whether we were seated in the bow-window of our inn, which commanded an unobstructed view of the opposite banks of the Dart, or whether we rambled along the paths that divided in various directions about the rocks, there was a combination of features on which the eye gazed with inconceivable pleasure.—The scenery of Dartmouth certainly presents a most exquisite treat to a landscape painter. The view towards the mouth of the harbour, in particular, exhibits such a happy assemblage of objects for a picture that it is perhaps scarcely to be exceeded. A rocky knoll projecting from
the



S. Allen del.

Thos. I. E. del.

Dartmouth Castle

the shore makes an admirable foreground. *Devon.*
One of the side-screens is formed by the picturesque castle with the adjoining church, just emerging from a fine wood which enriches the right-hand side ;—the other a high promontory, with a small fort at its feet ;—whilst the main sea appears in front through a narrow opening, and leaves nothing for the imagination to wish for in the composition.

A loose, bluish slate prevails almost the whole way to Ivy-bridge. This tract of country forms a part of what is generally known by the name of the *South-Hams*, and is much celebrated for its *South-Hams.* richness and fertility. The eye, however, is offended, and the prospect obstructed too, by the fences, which are composed of high embankments topped with coppice wood. Square fields and strait hedge-rows, how profitable soever in an agricultural point of view, are really nuisances when considered as constituting a part of the scenery of a country.—The soil is a fine deep loam. Lime-stone rocks occasionally rear
their

Devon. their heads, and perhaps a regular chain may be traced quite from Torquay to Plymouth.

At Ivy-bridge we re-entered the road to Plymouth, and had no reason to regret having forsaken it, except that we had not the opportunity of seeing Buckfastleigh-Priory, situated a few miles south-west from Ashburton, on the borders of Dartmoor.

Ivy-bridge. IVY-BRIDGE is a small groupe of houses delightfully situated on the banks of the river Arme, which rushes with a loud roar over a bed of rocks ;—after a rainy season it forms quite a torrent, and brings down from the hills fragments of granite.* Large blocks of this substance indeed lie by the road-side, but no regular *stratum* of it is discoverable, nor of the bluish

* The granite of Ivy-bridge is of a dead whitish colour, and composed of a very large proportion of fel spar (which appears for the most part in long narrow crystals) pellucid quartz, some schoerl, and a few scarcely discernible specks of mica,

rock* that lies scattered in detached masses like the granite, though both might probably be traced up to the mountains of Dartmoor. It is there that the Arme takes its rise. The rocks which constitute its bed seem to have been torn and hurled, as it were, from their original situations by some paroxysm of nature.—Close to the bridge stands one of the most comfortable and elegant inns in the west of England, and in the gardens belonging to it (which run along one side of the river) the bridge, the high grounds beyond it, the rocks, and the foaming current assume the most picturesque relations.

Devon.

The Plymouth road now led us considerably to the left, and we passed through PLYMPTON-ST. MARY.—Here was formerly a college for a dean and four prebendaries, founded by one of the Saxon princes. A priory of regular canons

Plympton-
St. Mary.

* Mr. Hatchett conceives this rock to be the *dieter feldt-spat*, of Werner.

Devon. was afterwards established, in the room of the former, who were displaced by Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter. The rigid prelate peremptorily inflicted this punishment upon them for not dismissing their wives, in obedience to the decrees of the synod of London, in 1102. The absurdity and ill consequences of these decrees seem to have been evident to the very assembly that passed them, by the punishment which it thought proper to subjoin against vices not heard of in England before.

Plympton-Earls is distant, but visible, from the high road. It was the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose father kept a grammar-school there.* The castle, which was anciently the seat of the family *de Ripariis*, is a conspicuous object at some distance.

Crossing the Plym, we were much struck by a

* See Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

view of SALTRAM, the seat of Lord Boringdon. The grounds extend along the banks of the river, and form a fine, decorated scene. The approach to the house lies through some well disposed groupes of trees, on a gentle ascent to the left of it. There are several pleasing openings as you advance, and at length, on the summit of the hill, a noble and wide extent of scenery unfolds itself. The house is built in a very plain, substantial manner, without any ornamental appendages whatever on the outside. After entering it, we were conducted through an elegant suite of apartments (on the ground floor) which are furnished with some charming pictures. Zuccarelli's best performances are in this collection.

Devon.
Saltram.

As we intended to visit Plymouth on our return out of Cornwall, we passed on without delay to Saltash. Opposite this place we found a commodious ferry-boat, which wafted us and our horses across the Tamar.

CORNWALL.

Saltash. **SALTASH** is situated on the declivity of a very steep hill, which (through the principal street) it is not easy to ascend on horseback.—The quay commands a fine view of the river down to Plymouth-dock, and of Maker-heights; on the left may be seen the mouth of the Tavy, and the bleak heaths of Roborough. Though a borough, Saltash is but a poor town, and yet the corporation are enriched by the anchorage and foilage of foreign vessels, the privilege of dragging for oysters, the ferry, &c. which, we were informed, produce considerable profits. The situation is not inviting, nor is there any thing picturesque in the appearance of the surrounding lands, which produce corn and pasture,

turage, separated by uniform strait hedges. *Cornwall.*
Towards St. Germain's the country assumes a more bold and ornamented aspect; some spots on the road are highly beautiful.

ST. GERMAIN'S is a miserable borough town, *St. Germain's.*
where nothing could have detained us except the church, which is a very venerable, ancient fabric, said to have been founded by Athelstan. It was dedicated to St. Germaine, who, (if I recollect right) was Bishop of Auxerre, in France. The whole of the west front still remains, but the two towers (one of which is octagonal and the other square) do not appear to be a part of the original design. The porch is Saxon. We soon perceived that the body of the church was of no remote date, though the arches are turned on the ancient Saxon pillars, which are uncommonly bulky, and their capitals singularly ornamented. The old chancel fell in, with a great crash, in the year 1592, just after divine service. The windows are in many places, stained with the arms of the diocese, and

Cornwall. of several of its bishops, whose see was fixed here after its removal from Bodmin, and before the dioceses of Devon and Cornwall were united at Crediton.—There are the vaults also of several ancient families, such as the Scawens, Glanvills, and Eliots, over which are suspended the pompous decorations of banners, escutcheons, &c. On a monument belonging to one of the Glanvills we noticed the following curious inscription, upon which time and pains must have been miserably misapplied:—

“ Inditur in gelidum Gregis hujus opilio bustu*M*
 “ Omnibus irriguis Lachrymis simul urbis et agr*I*
 “ Hujus erit vivax Atque indelebile nome*N*
 “ Artibus et linguis Necnon virtute probat*I*
 “ Nobis ille novæ Vatem pro munere legi*S*
 “ Naviter et graviter Jucunde et suaviter egi*T*
 “ Ergo relanguenti Licet eluctetur ab orb*E*
 “ Spiritus æternum Lucebit totus ut asse*R*

A. D. 1599. 24. Nov. natus est

1631. 20. Octobris denatus.”

There was formerly a burial ground round the church, but Lord Eliot, a few years ago, took it into his lawn, and of course removed every

every sepulchral memorial, which occasioned no small murmur and complaint among the helpless inhabitants of the town.—The parish is said to be twenty miles in circumference, and to contain no less than fifteen villages.

Cornwall.

Within a few yards of the church, on the spot where a priory formerly stood, the seat of Lord Eliot is situated, from whose family the place takes the name of *Port-Eliot*. The church lands came into the possession of the Eliots in the reign of Elizabeth, from whom the borough received its privileges. At the dissolution of religious houses, the annual revenues of the priory were valued at two hundred and forty-three pounds eight shillings.—Magnificence was wholly avoided in the exterior of the mansion, and perhaps its simplicity is more correspondent to the scenery by which it is surrounded, and which is rather to be called pleasing than picturesque or grand. Lynher creek approaches within a small distance of the spot,

Port-Eliot.

Cornwall. and is joined by the river Tidy, navigable from Tidiford.

There are not more than fifty or sixty houses in St. Germain's, which, however, would exercise its privileges just as well were the number still less. It is the property of Lord Eliot, whose two sons are the present representatives.

After a ride of twelve miles on a rough, hilly, and intricate road, which led through several East and West villages, we arrived at LOOE. There are two Looe. places indeed of that name, and they are so called from the two rivers East and West Looe, which unite just before they empty themselves into the sea, and separate these towns. One stream takes its rise a little north-west from Lifkeard, and the other in the parish of St. Pennock. We were much struck by a view of the river as we descended into East Looe, which communicates with West Looe by a bridge of fifteen arches, built after a very ancient

cient fashion. There was something more bold *Cornwall.* and of a grander effect with respect to the nearer objects than in any scene that had yet occurred. The river washes the bases of the mountainous swells of ground on both sides, and West Looe is flanked by a prodigious eminence that at a distance appears inaccessible, and in fact is one of the steepest spots in the county.—Both towns are boroughs, though inconsiderable places, and supported chiefly by the pilchard fishery, which is a branch of business not very likely to recommend them to visitors.

We did not halt at Looe, but proceeded immediately towards Fowey, our road stretching over the lofty hill just mentioned, and affording us an unobstructed prospect of land and sea. The face of the country between Looe and Fowey resembles the less cultivated parts of Wiltshire, and the eye roams over a bleak, unornamented space, in which nothing but a few villages and scattered cottages occur to make it pause. We began to fancy ourselves already arrived

Cornwall. arrived in the mining country, and that we had bid adieu to fertility and picturesque beauty.

At the foot of some rocky, rising ground, at a short distance from Fowey, we had the satisfaction of seeing *Sibthorpia Europæa*, growing in great profusion. This little plant, so partial to the flaty soil of Cornwall, was discovered by the indefatigable Ray, between the publication of his first edition of the *Cat. Plant. Angliæ*, in 1670, and of the second in 1677. It was called *Sibthorpia* by Linnæus, in honour of Dr. *Sibthorpe*, father of the late Regius Professor of Botany in Oxford.—And here I hope I shall be pardoned, if I pause to pay a tribute of esteem to the memory of one whose friendship I must ever remember with gratitude, and whose name will ever be pronounced with respect by all who pursue the peaceful science to which he fell a martyr. Gifted with superior talents, accomplished in the graceful as well as the more laborious departments of human learning, tread-
ing

ing the paths of botany with an enthusiasm of *Cornwall.*
 which early years and an ample fortune seemed
 to promise an enviable indulgence, Dr. John
 Sibthorpe was a person to whom the scientific
 world looked forward with the hope of being
 eminently informed and enriched. But alas!
 nature allowed him to survive too short a time
 his second voyage to Greece, and his release
 from the oppression of a pulmonary disorder was
 granted only in the arms of death. In the
 words of the Roman poet, however, I may con-
 fidently say,

“Manet hunc pulchrum sua fama laborem.”

FOWEY is situated on the western bank of *Fowey.*
 the river Fawy, along which it extends nearly a
 mile, and there is a ferry from the village of
 Polruan, immediately opposite.—The rocks on
 both sides of the river are composed of a hard
 bluish slate, containing broad veins of what is
 generally called by mineralogists *fat* quartz,
 from its colour and greasiness to the touch.
 Indeed the slate also has almost the unctuouf-
 ness

Cornwall. nefs of killas, and seems gradually to pass into that substance.—Scarcely any wood appears, but the height of the rocks, the boldness of the neighbouring hills, and the wildness of the distant landscape have a grand effect as you cross the water.

Long before we landed at Fowey, our olfactory nerves were assailed by the *effluvia* of salted pilchards, astonishing stores of which are laid up in the town, and form a very productive article of trade. The very fields are strewed with the refuse of fish and salt, which no doubt makes excellent manure, and may be obtained, we were informed, at as small a price as nine pence, or one shilling per bushel, each bushel consisting of eighteen gallons. Many vessels being employed in the fishery at the time of our arrival, curiosity induced us to hire a boat, and go out to sea to observe their operations.—The waves drove with such strength through the mouth of the river, that no small exertion was required to reach the distant fisher-boats, which
are

are generally stationed in ten fathoms water and clear of all breakers. The slowness of our voyage, however, allowed us to contemplate at our leisure the fine shores between which we passed. Two square stone forts, one on each side of the river, stand between the mouth of it and the opposite quays of Polruan and Fowey. These were built by Edward IV. but are now suffered to run to decay, St. Catharine's fort and the adjoining battery being thought a sufficient defence. Our boatmen informed us there was once a chain or boom, that might be extended from one fort to the other in case of an invasion.—We were much struck with that of St. Catharine, as we passed under it. It stands on the summit of a steep and magnificent pile of rocks that form one of the jaws of the river, and becomes in many points of view a very picturesque object. There are some large pieces of cannon on the platform, of which the gunner seemed to be not a little proud. This honest fellow, who was entirely deprived of one of his eyes, and apparently of half the other, engaged

to

Cornwall. to demolish any ship that offensively approached the harbour. I can certainly bear testimony to the *vigilance* of our friend the gunner, notwithstanding his deficiency of eye sight, for he spied one of my companions employed in drawing a view of his formidable fortrefs, and requested him forthwith to solicit the permission of the mayor.—St. Catharine's fort (with the chapel which, we were told, once adjoined to it) was built by the townsmen in the reign of Henry VIII.

We were not fortunate enough to see the manner of drawing up the nets, or seines, but they were spread out, and a number of light sail-boats were coasting at a distance in order to give notice to the fishermen if a shoal should approach. Sometimes people are stationed on the rocks to watch the course of the fish, and are called *huers*, from their setting up a *hue* to the fishermen. One of the seines which we saw stretch'd was two hundred fathoms in circumference, and eighteen in depth. Some are
said

said to contain upwards of two hundred hogfheads, each hogfhead including generally three thousand fishes. About twenty-eight thousand hogfheads were supposed to have been caught this season about the coast of Fowey, and even that number is not reckoned extraordinarily great. Ten years ago, however, the fish were so scarce that the families of the fishermen lived solely on limpets, which at other times they could not be prevailed upon to eat.—The time at which the pilchards make their appearance on the Cornish coast is about the middle of July; at the latter end of September they depart to the arctic regions, like the herring. Thirty or forty years back Christmas was the time of their departure. This alteration of their period is a very curious fact. Fishermen are never hired at present for a longer time than three months, or even six weeks, whereas formerly they were employed almost half a year.—The worst enemy to the fishery is the dogfish (*Squalus Catulus*) which, we were told,

Cornwall.

haunts

Cornwall. haunts this part of the coast, and devours the pilchard very greedily.

Having waited some time for the appearance of a shoal, without success, we returned towards the town, and were struck more than ever with the sublime and picturesque effect of the coast. The rocks on the Polruan side of the river rise to a vast height, and are rudely broken into pinnacles and prominences of uncommon boldness. Our view in front was terminated by hills which distance melted into one undulating ridge.

Just above Polruan we observed a ruin scarcely enough of which remains to give one any idea of the architecture, extent, or purpose of the original building. We were told that it was once a sort of watch-tower or fort.

On our landing we found a great number of people collected at the quay, to whom a party of unfortunate fishermen just returned were exhibiting

hibiting their torn nets. It was calculated that the profit of full forty pounds was lost, owing to an accident in hauling them up; without great steadiness and caution they are very apt to break. These fishermen had secured, however, some fine doree, turbot, and whiting-pollack, which (particularly the latter) are plentiful on the Fowey coast.—The whiting-pollack (*Gadus Pollachius*) is in growth not much unlike the whiting, but its under jaw is longer than the upper, and it often weighs five or six pounds. Its back is of a sort of dusky green colour; its belly white. This fish forms a frequent dish in Cornwall, and is very excellent food.

We now visited the store-houses for pilchards, the quantity of which, in one house alone, amounted to three hundred and ninety thousand fishes. The reader may judge of what importance the pilchard fishery is to this county, especially when he is informed that the cash paid for pilchards exported from the different ports of Cornwall has amounted, at a

Cornwall. medium, to the sum of nearly fifty thousand pounds annually. This sum includes the bounty allowed on exportation (which is eight shillings and sixpence per hoghead), and the oil made out of each. In the store-houses as well as in every cask, a portion of salt is spread between every layer of fish, and in the latter the fish are pressed as closely together as possible, so that the whole when turned out is quite in a compact state. The floor or pavement on which they are laid up is on a gentle declivity, that the deliquescent fat and salt may drain off and be preserved.—We found a great number of men, women, and children employed in the various processes of washing, salting, pressing, and making nets, ropes, casks, &c. and we had now an opportunity of examining the form and size of the pilchard, which in fact seems at first to differ so little from the herring that it is confounded with that species by Linnæus under the name of *Clupea Harengus*. Upon close inspection one may discover, I think, an essential difference between them, the former being less

com-

compressed than the latter, and also smaller. *Cornwall.*
The dorsal fin of the pilchard is placed exactly in the centre of gravity, so that the ordinary mode of distinguishing it from the herring is to try whether, when taken up by this fin, it preserve an equilibrium or not. The body of the herring dips towards the head. Mr. Pennant observes that the scales also of the latter easily drop off, whereas those of the pilchard adhere very closely.*

Fowey may be called a colony of fishermen; it is a large town, and contains many respectable inhabitants, most of whom, however, are concerned in the general trade. The church is a large, lofty, and handsome fabric, much ornamented with mouldings on the outside, and carved work within. From the stile of architecture, and the rose observable on the key-stones of several arches, I should suppose it to

* See *British Zoology*, vol. 3, p. 346.

Cornwall. be of the date of Edward IV.'s reign. Close to the burial ground, there is an eminence to which a flight of steps lead, and where a venerable old mansion called *Treffry House* stands. It is partly modern, and originally belonged to the Treffry family. Old Leland gives the following account of it, viz. "The Frenchmen diverse tymes (says he) assailid this town (*Fowey*) and last most notably about Henry VI. time, when the wife of Thomas-Treury (*Treffry*) the II. with her men repelled the French out of her house in her housebands absence, whereupon Thomas Treury builte a righte fair, and strongly embattled tower in his house, and embatling all the wauls of the house in a manner made it a castelle, and unto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Fowey."* In the roof of the hall appears the date, 1575. The old gate-way remains, as well as the *castellated* aspect of the whole building, and there

* Itinerary, vol. 3, p. 22.

is a public walk near it, overlooking the town and harbour.—Before I conclude this description of Fowey, I ought to refer the reader to Grose's *Antiquities* for representations of the several forts, &c. which are extremely accurate and well executed.

Cornwall.

Having obtained all the information we could desire on the subject of the pilchard fishery, we proceeded to MENABILLY, the seat of Philip Rashleigh, Esq. M. P. for Fowey, whose politeness prevailed on us to pass some days with him.

Menabilly.

Mr. Rashleigh possesses the most splendid collection of minerals in Cornwall, or perhaps in the kingdom. The mineral productions of the county constitute the most valuable part of his cabinet, being as ample and instructive as could be procured. Among these the most remarkable specimens are green carbonate of lead, and apatite, with quartz (from near Helston), blende, in twenty-sided crystals, and green fluor,

Cornwall. in crystals of twenty-four fides (from St. Agnes), crystallized antimony, with red blende, on quartz (from Huel Boys, near Port-Isaac), yellow copper ore, with opal (from Roskeir), and arseniate of copper, in cubes of a bright grass green colour (from Huel Carpenter)—In short, every mineralogical rarity of the county is to be seen in this rich and magnificent collection, with the inspection of which its truly worthy and liberal possessor has been on all occasions ready to gratify those who study the science. How much it is to be wished that men of large fortunes and wide connections would more frequently thus cultivate some branch of useful knowledge, and assist those whose taste disposes them to pursue the same, but whose circumstances may render it imprudent for them to incur the expences of it!—such men are ornaments to their country; and they are the best benefactors to science, for whilst they find an amusement for their own leisure they promote its popularity, and encourage its votaries.

Menabilly is situated about four miles west from Fowey, at a short distance from the sea, of which the front windows command an extensive view. Under these windows myrtles flourish the whole year, and perfume with their fragrance the adjoining apartments.—Near the shore Mr. Rashleigh built (a few years ago) a beautiful grotto, which is celebrated throughout the county, and not without reason. It stands at the extremity of a large grove, and is constructed with the finest species of marble and serpentine, brilliant crystals, pebbles, shells, &c. A table, placed in the middle of it, contains specimens of thirty-four species of granite, all collected in Cornwall. Here are also some links of the chain (encrusted with shells, coral, &c.) which once extended across the Fawy. They were taken up in the year 1776 by some fishermen. *Cornwall.*

From Menabilly we made excursions to the Poth stream-works of tin, Polgooth-mine, and Roche rocks.

Cornwall.

Poth stream-
works.

The POTH STREAM-WORKS, are about four miles from Fowey, contiguous to the shore of Trewardreth bay. These works are some of the most considerable of the kind in Cornwall, and the ore is of the purest sort. Without any other management than being pounded and washed on the spot, it is said to have brought thirteen parts for twenty at the smelting-house—that is, smelters have contracted to deliver to the owner's order thirteen pounds of tin for twenty pounds of ore. The pebbles from which the metal is extracted are found imbedded in a bluish marl, mixed with sand, and containing various marine *exuviae*. The depth of the principal *stratum* is about twenty feet, and its thickness about six or seven. Great part of it had been worked before iron tools were used, for large pickaxes made of oak, holm, and box have been found here. The pebbles run from the size of sand to that of a small egg, and are for the most part rounded evidently by attrition against each other. They are found over a great tract of St. Blazey moor,
and

and near Par, where are also stream-works. *Cornwall.*

The sand at the latter place is in some places seventy feet deep, and large blocks of granite lie buried in it. It appears to me that both about Poth and Par the soil has been formed partly by deposit from the sea, and partly by mould and fragments washed by streams from the surrounding mountains. The shells which abound in the stream-works at all depths are proofs of the former, and numerous rivulets may be traced from the granite ridges about Luxulian and Lanlivery to the margin of the bay where they empty themselves. These have washed down pieces of ore from its beds, and perhaps remnants of old workings, and the sea has afterwards covered them with mud and sand, which are now carried off by brisk streams of water conducted over the ground, in little channels, so as to leave the pebbles at the bottom; hence the name of *stream-works*, which most probably were the earliest method discovered by our ancestors for procuring the ore of tin. After being pounded by a machine made for

Cornwall. for the purpose, (and turned by water) and again washed in order to be cleansed as much as possible from earthly particles, the ore is sent to the smelting-house to be made into malleable metal.—So valuable is the supply of water used in some of the stream-works, that when turned from grist-mill tenants, it has been let for fifty pounds per month, for several years following.

At Poth the famous *wood-tin*, as it is called, (from the appearance of wood which some of the pebbles exhibit) has been found abundantly, but it is now scarce. It has nearly the colour of *hæmatites* (and indeed contains some iron), with fine streaks or *striæ* converging to the different centres, like the radiated zeolite. It is hard enough to give sparks with steel, and when broken still shews a fibrous appearance. Professor Brunnich, of Copenhagen, says that it gives thirty-four parts of tin in an hundred.* Klap-

* See *Memoirs of the Royal Swedish Academy*.

roth found that it yielded more than sixty- *Cornwall.*
three.*

On some heathy ground near St. Blazey, *Betula Alnus* (alder) grows in great profusion.

POLGOOTH, one of the richest and largest *Polgooth.*
tin-mines in the county, if not in the world, is
situated about two miles south-west from St.
Austle. The surrounding country is for many
miles bleak, barren, and tedious to the eye—I
ought not indeed to call it *barren*, for its bowels
contain riches, though, like the shabby mien of
the miser, its aspect does not correspond with the
hoards.

There are no less than fifty shafts in Pol-
gooth; twenty-six are still in use, with as many
horizontal wheels, or whims. The main vein
of ore, which is about six feet thick, runs from

* See *Observations on the Mines and Minerals of Cornwall.*

Cornwall. east to west, and dips to the north at the rate of about six feet in a fathom. Towards the east it divides into two branches, and there is another that cuts the former nearly at a right angle, and consequently runs north and south, dipping to the east. The exact extent of this mine has not been ascertained, but we were informed that it has afforded tin the full length of a mile. The depth of the engine-shaft is about one hundred and ten fathoms, and this machine draws up, at each stroke, a column of water thirty feet in height and fifteen inches in diameter. There is also an excellent overshot water-engine with a wheel thirty-six feet in diameter. The ore is disseminated in general through a *matrix* of *caple*,* accompanied with yellow cupreous py-

* It must be remembered that I now use the terms of the miners, which are commonly very vague. *Caple* is as vague an one as any—sometimes it is given as a general term to the crust, or coating of the ore;—sometimes to an argillaceous substance, and sometimes to a quartzose one. The miners are directed solely by the *externa facies* of a mineral, and even about the name applicable to *that* scarcely two can agree. They have pretty generally determined, however, that *caple* must be black, and at Polgooth they mean a heavy kind of quartz which is perfectly opaque, close textured, and contains a large portion of argill.

rites, and sometimes ferrugineous ochre. It is of the vitreous kind, but rarely found in crystals;—the colour for the most part greyish brown. The *country** of the ore is chiefly a greyish killas, but we observed large heaps of what the miners call *elvan stone*† about the shafts. This substance, they told us, formed a cross course, and drove the vein of tin several feet out of the direct line.—Polgooth is said to have yielded a clear profit of one thousand five hundred pounds per month, and Borlase mentions that in his time the proprietors gained twenty thousand pounds annually, several years following. Upwards of seventeen thousand pounds were expended, however, before the mine yielded one shilling.

Cornwall.

* By the *country* of an ore the miners mean the soil, or substance, through which the veins of ore run, or in which they are imbedded.

† This term is given to substances perfectly different in their composition, and we could never obtain a satisfactory definition of an *elvan stone*. The elvan of Polgooth, however, is a greenish, or cinereous granite, composed of quartz, mica, felspar, and some *steatites* intimately blended. It is sometimes found in a decomposing state, when it assumes a pale yellowish colour and a porphyritic texture.

Cornwall. This perhaps may not be an improper place to give the reader some idea of the mode in which mining affairs in Cornwall are conducted, and also of the various workings and processes pursued in the mines.

The indications of the presence of a *lode** (or vein of metal) in a particular spot are various. The most general are either a barren patch and a partial deficiency of vegetation, (but this can happen only when a lode is near the surface of the ground) or scattered fragments of ore, called *shodes*, when they lie contiguous to a substance of primitive formation, such as granite, quartz, killas, &c.—or a metallic, harsh taste in springs and rills. Many rich lodes have been discovered by work-

* A *lode* is a crack, or fissure; (in the earth) containing a metallic substance which may be conceived to have insinuated itself, as it were, into it, like the sparry matter of *Lodus Helmontii* into the cracks of the clay.

ing *drifts*,* as they are called, across the *Cornwall*. country from north to south, and *vice-versa*. This direction is taken because most of the veins of metal in Cornwall are found to run from east to west, or nearly, so that by driving in the above manner a lode may be cut right across.—But by whatever accident or method a lode be discovered, the leave of the lord of the soil must be obtained before any workings are commenced. On a waste, or common, indeed, any one has a right to set up bounds,† or in other words, to take possession of a spot, and the bounder's consent is as necessary to adventurers as the lord's in the former case. The lord's share of the profits (which is called his *dish*) is generally one sixth, or one eighth, clear of cost; the shares of the adventurers depend

* A *drift* is a trench, or fofs, cut in the ground to a certain depth, resembling a level dug to convey water to a mill-wheel.

† *Bounds*, in Cornwall, are little pits dug about a foot deep and wide, at the extreme angles of the portion of ground taken possession of for mining.

Cornwall. on their original contributions and engagements.

In digging a mine, the three material points to be considered are the removal of the barren rock, or rubbish, the discharge of water, (which abounds more or less in every mine) and the raising of the ore. Difficulties of course increase with depth, and the utmost aid of all the mechanical powers is sometimes ineffectual when the workings are deep and numerous. Mountains and hills are dug with the most convenience, because drains and adits may be cut to convey the water at once into the neighbouring valleys. These adits are sometimes continued to the distance of one or two miles, and, though the expence is so very considerable, are found a cheaper mode of getting rid of the water than by raising it to the top, especially when there is a great flow and the mine very deep. It seldom happens, however, that a level is to be found near enough for an adit to be made to it from the *bottom* of a mine; recourse must be
had

Cornwall.

had to a steam-engine,* by which the water is brought up to the adit, be the height of it what it may. As soon as a shaft is sunk to some depth, a machine called a *whim* is erected, to bring up either rubbish or ore, which is previously broken into convenient fragments by pick-axes and other instruments. The whim is

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composed

* The steam-engine is one of the most curious and, perhaps, most useful machines that owe their origin to the discoveries of philosophy; without it many of the mines in Cornwall must long ago have ceased to be worked, and among other purposes to which it has elsewhere been most advantageously applied should be mentioned the supplying of towns with water, the grinding of corn, the turning of the wheels of machines in woollen manufactories, and the blowing of bellows to fuse ores and metals.—We have to boast of this grand machine being invented, as well as perfected, in our own country. Captain Savery is said to have first discovered the method of raising water by the pressure of air, in consequence of the condensation of steam, or at least he was the first person that put any method of this sort into practice. He obtained a patent in the year 1698 for a machine contrived in the following manner: the air was expelled from a vessel by steam, and the steam condensed by the admission of cold water, which causing a vacuum, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the water to ascend into the steam-vessel through a pipe twenty-four or twenty-six feet high; by dense steam brought from the boiler, the water in the steam-vessel was elevated to the requisite height. This construction, however, did not answer, because very strong vessels were wanted to resist the expansive violence of the steam, an enormous quantity of which was, besides, condensed by coming in contact with the cold-water in the steam-vessel. The danger of bursting the vessels was avoided soon afterwards by the invention of Messrs. Newcomen and Cawley, of Dartmouth.

Cornwall. composed of a perpendicular axis, on which turns a large hollow cylinder, of timber (called the *cage*), and around this a rope (being directed down the shaft by a pulley fixed perpendicularly at the mouth of it) winds horizontally. In the axis a transverse beam is fixed, at the end of which two horses or oxen are fastened, and go

Dartmouth. These gentlemen employed for the steam-vessel a hollow cylinder, shut at the bottom and open at the top, and furnished with a piston sliding easily up and down in it, but made tight by oakum or hemp, and covered with water. The piston was suspended by chains from one end of a beam moveable on an axis in the middle of its length; to the other end of this beam hung the pump-rods.—Some imperfections still remained, but the most important were at length wholly removed by the discoveries of Mr. Watt, and the construction made use of by that very ingenious gentleman and Mr. Bolton, (of Soho, near Birmingham) who obtained a patent for twenty-five years, in addition to the term granted to Mr. W. alone in the year 1768. One of these machines will work a pump of eighteen inches in diameter and upwards of one hundred fathoms in height, at the rate of ten or twelve strokes of seven feet long, each, in a *minute*. It will raise a weight equal to eighteen thousand pounds to the height of eighty feet in that same space of time. The combined action of two hundred good horses could not effect more.—In Newcomen's engine, this would have required a cylinder ten feet in diameter, but, as in the new engine, the steam acts, and a vacuum is made, alternately above and below the piston, the power exerted is double to what the same cylinder would otherwise produce, and is farther augmented by an inequality in the length of the two ends of the lever. It must be considered too that one fifth part only of the coals which the old engine would have required is used for the same portion of work.

their

their rounds, hauling up a bucket, (or *kibbul*) *Cornwall.*
full of ore, or rubbish, whilst an empty one is
descending. The ore is blown out of the rock
by means of gunpowder. When it is raised out
of the mine, it is divided into as many shares,
(or *doles*) as there are lords and adventurers, and
these are measured out by barrows, an account
of which is kept by a person who notches a stick.
Every mine enjoys the privilege of having the
ore distributed on the adjacent fields. It is ge-
nerally pounded or stamped on the spot in the
stamping mill; if full of slime, it is thrown into
a pit called a *buddle* to render the stamping the
more free without choaking the grates. If
free from slime, the ore is shovelled into a kind
of sloping canal of timber called the *pass*, whence
it slides by its own weight and the assistance of
a small stream of water, into the box where the
lifters work. The lifters are raised by a water
wheel, and they are armed at the bottom with
large masses of iron (perhaps one hundred
and forty pounds in weight) which pound or
stamp the ore small enough for its passage
through

Cornwall. through the holes of an iron-grate fixed in one end of the box. To assist its attrition, a rill of water keeps it constantly wet, and it is carried by a small gutter into the *fore pit* where it makes its first settlement, the lighter particles running forward with the water into the *middle pit*, and thence into the third, where what is called the slime settles. From these pits they carry the ore to the keeve, when it is quite washed from all its filth, and rendered clean enough for the smelting-house. The foreman, (or principal servant employed by a company of adventurers) is called the *Captain*, who keeps the accompts, pays and regulates the miners, and manages a variety of concerns. There are also *Under-ground-captains* (as they are stiled) who have the immediate inspection of the works below, survey the ladders and ropes, &c.—The Cornish mines are descended into by means either of a bucket, a rope tied round one's thighs, or ladders. In some mines any one of those methods may be adopted. A person who should prefer either of the two first must often descend

Corn-wall.

descend in the same shaft wherein the steam-engine works, and the noise arising from its movements, together with the horrible appearance of the rod when lifted up over his head, occasions the most uneasy sensations imaginable. The miners themselves invariably recommended to us the ladder-shafts, in which one has to trust to one's own strength, and the spokes of a ladder, which are seldom so insecure as ropes and the other parts of a machine. By whatever method however a person may be induced to descend, he is accoutred in a flannel jacket and trousers, a close cap, an old broad brimmed hat over the latter (to shelter the face from droppings) and a thick pair of shoes. A lighted candle is put into one hand, and a spare one suspended to a button of his jacket. The flannel dress is worn close to the skin, in order to absorb the profuse perspiration which the closeness of the mine, or the labour of mounting the ladders may occasion, and every part of one's ordinary dress is laid aside.

Cornwall. ROCHE-ROCKS (so called from the neighbouring village of St. Roche) are situated in the midst of an open heath, half a mile south from the road leading through Bodmin to Truro, and about six miles from the former place. The country around is naked, barren, and dreary almost beyond conception. Between St. Roche and Lestwythiel the hills consist entirely of granite, or at least of rocks of a granitic nature, which peep above the soil in various places, and form rude, grotesque crags. North of St. Blazey there are considerable ridges, and it is remarkable that some are composed of detached blocks, wholly dissimilar with respect to their constituent parts; the quartz, felspar, and mica are not only in very different proportions, but different in texture, and are partially mixed with schoerl and horn blende. On these ridges innumerable rills take their rise, which about Luxulian and Lanlivery, on the eastern side of the Fawy, unite into copious streams, washing away the scanty vegetable mould, and
exposing

exposing to view the broad bosoms of the rocks. *Cornwall.*

The particles of gold which are frequently found here about and especially at Castle Park, near Lestwythiel, and to the north of Probus, (in which direction the granite continues) are probably washed down from the same rocky eminences. Mr. Rashleigh informs me that the degree of purity of this gold is nearly the same as that of Wicklow, affording about twenty-one parts out of twenty-four. The largest piece ever found in Cornwall was that which belonged to Mr. Lemon, grandfather of Sir William Lemon; it weighed fifteen penny-weights sixteen grains.—To return to the subject of Roche-rocks—These consist of a white sparry quartz, mixed with schoerl, which appears in innumerable needle-like crystals. Two or three varieties of this substance are observable, in one the schoerl being more sparingly interspersed, and in another more abundantly, but the texture is throughout very loose, some of it crumbling between the fingers

Cornwall. if slightly rubbed.*——A pile of rocks starting abruptly out of a wide green surface, and covering some space with enormous fragments on which there are only a few vestiges of incipient vegetation, form a singular scene, exhibiting a kind of wild sublimity peculiar to itself. Some of them are full sixty feet in height, and on a projection in one part stands a small Gothic building to all appearance very ancient, and tradition reports that it was once the cell of a hermit. A regular flight of steps lead to it.—Leaving Menabilly, we proceeded through St. Austle and Grampound to Truro.

On the downs between St. Blazey and St. Austle we remarked several barrows; in some places there were three, and in others as many as five, in a line. Whether they are British, Roman, or Saxon, I am unable to determine,

* The above substance, according to M. d'Aubenton, is a *granitello*, —a name which Mr. Kirwan proposes, with great propriety, to apply to all binary aggregates of the granitic kind.



Rock Rocks.

Engraved by R. Smith del.

I should observe, however, that we saw but few *Cornwall.*
of these turf monuments in this county.

ST. AUSTLE, which is a small place, has no- *St. Austle.*
thing to recommend it to attention but the
church, which is a fine, old fabric. There is a
large blowing-house for tin at the western ex-
tremity of the town.

GRAMPOUND, though a borough, cannot *Grampound.*
boast of much more extent, or respectability of
appearance, than *St. Austle*. It is a town of
great antiquity, and supposed to be the *Voliba*
of Ptolemy. The river Fal, which takes its
rise near *St. Roche*, runs through the place, and
the bridge over it is supposed to have given ori-
gin to the name of *Grampound*, a corruption
of *grand pont* (great bridge.)

East of the Fal, above *Grampound*, the Corn-
ish *china-stone* (as it is called) is principally
procured. This substance, like the Chinese
kaolin, seems to be merely a decomposed granite,
the

Cornwall. the felspar being become a soft *lithomarga*. At Truro this substance has been manufactured into retorts and crucibles of so excellent a quality as to stand the fire with uncommon success, and it contains so small a quantity of iron, that the porcelain made from it in Worcestershire and Staffordshire is very little discoloured.—The soil between St. Austle and Truro is chiefly killas, which towards the coast passes into argillaceous slate.

We were much pleased with the tower of Probus church, which is a fine object, but without any accompaniment of agreeable scenery, or advantage of situation. In fact this part of the county is altogether insipid and unornamented, hills and vales succeeding each other with a tedious sameness.

Truro. TRURO stands in a vale at the conflux of two rivers, Kenwyn and St. Allen, which, with the tide from Falmouth harbour, form a fine body of water, sufficient to bring up ships of full one
hundred

hundred tons. It is unquestionably the handsomest town in Cornwall, the streets being regular and commodious, and the houses of a very neat appearance. As it is a sort of central place with respect to the mines, adventurers generally hold their meetings here, and the tanners bring most of their tin hither to be coined,* as it is called. There are four other coinage towns, which are Lifkeard, Lestwithiel, Helston, and Penzance. To one of these places every block of tin that is to be sold must be brought, in order to be assayed and licenced by the officers of the duchy of Cornwall, who take off a piece of about a pound weight from the bottom of the block, and, if they find it sufficiently pure, stamp the former with the Duke's arms. For every hundred weight of tin so stamped he receives four shillings. The stamp, however, is said to afford no security for the goodness of tin sold abroad, since it is well

Cornwall.

* This term seems to have been given on account of the stamps being made with a hammer, like the impressions on the ancient money.

Cornwall. known that in Holland every tin-founder is provided with it, and whatever his tin be, the inscription "*block tin*" makes it pass for English.—A stranger will be very much struck, at his first entrance into Truro, to see the blocks of tin that lie in heaps about the streets. Every block is worth ten or twelve guineas, weighing sometimes three hundred and twenty pounds—a load too great for a thief to carry off without discovery.—More tin and copper are exported hence than from any port in the county. The wharf is very large and convenient,

About one mile and an half from Truro, on the road to Falmouth, there is a large smelting-house for tin, which, through the kindness of the proprietor, we were permitted to visit. It contains ten reverberatory furnaces, which employ about twenty men. Culm-coal is used as the flux, in the proportion of about one eighth to the ore. They smelt within six hours six hundred weight of the latter, which yield about
three

three hundred and fifty of tin.—The furnaces *Cornwall.* are six feet in height, about as many in length, and three feet, or more, in breadth.

During the process of *roasting*, to which it is necessary that most tin-ores should be subjected before they are smelted, in order to dissipate the sulphur or arsenic wherewith they may be combined, the former of these two goes off with a bluish flame, and the latter being volatilized adheres to the sides of a long chimney adapted to that purpose.*

In our way to Falmouth we stopped at the stream-works of CARNON, which are very rich *Carnon.* and extensive, the proprietors gaining at least three thousand pounds *per annum*. These

* Tin, however, is in very few instances found combined with sulphur. Arsenic, on the contrary, is frequently very strongly retained by it, and may be considered as scarcely dissippable from it, even after a long exposure to a very intense heat. It may be detected by holding filings of the metal over the flame of a candle, for in this case a smell resembling that of garlic will be yielded by the former, if there be any.

Cornwall. works are close to an arm of Falmouth-harbour called Restonguet Creek, into which a great number of streams come down from the hills eastward of Redruth. They are nearly a mile in length, and three hundred yards in breadth, the streaming being carried on in a direction from north to south. The number of men and boys employed here amounted to at least one hundred and fifty. The marl in which the pebbles are found resembles that at Poth, being full of a variety of shells apparently as recent as those we had seen there, but unmixed with so much sand. The mud and other matter washed down by the streams had raised a sort of embankment, which, by its continual extension and some assistance from art, has gradually contracted the boundaries of the tide, and thus the whole space now occupied by the stream-works has been gained from the sea. Nothing can be more evident than that much of the soil wherein the tin-pebbles are imbedded is mere deposit, of no remote date.—Copper is seldom found in this state on account of its veins lying so much lower

lower than those of the former metal, which *Cornwall.* (especially in this part of the county) may frequently be found within a few fathoms of the surface of the ground.—Gold in minute grains is continually found in the stream-works of Carnon, and we actually saw several particles among some tin-ore that had been just washed.

Among the shells observable in the soil here—about the most frequent species is *Mastra Listeri*, and it is remarkable that this same shell abounds in the marl pits of the neighbourhood of Oxford. I have never seen any, however, in the latter half so recent and perfect as those at Poth and Carnon.

The road to Falmouth, soon after leaving the stream-works of Carnon, passes through PEN- *Penryn.* RYN. This town is finely situated, being surrounded by a bold and varied country, and overlooking the harbour, which here makes another branch or creek. It carries on some trade and has a good custom-house and quay.

A col-

Cornwall. A collegiate church for thirteen prebendaries was built here by Walter Bronescombe, Bishop of Exeter. The parish church is at Gluvias, a quarter of a mile or more from the town.

Falmouth. FALMOUTH is unquestionably one of the noblest ports in the kingdom, and so commodious that ships of the greatest burthen may come close to the quay. The harbour is said to be as large as that of Brundisium, and perhaps the whole English navy might ride within it. Its numerous creeks afford secure shelter to ships in the most tempestuous weather. The town itself is large, and more populous than any three boroughs in the county, but does not return representatives to parliament. Many very opulent merchants reside here, and are concerned in a most extensive trade.—The packet-boats to the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, and other countries depart hence.

About a mile from Falmouth, at the extremity of a peninsula which forms the south-west
boundary

boundary of the bay, stands PENDENNIS CASTLE, a fine and extensive fortress. The works are nearly a mile in circumference, and from their elevated and commanding situation have a noble appearance from the town. This castle protects the entrance of Falmouth-harbour; it is considered as very strong, and was rendered so principally in the reign of Elizabeth, though some parts of the fortifications are as old as the time of Henry VIII.

Cornwall.
Pendennis
Castle.

Pendennis Castle was bravely defended in 1646 against the parliamentary forces by John Arundel, of Trecice, who (as Lord Clarendon informs us) was almost fourscore years of age. The garrison refused to treat until they had not provisions for twenty-four hours left, but nevertheless obtained conditions as good as had been given to any fortress in the kingdom.— Among other persons of distinction concerned in this gallant conduct were Sir Robert Killigrew, a member of parliament, and the gover-

Cornwall. nor's son, Colonel Arundel, afterwards created a peer.

On the opposite side of Falmouth harbour St. Mawe's. stands the Castle of ST. MAWE'S, which is far inferior in every respect to Pendennis. The adjoining village (I cannot call it a *town*) has sent members to parliament ever since the year 1562, though the inhabitants at present are merely a few fishermen, and the place itself is without church, chapel, or meeting-house.

The shore about Falmouth abounds with shells. We picked up several uncommon species in a very short space of time. *Tellina proficua* (Muf. Port.) and *Cardium exiguum* I have not seen classed as yet in the British catalogue, but they are frequent on this part of the coast. Here was also a non-descript species of *Venus*, which may, I think, be not improperly named *V. Cardioides*, from its resemblance to the *Cardia*. It is figured in the *Testacea minuta rariora*, of Messrs. Boys and Walker, plate 3, f. 82,
and

and may be described as *V. testa ovata, longitudinaliter sulcata, transversim obsolete striata.* Cornwall.

We intended to have crossed the Helford river, in our way to the Lizard-point, and to have visited Menachan,* which lies on its western bank, but we were informed that the passage was at this time extremely turbulent, and that travellers were usually put to much inconvenience by being obliged to wait for the arrival of watermen from the distant villages.—Several bold headlands, in this direction, meet the eye from Pendennis Castle, which overlooks the coast to a considerable distance. The huge black rocks called the *Manacles* come in view to the south, and near them the shore winds again westward, gently undulating until it recedes into Coverack-cove.—We were obliged to make a long circuit in order to get to the Lizard-point, by passing through Gweek, a village

* Here the semi-metal called the *Menachanite* is found.

Cornwall. near the head of the Helford river, and thence to Mullion, which is the only place where any kind of accommodation can be obtained.—A guide was recommended to us at Falmouth, and indeed, without the assistance of some person acquainted with the country, and all the various windings of the road, we could never have reached our place of destination.

Immediately after we left Falmouth, the road began to glitter with particles of mica, which are separated from their *matrix*, the granite, by the abrasion of wheels. Granite, however, did not continue many miles on our road; as we approached Gweek, pebbles of a quartzose fracture and brownish colour covered the ground, and we saw no more of granite the whole day.—Just before we reached Mullion, rocks of serpentine began to rear their heads above the turf, and the soil became altogether magnesian.

Mullion. MULLION is a small village a little to the right

right of the road leading to the Lizard. The *Cornwall.* church tower may be seen, rising above some bleak hills, at a great distance, and we imagined that it must belong to something better than a groupe of wretched cottages.—It is remarkable that most of the churches, even of the meanest places, in Cornwall, are lofty, respectable edifices, and therefore useful objects both to the seaman and the traveller. I know not how we should have found our way through many parts of the county, if not aided by such conspicuous landmarks as these church-towers.—Another circumstance uncommon in other parts of England is that many market, and even borough towns are without a church, which is the reason why the Cornish people dignify those places that have, by adding the title of *church-town* to their names. Thus Mullion is more generally known by the name of *Mullion-church-town*, and, perhaps, if you were to ask a peasant for Mullion, he would not know what place you meant.

Cornwall.

Our guide having betrayed some diffidence of his *geographical* knowledge, we judged it prudent to provide ourselves with an additional one at Mullion, especially as we were desirous of finding out the soap-rocks and Kynance cove, of which the former had heard as little as of the places in the interior parts of Africa.

We had proceeded about a mile from the village when we first saw *Erica vagans*, the most rare and beautiful of our English heaths. It grew in amazing profusion—indeed almost to the exclusion of every other plant. We observed a white variety, but this was not so plentiful.

Whilst we were contemplating the flowery turf on which our horses trod, and which was the only ornamental appearance nature could afford to the dreary expanse of Goonhilly-downs, the atmosphere quite on a sudden became charged with heavy vapours, and so dark that even our two guides began to express some perplexity

plexity about finding their way. There was no object to shew in what direction we were proceeding, and, to augment our disastrous condition, the clouds soon poured down a torrent of rain.—After wandering a long time over dangerous bogs, we stumbled on some soap-rocks, which though not the famous ones, served sufficiently to shew us the stratification of *steatites*. The principal soap-rocks of Cornwall (and indeed of our island) are close to the shore between Mullion and the Lizard.—The substance in which the veins of *steatites* run is a dull reddish serpentine, variegated with black and brown. We found it in a soft and almost ductile state, but, when out of its *matrix*, it soon becomes hard, and from its unctuousness to the touch bears a great resemblance to soap: hence the name of *soap-rock*. The colour is whitish, with spots or streaks of purple or red. Whether *steatites* be only a purer species of serpentine; or whether it be the effect of a decomposition of that substance it seems difficult to determine. It might be useful for the manufac-

Cornwall.

Cornwall. ture of porcelain, nature having herself mixed argillaceous and magnesian earths very nearly in the requisite proportions for that purpose, but I have not been informed whether it is used much, except for eradicating grease, like fuller's earth. Klaproth found it to contain 48, 42 *per cent.* of *silica*, 20, 84 of *magnesia*, 14 of argill, 1 of iron, and 16 of air and water.

Kynance
cove.

KYNANCE COVE is situated about a mile north-west from the Lizard-point, and is perhaps one of the most extraordinary spots on our coast, especially under the circumstances that we saw it. The descent to it is extremely steep, and overhung by large crags called in Cornwall *karns*. As to the cove itself, it is formed by huge black rocks, of an immense height, partly projecting into the sea, and so singularly disposed in one place as to open a fine natural arch into a sort of grotto. The latter might once have been the scene of some of the more mysterious Druidical rites, for the celebration of which none could have exhibited a natural solemnity

solemnity more likely to secure a religious *Cornwall.*
awe.——

“*Arcanus hic terror, sanctaque ignorantia.*”——

A flood of rain continuing to fall whilst we were contemplating the cove, the billows swelling to a mountainous height, and the clouds forming a fable canopy over the distant sea, added an awfulness and sublimity to the objects before us, which cannot be more exactly described than in the words of Virgil.—

—“*Immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Conjectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther
Et pluvia ingenti fata læta boumque labores
Diluit. Implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt,
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte—*”*

Georg. lib. i.

* The last image is most truly sublime, and perhaps of all the phenomena of nature none is more tremendous than a dark, overburthened sky. The psalmist has selected it to give an awful idea of the throne of the Almighty. “He made darkness” (says he) “his secret place; his pavilion round about him was deep-waters and thick clouds of the skies.”

The

Cornwall. The rocks of Kynance-cove are composed entirely of serpentine, varying much in colour internally, though the surface exhibits one uniform shade, being covered with a most beautiful sort of enamel, which seems to be chlorite. Its colour is dark green, and there is a greasiness to the touch, which, with its other properties, renders it the link, as it were, between talc and the more coarse, hard *species* of the magnesian class. The scales are rather flexible, and somewhat transparent.—These rocks are extremely interesting to a mineralogist; here the gradations, and transitions of various substances into each other will employ his speculation, for, besides those already mentioned, *asbestos* appears in small portions, and veins of *steatites* may be traced in numerous directions. Native copper, in a thread-like form, as well as in lumps, is found also in the fissures of the serpentine. The latter is a very beautiful stone, and would be very ornamental for chimney-pieces, slabs, &c. being scarcely distinguishable in appearance from marble. Among the fragments on the shore,

shore polished by the attrition of the waves, *Cornwall.* there were some of an olive green variegated with black, and others red with waving stripes of purple. Two colours seem necessary to constitute a serpentine, which indeed the name implies, being taken from the undulated marks on a serpent's back.

The violence of the sea on this shore is so unfavourable to vegetation that not a single plant, of any kind, appears within a considerable distance. As we approached the top of the hill, however, above the cove, we saw *Geranium sanguineum* spreading itself in broad tufts.

Notwithstanding the persecution of the elements we continued our route to the LIZARD- *Lizard point.* POINT, receiving this species of consolation from our guides—that there was no chance of better weather at any other time. They assured us that it rains at least seven months out of the twelve, and that a south-west wind almost always blows, in this part of the country. *Libs*, it seems, may
be

Cornwall. be more properly represented in England with his Athenian emblems than any other of his brother winds. The *aplustre** will serve to commemorate his mischievous influence on the Cornish coast as well as in the Saronic gulph many centuries ago. Wrecks happen near the Lizard continually. Foreign pilots, unacquainted with its perils seldom keep the necessary distance from it, and (what is the most melancholy circumstance) no kind of assistance can be afforded from the land. The cape is so steep and fenced with rocks, that no boat can come near, and the wretched sufferers often perish in the sight of numerous spectators not more than a stone's throw distant!—There are two lighthouses at the extremity of this Cornish *Chersonesus*, which is the southernmost point of the whole coast of England, and it is remarkable that in no portion of the latter of equal extent are

* An *aplustre*, or streamer of a ship, it will be remembered, is the emblem with which the south-west wind is represented in the octagonal temple of the winds at Athens.

there so many promontories as between Poole-
harbour and the Land's-end. Portland, Start-
point, and the Lizard are perhaps *bolder* pro-
jections too than any in the Channel west of
Cape La Hogue in France. *Cornwall.*

Asparagus officinalis is said to grow about the
Lizard, but we saw no specimens of it, nor of
any other uncommon plant, except *Herniaria*
glabra.

Though cultivation be a sad enemy to bo-
tany, it is not always in an uncultivated coun-
try that the botanist is most successful. I have
never seen a country more truly in a state
of nature than part of that near the Lizard-
point, but only two rare plants occurred to our
notice as we proceeded towards Helston, and
those were *Erica vagans* and *Scilla autumnalis*.
Our eyes were regaled by the former full five
miles. It is very singular that this beautiful
plant should not have been discovered in any
other part of England, and that it should grow
in

Cornwall. in such wonderful profusion here.—We lost it on a sudden, not a single straggling specimen being observed by us beyond a particular line, which was formed as nearly as we could guess, by the termination of the magnesian soil.

As night now began to threaten us, and there was no possibility of being lodged any where but at Helston, prudence dictated to us to omit surveying the eastern point of the cape, which from the best information we could procure, exhibits the same *strata* as the western; serpentine rocks extend quite to St. Kevern, north of which, towards the river Hel, quartz and killas prevail.

Helston. HELSTON is situated on the banks of the Lo, a river that rises in the granite mountains somewhere between Crowan and Stithyans. It is a populous, decent town, and a borough, and its trade has long been good. Several tin-ships take in their lading at the port, which is commodious and provided with a tolerable quay.

There

There are four principal streets, intersecting each other at right angles. *Cornwall.*

At Penrose, not far from Helston, are some lead-mines. We lamented much that other engagements would not allow us to visit them. We proceeded from Helston without delay to Marazion.—At a short distance from the former of these places we found ourselves in the narrowest part of the country, and, as we were on an eminence, could see the sea on each side of us. The two channels pressing in, as it were, upon the land, rendered the prospect a very singular one, and it acquired an odd effect from the swells of ground which rose gradually one beyond another towards the Lands-end. The face of the country is barren enough, and exhibits a bleakness peculiar to itself.—Towards Marazion the ground is in several places opened for mining.

About four miles from Marazion, and half an one from the high road, towards the coast, stands

Cornwall. stands PENGERSWICK CASTLE, so called from
Pengerfswick the adjoining village. Hals (in his *Par. Antiq.*
Castle. *of Cornwall*) informs us that "this barton and
manor were purchased in the latter end of the
reign of King Henry VIII. by a Mr. Milliton, who
having slain a man, privately made that purchase
in the name of his son, and immured himself in
a secret chamber of the tower, seeing none but
his trusty friends, so that he died without being
called in question for the offence.*"—The
Duke of Leeds is the present proprietor of the
castle, of which a square stone tower, of three
stories, with a smaller one annexed, and some
fragments of walls are the only remains. The
door, on the north side, is machicolated. The
different apartments are now used as granaries
and hay-lofts by some farmer in the neighbour-
hood, but the wainscoat, which is of oak, re-
mains perfect. This wainscot is very curiously
carved and painted, and there are several quaint

* See Grose's *Antiquities*, vol. 8, p. 44.

pieces of poetry inscribed on the pannels.—A *Cornwall.*
winding stone stair-case leads to the top of the principal tower, which commands a good view of the surrounding country.

A bold pile of granite rocks project from the shore near Pengerwick, and within reach of the sea are covered with clusters of *Trochus crassus*, besides some species of *Actinia* and *Asterias*, not frequent on other parts of the coast. The texture of the granite seemed closer than any we had seen in the course of our journey. The felspar is of a pinkish colour.—There is an extremely hard, black schistose substance (a sort of hornslate) which runs under some of the granite. A similar species, with thin white veins between the *laminæ*, may be traced about St. Roche.

Our change of latitude began to be very sensible, or at least we imagined so, for we experienced a peculiar softness and salubrity in the air during our progress from Falmouth to

Cornwall. the Land's-end.—The heat of summer must certainly be affuaged by the constant currents of wind which come from so large a body of sea as furrounds the lower part of Cornwall;—and, as to the cold of winter, we were informed by many natives, it is never to be called intense. Thick ice is seldom seen at Marazion or Penzance. Notwithstanding rains are so frequent, I do not conceive that the air is rendered less fit for respiration, because it is never charged with exhalations from bogs, or stagnated waters. The putrid, sultry calms which we often experience in the interior parts of England are prevented in this country by the breezes from the south-west, which occasion a wholesome circulation in the air. Why then should not this climate be as beneficial to invalids as that which they are generally sent across the Channel to enjoy?——

“ In nimio nec stricta gelu nec fidere fervens,
“ Clementi cœlo, temperieque places,”

the words of an ancient poet when speaking of
the

the island at large may very properly be applied to this county. *Cornwall.*

When we reached the hill above Marazion, one of the most singular and striking objects that occurred in the whole course of our tour presented itself—a huge pile of rocks starting out of the glassy waves of Mount's-bay with an air of uncommon grandeur, and supporting on the summit a venerable old building. This we immediately concluded to be St. Michael's Mount, and were impatient to view at a shorter distance, gazing and insensibly accelerating our pace towards Marazion.

MARAZION, or *Market-jew* (as it is sometimes called) is situated partly on a declivity, and partly on a flat beach that extends to Penzance. It is sheltered by considerable elevation of ground to the north.—We found an inn most conveniently placed for a prospect of the Mount, which was only a quarter of a mile distant, and exactly opposite us. Never was there.

Cornwall. there a more beautiful spectacle!—the sea at this time surrounded the broad, craggy base of the Mount, the latter gradually diminishing in size towards the top, and most admirably terminated by the tower of a chapel, so as to form a complete pyramid. On the side opposite Marazion there are a few houses, which, with the vessels at the pier, served to improve the view.—From half ebb to half flood people may walk across from the town on a fine pebbly path, so that St. Michael's Mount is not always an island.* In the intermediate space are several detached masses of rock, some of them immensely large, and all composed of granite similar to that which we had seen at Pengerf-wick, and which appears also along the eastern

* A remarkable circumstance (Diodorus Siculus observes) happens with respect to the islands adjacent (*to Bolserium*) lying between Europe and Britain. At the time of high water the intermediate passage being filled (*or covered with water*) they appear islands, but at low water, when the sea recedes and leaves a great space dry, they assume the appearance of *peninsulæ*."

See book 5, p. 301, edit. Rhodom.



S. Michaels Mount

Thos. J. Richardson del.

borders of the bay. It seemed to us as if the *Cornwall*. *stratum* had been interrupted by sudden submerſion in the ſea, of the violent intrusion of which (at ſome remote period or other) ancient writings and a very general tradition adduce ſtrong teſtimony. Groſe (in his *Antiquities**) quotes ſome records of an early date which go ſo far as to ſpecify the very number of the churches, and the nature of the lands ſwallowed up. Tradition reports that the greater part of Mount's-bay was once land, and from the old name *Careg luz in leuz* (i. e. the hoary rock in the wood), the mount itſelf ſeems to have been once ſurrounded with wood. In confirmation of this tradition, it is ſaid that a vaſt number of trees have been waſhed on ſhore about Penzance. Some were particularly obſerved in the year 1757, and deſcribed in the *Philosophical Tranſactions*.† Spear-heads alſo, battle-

* Vol. 8, p. 42.

† Vol. 50, p. 51.

Cornwall. axes, &c. have been found in the sand, (and, what is very singular,) these were wrapped in a sort of linen, as Borlase informs us.

It appears from a regular survey made in the reign of Edward I. that Cornwall measured 1,500,000 acres, whereas at present it does not contain more than 758,484,* so that a great portion of land must have been gained from this county by the sea within the last five centuries only.

St. Michael's Mount. The rock of which ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT is composed is entirely naked, and extremely steep and craggy. The height from low-water mark to the top of the chapel-tower is about two hundred and forty feet. In circumference, at the base, the mount measures about three quarters of a mile. It consists of a hard granite, in which transparent quartz is the preponderating substance.

* See Frazer's *Agricultural Survey of Cornwall*.

Before the invention of gunpowder St. Michael's Mount must have been impregnable, and it is strange that on this account it did not become a place of much greater importance as a fortress. The earliest period at which we find it was a fortified spot is in the reign of Richard I. when (according to Hoveden) it was seized by Henry de la Pomeroy. Carew, however, (in his *History of Cornwall*) tells the particulars of this proceeding in a very different manner from the former, on the authority of some of de la Pomeroy's descendants.*—In 1471, John

* "They affirme" (says he) "that a serjeant at armes of the kinges came to their ancestor at his castle at Berry-Pomeroy, in Devon, received kind entertaynment for certaine days together, and at his departure was gratified with a liberal reward; in counterchange whereof he then, and no sooner, revealing his long concealed errand, flatly arrested his hoaste, to make his immediate appearance before the king for answering a capital crime, which unexpected and ill carried message the gentleman took in such despite as with his dagger he stabbed the messenger to the heart, and then well knowing in so superlative an offence all hope of pardon foreclosed, he abandons his home, gets to a sister of his abiding in this mount, bequeathed a large portion of lande to the religious people there for redeeming his soule; and lastly causeth himself to be let bloude unto death, for leaving the remainder to his heir. From this time forward this place continued rather a schoole of Mars than the temple of peace."

Book, 2, p. 155.

Cornwall. de Vere, Earl of Oxford, fortified himself here against Edward IV. and bravely defended the place for sometime.—Lady Catherine Gordon also, wife of Perkin Warbeck (now generally supposed to have been the Duke of York) took refuge on the mount, but was soon obliged to surrender to Lord Daubeney.—St. Michael's Mount appears to have been in its best state of fortification during the civil wars of Charles I.'s time, for Colonel Hammond (under whom the garrison, after a considerable resistance, was reduced) is said by the historians of that period to have undertaken a service of great difficulty and danger.—Some of the old works remain, but in a ruinous state, and the buildings have much more a monastic than a martial appearance. Indeed this rock was consecrated by superstition many ages ago, and its name in all probability originated from a supposed appearance of the angel St. Michael on it. William of Worcester, (who wrote his travels over England about the latter end of the fifteenth century,

ture,) asserts something of this sort,* and our *Cornwall.*
 great poet Milton must allude to a similar circumstance in the following passage of his *Lycidas*:—

“ Or whether thou to our moist views deny’d
 “ Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus† old,
 “ Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 “ Looks tow’rd Namancos and Bayona’s hold,
 “ Look homeward *angel* now, and melt with ruth
 “ And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.”‡

Spenser also makes mention of this spot in a manner which proves that it was universally hal-
 lowed by the devout:—

“ In evil hour thou lent in hond
 “ Thus holy hills to blame
 “ For sacred unto saints they stond
 “ And of them han their name.
 “ St. Michael’s mount who does not know,
 “ That wards the western coast?”—

Shepherd’s Calendar, July, line 37.

* “ *Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba antea vocato Le Hore Rock in the wodd.*”

Itin. p, 102, edit. Cantab. 1778.

† Bellerus is said to have been a Cornish giant, from whom the Lands-
 end, in the old authors, was called the promontory of *Bellerium*, or *Bolerium*.

‡ For a full commentary on this passage I must refer the reader to
 “ *Poems, &c. by Thomas Warton*,” whose remarks hereupon form a most
 beautiful specimen of regular and accurate criticism.

Cornwall.

The first account of a monastery here relates to a charter given to it by Edward the Confessor, on condition that the monks should observe the rules of St. Benedict. William the Conqueror constituted it a cell to the abbey of St. Michael *de periculo maris*, on the coast of Normandy (now indeed of the department *de la Manche*), to which situation this is said to be extremely similar. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Mount came into the possession of Humphrey Arundell. It belongs at present to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. who resides on it some months every year, and has rendered the old mansion extremely comfortable and commodious. The old taste is, in a great measure, retained, and very properly, as modern decorations would ill correspond with antique carving and sculpture, painted windows, &c. A number of curious figures, escutcheons, emblems, and cyphers occur in the different apartments. The chapel does not appear so ancient in the inside as without, but the stile is by no means of a late period. It is of the Gothic order,
and

and very spacious and lofty. A narrow stone stair-case in one of the angles leads to the top of the tower. The prospect hence is of so grand a kind as to defy description, and is perhaps as striking as any that can occur to "mortal eye," at the same height. The immense extent of sea which it exhibits raises the most sublime emotions; the waves of the British, Irish, and Atlantic seas all roll within the compass of the sight, and the union of the two latter is interrupted only by the bold eminences about the Land's-end. More under the feet Penzance is distinctly seen—the scaffolding of the famous Wherry-mine—and the hills eastward of the bay uniting into a long rocky ridge. *Cornwall.*

In front of the house a strong battery has been erected, which commands the western part of the bay; the eastern is too shallow for the entrance of large vessels.—As the monks enjoyed certain profits from the fisheries, they made a lantern for the guidance of the fishermen

Cornwall. men on one side of the tower, which is now vulgarly called *St. Michael's chair*.

It was to St. Michael's Mount that the Greek merchants traded for the Cornish tin, according to Diodorus, though by some the Isle of Wight has been considered as the *Ictis* of that historian. The latter idea is supported by the supposition that the isle was once a peninsula, otherwise indeed there cannot be the slightest reason for imagining that Diodorus's account is applicable to that spot. "Let us now" (he says) "make some mention of the tin produced in it (*Britain*). Those who live about a promontory of Britain called *Bolerium* are remarkably hospitable, and, on account of their intercourse with foreign merchants, courteous in their manners. They prepare the tin by properly working the ground that produces it. This (*ground*) being rocky contains earthy fissures, the produce whereof they purify by working and melting. When they have cut it into pieces in the form of dice, they carry it

to

to a certain island lying off (*the coast of*) Britain, called *Ictis*.* At the ebb of the sea, the intermediate space being dry, they carry thither a great quantity of tin in carts.”† Afterwards he informs us that “here the merchants buy it of the natives, and carry it into Gaul.”‡ Sir

Cornwall.

* It is a doubt with me whether the original word might not be *Ictin*, as being in all probability British, and having no connection with the accusative case of the Greek language.—It may be thought too fanciful, perhaps, to derive the word *tin*, under this idea, from the above name.

† “Νυν δε περι τε καί’ αυτην φυομενς κασσιτερες, διεξιμεν, της γαρ βρεττανικης κατα το ακρωτηριον το καλημενον βελεριον οι κατοικουντες φιλοξενοι τε διαφεροντως εισι, και δια την των ξενων εμπορων επιμιξίαν εξημερωμενοι τας αγωγας. Ουτοι τον κασσιτερον κατασκευαζουσι, φιλοτεχνας εργαζομενοι την φερουσαν αυτον γην, αυτη δε πετρωδης ουσα διαφυεις εχει γεωδεις, εν αις τον πορον κατεργαζομενοι, και τηξαντες καθαιρουσιν αποτυπουνες δ’ εις αστραγαλων ρυθμους κομιζουσιν εις τινα νησον προκειμενην μεν της βρεττανικης ονομαζομενην δε ικτιν. Κατα γαρ τας αμπτωτεις αναξηραινομενς τε μεταξυ τοπων ταις αμαξαις εις ταυτην κομιζουσιν δαψιλη τον κασσιτερον.”

Lib. 5, p. 301.

‡ “Εντευθεν δε οι εμποροι παρα των εγχωριων ανουνται, και διακομιζουσιν εις την γαλατιαν.”

Ibid.

Richard

Cornwall. Richard Worsley (in his *History of the Isle of Wight*) and Mr. Warner (in his *Topographical Remarks on Hampshire*) urge several arguments to prove that there was once a passage similar to that alluded to by Diodorus from the coast near Lymington to the opposite part of the island; and yet Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote but a short time after the historian, expressly calls it Νησος Ουνελίς, or *the Island of Vectis*. Besides, the Land's-end is universally allowed to be the *Bolerium*, or *Bellerium*, of the ancients, which renders Diodorus's description most unequivocally applicable, in my opinion, to St. Michael's Mount.*

St. Michael's Mount is so very remarkable a spot that I have been very minute in my description of it, but, lest I should be thought

* Mr. Polwhele (in his *Historical Views of Devonshire*) contends for St. Nicholas's isle, in Plymouth Sound, being the *Ictis*.

tedious, it may now be necessary to pass on.— *Cornwall.*

I must first mention my surprise, however, that *Tamarix Gallica*, a shrub to all appearance wild here, has not hitherto been arranged among the English plants. It grows (though not in a luxuriant state) in two or three crevices of the rocks,* and relieves by its delicate verdure the harsh uniformity of their surface. I have seen a solitary shrub of it on the bank of pebbles leading to Hurst Castle, in Hampshire, and have been informed that some specimens were gathered by Hudson on the coast of Lyme. As to climate, the tamarisk is as likely to be a native of the more southern part of England as of the opposite shores of France, where it is allowed to be indigenous.†

* Lodes of tin may be traced in the rocks of St. Michael's Mount, but they are quite thread-like, and would not answer if worked.

† Since these observations were written, Dr. Withering has inserted *Tamarix Gallica* in the new edition of his *Botanical Arrangements of British Plants*.

Cornwall.

Proceeding to Penzance we searched anxiously for *Santolina maritima*, *Eryngium campestre*, (field holly), and *Panicum Dactylon*, which have all three been found on the borders of Mount's bay. *Euphorbia Peplis* still retains the *habitat* recorded by Ray in his first catalogue. The bank of pebbles where it occurs is inhabited also by *E. Paralias* and many other plants of inferior rarity.—It is this bank of pebbles only that protects the road from the waves of the bay, which roll over a fine carpet of sand only a few paces distant from a sloping sweep of cultivated land.—We reluctantly entered the streets of Penzance without a solitary specimen of any one of our *desiderata*.

Wherry-
mine.

We were impatient to see the WHERRY MINE (mentioned before) situated in the bay, about half a mile beyond Penzance. The opening of this mine was an astonishingly adventurous undertaking.—I have never heard of one similar to it in any other part of the world.—Imagine the descent into a mine through the sea;
the

Cornwall.

the miners working at the depth of seventeen fathoms only below the waves; the rod of a steam-engine extending from the shore to the shaft,—a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty fathoms; and a great number of men momentarily menaced with an inundation of the sea, which continually drains in no small quantity through the roof of the mine, and roars loud enough to be distinctly heard in it! the descent is by means of a rope tied round the thighs, and you are let down in a manner exactly the same as a bucket is into a well;—a well indeed it is, for the water is more than knee-deep in many parts of the mine. The upper part of the shaft resembles an immense iron chimney, elevated about twelve feet above the level of the sea, and a narrow platform leads to it from the beach: close to this is the engine-shaft, through which the water is brought up from below.—Tin is the principal produce of the Wherry-mine; it is found dispersed (in small, indurated, glass-like lumps, of a blackish colour) in a substance resembling the elvan of Polgooth, but

Cornwall. much more compact in texture, and of the nature of a porphyry. Some of the tin is found mixed with pyritous copper, which is in a quartzose *matrix*. A black, hard killas forms the upper *stratum* of the mine, and below it appears the substance mentioned before. The inclination of the lode is towards the north, about six feet in a fathom, and its breadth is thought to be no less than ten fathoms. The ore is extremely rich.

Penzance. PENZANCE is a large and populous town, surrounded by a well cultivated and beautiful tract of country. Notwithstanding its exposure to the sea, the corn, and particularly wheat, seemed to be in a remarkably thriving state.— The trade of this place consists chiefly in the exportation of pilchards and tin. There is a fine pier, along the eastern side of which vessels are very commodiously and safely anchored. The mildness of the air, the agreeableness of the situation, and the respectability of its inhabitants render Penzance particularly inviting to
refi-

residence; and, with regard to invalids, it may justly be considered as the *Montpelier* of England. It stands partly on a declivity, open to the sea, the Mount being a striking object as you look towards the opposite coast, and a delightful landscape extends around the whole of the bay. *Cornwall.*

Providing ourselves with a guide, we now started for the Land's-end.—Some Druidical monuments, St. Buryen's, and Castle Treryn were intermediate objects of our curiosity; the last is remote from any frequented road.

We had the mortification to find the circle of stones to which our guide conducted us very inferior in extent and grandeur to what we had been taught to expect. The appellation given to these stones by the vulgar is *the Merry Maidens*, on account of a whimsical tradition that they were no other than a circle of young women transformed into stone for dancing on a sabbath Druidical
stones at
Bolleit.

Cornwall. sabbath day. There are two stones (one about sixteen feet in height, the other about twenty,) in a field on the opposite side of the road; they seem to appertain to the circle, the proper name of which I guess, from Borlase's account, to be Bolleit. In the course of our journey, some time after having visited this part of the country, we were informed that the stones which we ought to have seen were at Boscawen-ûn, between St. Buryen's and Sancred.

St. Buryen's. The country about ST. BURYEN'S is extremely insipid and uninteresting. We saw some pretty good fields of corn, but the soil in general is far from being fruitful.—The church-tower of the village is a conspicuous object to a very great distance, being situated on high ground, and the place is on this account much exposed to tempestuous winds from the ocean. Though now only a groupe of cottages, St. Buryen's was once a town of great note and the seat of a college of prebendaries. The latter

Cornwall.

latter was founded by Athelstan after his return from the conquest of the Scilly islands.* In the church (dedicated to St. Buriana, a pious old Irish woman) are many curious relics of antiquity, and it is a spacious building. We noticed a singular monument, in the shape of a coffin, to the memory of Clarice, wife of Geoffrey de Bolleic, who in Henry III.'s time enjoyed a manor in this parish.—The doors of the pews, and even the seats themselves, have a good deal of rude ornament about them, and many are probably coeval with the foundation of the church. Opposite the great door (in the church-yard) stands a very ancient cross, on one side of which are five balls, and on the other is a rude figure representing our Saviour. Another cross, somewhat similar, faces the entrance into the church-yard.—The remains of the college are said to have been wantonly de-

* Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. 3, p. 7.

Cornwall. molished in Cromwell's time by one Shrubshall, Governor of Pendennis Castle.

Castle Tre-
ryn.

CASTLE TRERYN is supposed to have been an ancient British fortress, though, at first sight, it appears to be merely a shapeless pile of rocks, never arranged or touched but by the hands of nature. The situation was certainly never indebted to art for its strength, and all that human labour has effected is the piling of some loose masses of rock in the form of ramparts, of two or three of which there are traces, one above another. A considerable area is left between each, and the interior part must have been in early times almost impregnable. The foundation of the whole is a vast groupe of granite rocks, rising to a prodigious altitude, and projecting into the sea.—Our guide would scarcely allow us to pause and look around us before he summoned us to see the *Loggen-stone* (as it is called), climbing some of the barriers with great agility, and bawling to us to follow him to the "*greatest wonder in the whole country,*" as he was pleased

to

to stile it. This Loggen-stone proved to be *Cornwall.*
an immense mass of granite, perhaps more than
ninety tons in weight, and so exactly poised on
the top of one of the highest rocks that a child
might move it. It does not seem possible for
any *human* exertion to have raised it to so great
a height.—The precipice below us here was
so horribly steep that we could not help shud-
dering as we climbed, and so deep was the
roar of the billows between the chasms and
irregularities of the rocks, that our expressions
of astonishment to each other could scarcely
be heard.

It is supposed that *Loggen-stones* were made
use of by the Druids in their trials, and con-
trived to answer the purposes of an ordeal.
That at Castle Treryn certainly seems to sup-
port the conjecture, for unless touched in one
particular point it is perfectly immovable, and
therefore full as simple an engine of superstition
as the more modern plough-shares.

Cornwall. In the fissures of the rocks grow *Saxifraga stellaris*, and *Asplenium marinum*.

Trerryn Cove (which is almost close to the castle) affords several of the rarer species of shells. *Patella pellicida* appeared in vast quantities; *P. Fissura* also, *Mytilus Modiolus*, *Trochus Conulus* and *Turbo Cimex* were frequent. *Turbo fasciatus* (of Pennant) covered the surrounding turf.—A fine ridge of granite forms one side of this cove; it is of a reddish cast, and intersected by broad veins of quartz and schoerl blended together, which run parallel to each other through the whole pile. The felspar is in very long flesh-coloured fragments.

In our way to the Land's-end, we found *Barisia viscosa* growing in some moist ground to the left of the high road.

After crossing some rocks, which we at first conceived to be the final barriers to our progress westward, we came to the grand promontory

tory that projects into the Atlantic farther than *Cornwall*. any other part of the Cornish coast. This is the LAND'S-END—a very striking spot both on *Land's-end*. account of the vastness of the objects it presents, and the convulsed features of the surrounding country. There is a cavern underneath, and here the waves of the ocean burst and bellow with a tremendous fury. The huge detached piles of rocks lying just off the land must have once adjoined to it, and we may imagine the latter to have been once connected with the distant isles of Scilly. These isles, though nine leagues from us, were visible to the south-west, appearing like a cluster of cliffs, round which the Atlantic rolled in a mighty horizontal curve.—Just off the Land's-end, on a large rock called the *armed knight*, stands a light-house, the windows of which, though almost one hundred feet in height, have often been broken by the spray in a tempest!

The sea between Cornwall and the Scilly islands is said to be of an equal depth the whole way ;

Cornwall. way ; yet there are many rocks like those near the Land's-end, which are well known by fishermen, and which seem to be memorials of the abridgement of the main land. The islands themselves have been altered in their form and extent even since the time of Strabo, for we find that they were then only *ten* in number, whereas there are now *one hundred and forty*. One of them, called by the ancient geographers *Cassiteris insula*, is now divided into six, exclusive of the rocks and islets adjacent.—If we reflect on the position of Cornwall with regard to the ocean and to the bay of Biscay, it will appear that the extreme parts of the county must be much exposed to those currents which have so often been fatal to our fleets, and which, I think, may be ranked among the causes that have contributed to the submerision of so much land. Major Rennel (who has published some observations of great importance on the subject of these currents,) ascribes them to the prevalence of westerly winds in the Atlantic, which impel the waters along the north coast of Spain, and
accu-

accumulate them in the bay of Biscay, whence they are projected, in a north-west direction, along the coast of France towards Ireland. Cornwall.

The rocks at the Land's-end, and in most parts of this district of Cornwall, consist of a very close species of granite, that takes a good polish and is applied to a variety of useful purposes. It is that to which the Cornish name of *moorstone** seems more immediately applicable, forming not only the *basis*, as it were, of that part of the county west of Penzance and St. Ives, but of a chain of mountains that may be traced, in a direction nearly east by north, to Dartmoor, in Devonshire. The method of splitting it is by applying several wedges to holes cut (*or pooled*) in the surface of the stone at the distance of three or four inches from each other, according to its

* Da Costa describes this species as "*Granita albissima, micis magnis nigris argenteisque notata.*" (Nat. Hist. of Foss. p. 273) The quartz is in a transparent sparry form and the felspar in long milk-white fragments. There is also some schœrl.—In Ireland and in the vicinity of Hudson's-bay a similar sort of granite prevails.

Cornwall. size and supposed hardness. The harder the mass, the easier it may be cut into the required form; the softer, the less regularly it separates.—We saw some pieces, used for posts instead of wood, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, and not more than six inches thick.

We had now completed our survey of the southern coast.—Our attention was hereafter to be turned to the mining country, in the vicinity of the northern shore, so that St. Ives, Camborne, Redruth, and St. Agnes seemed to mark out the line of our route.—Unwilling to lose the vast expanse of the Atlantic, however, we continued our course along the margin of the land, which in the novelty and wildness of its aspect afforded enough to interest us, exclusive of the rude relics of early antiquity that lie scattered on all sides.

At the extremity of a high ridge, overlooking the surfy recess of White-sand bay, stand the
Chapel
Karn-breh. lonely ruins of Chapel KARN-BREH. They
scarcely

scarcely form the skeleton of the original building, which appears to have been a chantry, erected for the same purpose as several others on our coast—the performance of religious service for the safety of mariners. *Cornwall.*

Leaving the chapel on the left, we came to ST. JUST,* a sad, dismal place, situated in a most inhospitable and cheerless corner of the county. There are some remains of an ancient amphitheatre in this parish, but either from being remote from our road, or indistinct in their form, they did not fall under our observation. St. Just.

With a rugged, barren ridge of moorstone hills on the right, and the sea at no great distance on the left, the road to St. Ives passes near numerous pits and deserted shafts of mines,

* In most of the old Cornish names of places, an *u* is pronounced like our *oo* (as in the Italian): thus *St. Just* is sounded as *St. Joost*, and *Chun* like *Choon*.

Cornwall. which render a journey over this part of the county by night extremely dangerous. The moorstone lies dispersed in detached blocks, many of them huge enough for another *Stonehenge*. Scarcely a shrub appears to diversify the prospect, and the only living beings that inhabit the mountainous parts are the goats which browse their scanty herbage.

From observing the pits, (called in Cornwall *coffens*) I imagine the ancient miners must have opened the ground to obtain tin in the same manner as we do stone-quarries.—Whether the Phenicians, or Greeks, who traded to Cornwall, interested themselves in the digging of mines it is not easy to determine, but there can be no doubt that the Romans did, and that the Britons were much instructed in the mining art by that people.—The produce of the Cornish mines has been very variable. In the time of King John they yielded but a trifling emolument, the right of working being then wholly in the sovereign as Earl of Cornwall, and Jews farmed them for
an

an hundred marks. When Richard, King of *Cornwall*, the Romans, had the earldom, the tin-mines became extremely rich, and the Spanish ones being stopped by the Moors, and none discovered in Germany, the Malabar coast, or the Spanish West-Indies, Cornwall supplied all Europe. The Jews being banished from the kingdom in the reign of Edward I. they were again neglected, until a charter was obtained from Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, son of Richard, King of the Romans. This charter seems to have been the first that traced out a sort of regular constitution for the stannaries, and by it very considerable privileges and immunities became the inheritance of the Cornish tanners, who were now stimulated by a spirit of speculation to commence numerous adventures. The mines henceforward became more and more productive, and of late have yielded a profit from one hundred and eighty thousand pounds to two hundred thousand pounds *per annum*, though in the last century, it appears by Carew's *Survey*, forty thousand pounds were the *utmost* annual produce.

Cornwall. produce. The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, receives about ten thousand pounds yearly as his duty; and the bounders or proprietors of the soil are supposed to gain about one sixth at a medium clear, or about thirty thousand pounds. But to return——

Castle Chûn. We went about two miles out of the high road, to the right, to view CASTLE CHUN, and a large cromlech near it called the *Giant's-coit*. —The former is a specimen of rude military architecture, and, if not the work of the Britons, must at least be ascribed to a very early period. It occupied a considerable space, but, though the plan may be soon traced, it appears at first to consist of unmeaning heaps of stones. There seem to have been two regular *ballia*, or wards, and the ramparts are of a circular form, corresponding in some degree to the nature of the eminence on which they are situated. Borlase supposes this castle to have been the work of the Danes. Karnijek and Boscajel Castles, which

which are also in this part of the county, are attributed by that author to the same people. *Cornwall.*

The GIANT'S COIT consists of four stones, Giant's Coit. the upper one (which is very ponderous) resting on the other three. These last are not placed erect, but inclined considerably.

There has been some doubt and dispute respecting the use of *cromlechs*.* As they are known to abound in almost every country where the Celts established themselves, I think it cannot well be questioned whether they are of Celtic origin. It has been a general idea that they were intended for altars, but the improbability of this struck me immediately after viewing the *Giant's Coit*. The upper stone is so very gibbous that no one could stand on it (nor, if he could, are there traces of any steps by which to ascend it) to overlook the fire, or the

* *Cromlech*, in the Cornish language, signifies a *crooked stone*.

Cornwall. consumption of the victim. Why should we suppose a cromlech to be any thing more than a sepulchral memorial? Mr. Wright actually found a skeleton deposited under one of them in Ireland, and the burial place of Harold, King of Denmark, is said to be marked by the same species of monument. Tombs of modern times are not altogether unlike the former in their construction, though by no means so large, and as they have been in use from a remote period, their form was doubtless derived from a very ancient model.

In the midst of mines, and open to a very fine bay bounded by bold rocks of black killas, stands the town of ST. IVES, a populous seaport and borough. The harbour, however, is in many places choaked up with sand, brought by north-west winds; the other ports on this coast suffer the same inconvenience. Pilchards and slate are the principal articles of exportation, the former being in most seasons very plentiful in the bay. At the time of large draughts

draughts it is usual for all the inhabitants to *Cornwall.* contribute their assistance;—shops are deserted, and, if it should be Sunday, even the churches. The stench arising from the stores, and from the putrid *rejeñtamenta* lying about the town, is to strangers almost intolerable.

On the rocks about the shore we met with *Helix maculosa*. This shell, from not having been noticed in England before, may be considered as one of the rarest species; it is also one of the most elegant. In form and colour it approaches so nearly to the common snail of our downs (*H. ericetorum*? of Gmelin) that it is very likely to be confounded with it, but the size will be found to be considerably larger.

The mines in the neighbourhood of St. Ives are numerous, and produce both tin and copper. In one of them an antimonial ore of copper, called by the Germans *kupfer fahlertz*, is found.

Cornwall.

The day after our arrival at St. Ives, we set out to visit the large smelting-houses at Hale, and the neighbouring copper-mills, at which places we were attended by the captain of one of the Camborne mines, from whom we received every degree of information, through the kind recommendation of the Reverend William Tremayne. To this gentleman we are indebted for many marks of attention and the great readiness of communication that we experienced in the mining part of this county.

Hale.

HALE, or Heyl, is situated on the eastern side of the river of the same name, which rises near Crowan, and falls into St. Ives bay about three miles from that town. This river is navigable below St. Erth, spreading an area of sand nearly half a mile wide at a medium, and more than two miles long. Near the church of Phillack, there is a branch of the haven which admits ships of some burthen at the height of a spring tide, but the bed of it has been so much raised by the sand from the sea that the tide enters

ters only fix hours in the twelve. Not far from *Cornwall*.
Lelant the Heyl is fordable, at particular hours of the day. I ought to mention, however, that, as some of the sands are quick, it is not prudent to cross without the assistance of a guide.—A great trade is carried on at Hale, especially in iron and Welch coal* for the steam-engines and smelting-houses, Bristol wares, and limestone from Glamorganshire.—None of the latter substance, as far as I can discover, is found west of the Tamar, except at Mount-Edgcombe, so that they are obliged to fetch materials for their mortar almost entirely from Wales.—The coal is conveyed to its places of destination on horses' backs. A prodigious number of these animals therefore travel together in this part of the county, which from its rocky and mountainous nature is not easy to be traversed by carts or waggons. In some parts of *Devonshire*, in-

* Cornwall is exempted from the payment of any duties on coal, so far as the latter is used for mines and founderies.

Cornwall. deed, these *species* of conveyance are as frequent, and troops of horses are seen carrying wood, fuel, &c. from one place to another. Some of them appear like moving coppices at a distance, being so covered with boughs and branches of trees that they are scarcely able to see their way. In narrow lanes we were often much incommoded by these unceremonious travellers.

The smelting-houses of Hale are chiefly for the copper brought from the Camborne and Gwennap mines. They are built with square masses of the *scoria*, which is cast into moulds for that purpose as soon as it comes out of the furnaces. The latter are all reverberators, and those which are used for the process of roasting contain about three tons and an half of ore (reduced to small pieces) at a time. After the ore has been roasted twelve hours it is removed into a smaller furnace, when it is melted by the aid of a certain portion in a crude state, slacked lime, and occasionally a quantity of powdered coal. The *scoria* is removed once in
three

three or four hours, and the same quantity of *Cornwall*. the mixture added. In the course of twelve hours it is let out, by a trough from a hole towards the bottom of the furnace, into a tub of wood sunk into a pit full of water, by which it is reduced into small grains. This granulated matt is then roasted in a third furnace, and afterwards removed to a fourth, in which it is again roasted, and at length run into quadrangular moulds. It is not yet, however, *refined*, but must pass through further roasting and melting until the refiner has ascertained by the following means whether it is in a proper state for being finally laded off. He takes out about half a pound of the liquid metal, which he immediately immerses in water, and afterwards hammers and cuts it to examine the grain. When it is arrived at the proper degree of refinement, the *scoria* is carefully removed, and, by the help of ladles done over with clay, the metal is poured into oblong iron moulds, similarly coated, containing about one hundred and fifty pounds. The above operations generally

Cornwall. occupy almost a fortnight, in the course of which time, with sixteen furnaces and about one hundred and fifty men, the smelting-houses at Hale afford often twenty-four hundred weight of copper. The refining furnace will hold no less than three thousand two hundred pounds of metal.

I ought to observe that most copper ores contain some iron; those with variegated colours, and generally such as are mineralized by sulphur contain the most, whilst the blue and green are often free from any ferrugineous mixture. During the operation of smelting the latter rises to the surface of the mass, so that it is easily separated. The specific gravity of iron, it will be recollected, is considerably less than that of copper, the latter being 8,876, whereas the former is only 7,800. It is remarkable that tin, in the state of ore, is heavier than either, though in its purity it is the lightest of all the metals.

Nothing

Nothing can be more shocking than the appearance which the work-men in the smelting-houses exhibit. So dreadfully deleterious are the fumes of arsenic constantly impregnating the air of these places, and so profuse is the perspiration occasioned by the heat of the furnaces, that those who have been employed at them but a few months become most emaciated figures, and in the course of a few years are generally laid in their graves. Some of the poor wretches who were lading the liquid metal from the furnaces to the moulds looked more like walking corpses than living beings. How melancholy a circumstance to reflect upon, and yet to how few does it occur, that in preparing the materials of those numerous utensils which we are taught to consider as indispensable in our kitchens, several of our fellow creatures are daily deprived of the greatest blessing of life, and too seldom obtain relief but in losing life itself!

Cornwall.

About three miles from Hale, higher up the
river,

Cornwall. river, are the copper-mills, or *pounding-houses* as they are more frequently called.—Blocks, or bars, of copper are here reduced into flat sheets of any thickness, by being heated by the reverberation of flame in a furnace constructed for the purpose, and then immediately applied between large iron rollers turned by a water wheel. The rollers may be brought nearer together, after every operation, until the metallic sheet is rendered sufficiently thin. It is cut straight at the edges by means of strong shears, which are kept in motion by a machine. The operation of hammering also is carried on by the rotation of wheels. All the machines are turned by a single, inconsiderable stream, which in Cornwall every one knows how to turn to the greatest advantage.

Most of the Cornish copper is sold to companies in Wales and at Bristol, whose agents reside in different parts of the county. It is supposed that no less than forty thousand tons of ore are yielded by the mines in this county in a year,

year, the value of which quantity (reckoning the metal obtained from it at eight pounds per ton) may be stated at one hundred and forty thousand pounds.* *Cornwall.*

The country around Hale is entirely covered with sand, which is blown about by every blast, and renders its appearance truly dismal. The immense volumes of smoke that roll over it, proceeding from the copper houses, encrease its cheerless effect, whilst the hollow jarring of the distant steam-engines remind us of the labours of the Cyclops in the entrails of Mount *Ætna*.

Between Hale and Redruth there is a regular line of copper-mines, which seem to be the richest in Cornwall. HUEL†-GONS, near Huel-Gons.

* This statement is given by Jars (in his *Voyage Mineralogique*) and confirmed by Klaproth (in his *Observations on the Mines of Cornwall*.) See also Frazer's *Agricultural Survey of Cornwall*.

† *Huel* (pronounced by the Cornishmen *whele*) is an old Cornish word signifying a *pit* or *hole*.

Cornwall. Camborne, is perhaps one of the *deepest* in the county, being one hundred and forty fathoms below the surface of the ground. The idea of descending into the bowels of the earth more than twice as deep as Salisbury Cathedral is high seems certainly to carry with it something terrific, but the labour of *ascending* so many ladders is more formidable still——

—“ Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
 “ Hoc opus, hic labor est.”——

The ore of this mine is of the yellow kind, and very rich. The lode is from ten to twelve feet wide; in some places, indeed, it does not measure more than one foot. They raise about eighty or one hundred tons of ore per month, one hundred and fifty men and boys being employed, above and under ground, at a time.

At a short distance eastward from Huel-Gons Dolcooth. lies DOLCOOTH, which besides copper has yielded cobalt to the amount of several tons. The *matrix* of the ore, as in the former, is quartz accompanied sometimes by chlorite and killas.

The

The depth of the engine-shaft is one hundred *Cornwall.* and seventy-four fathoms.

We now come to the famous copper-mine called *COOK'S-KITCHEN*, which employs an *Cook's-kitchen.* amazing number of hands, and yields an immense profit. The manor belongs to the Basset family, whose portion is one sixth. Its most productive ore is the solid grey kind; yellow, variegated, and blistered sorts are also found. Some of the solid grey is worth thirty pounds per ton, and it often affords almost ninety *per cent.* of copper, the remainder being sulphur, with a little iron and arsenic.—From three hundred to three hundred and fifty tons of ore have been raised here in a month, and within the last ten years this mine has yielded a profit of one hundred thousand pounds, exclusive of the lord's portion and all other expences whatever. Numerous lodes are worked, some of which have granite and others killas for their *matrix*. The depth of the steam-engine shaft (which is on the fourth or *Dunkin's* lode) is one hundred

Cornwall. hundred and forty-five fathoms. There is a water-engine shaft, on the great north lode, only one hundred and ten fathoms deep. Of the three overshot wheels, two are above ground, one of them being forty-two feet and the other forty-eight in diameter; the third is under ground, and measures fifty-four feet in diameter. No less than three hundred and forty persons are employed; and, in short, the attendance and apparatus at Cook's-kitchen render it perhaps one of the most remarkable mines in the world.

The various processes of mining furnish employment for women and children as well as men.* Those who work below are retained about six hours in the twenty-four, the mines not being deserted either by night or day.—Most of the miners have a wretched, emaciated

* The number of men, women, and children employed in the mining affairs (exclusive of the stream-works) in this county is estimated at sixteen thousand,

appearance, for they suffer from dampness, impurity of air, heat, and numerous other causes, though in Cornwall they are subjected to the fatal effects of *choak-damps* less than in any other mining countries. From the enquiries we made among these miners, the most *general* inconvenience experienced with regard to their bodily health is a tightness and constant uneasiness of the *thorax*. *Cornwall.*

A substance called *iron stone* prevails in the mines about Camborne. This rock is inconceivably hard, and will yield with difficulty to any of their tools. A good deal of it appears on the surface, and consists principally of quartz and *schoerl*, though the upper *stratum* of the country is chiefly *killas*. Below both lies granite, a ridge of which runs to the right of the above mentioned mines, and is apparently a continuation of the same that extends from the Land's-end towards St. Ives. It is remarkable that almost all the lodes north of this ridge are parallel to its course, but they do not all dip

Cornwall. dip in the same direction. Most of them dip to the south, from sixteen inches to two feet in
Tincroft. a fathom. TINCROFT is the last, or easternmost mine of this range, and the principal lode is probably only a continuation of one of those in Cook's-kitchen, the ore being the same. The steam-engine (the shaft of which is not more than eighty-one fathoms from the surface of the ground) we found to be on Hornblower's principle.

A little south-west from Redruth the ridge abruptly terminates, and just at the extremity of it, surrounded by rock-basins, altars, cromlechs, and other druidical relics, stands CASTLE
*Castle Karn-
breh.* KARN-BREH. The foundation of this building is laid on a rude heap of rocks, which not being all contiguous, arches are turned over the cavities. One part of it is supposed to have been British work; the other is certainly modern, and, from the stile, must have been added to the former merely as a sort of prospect-house. The ancient part is pierced with loop-holes, but
the



J. H. Sturt

The Rev. J. H. Sturt del.

Cornwall.

the other has Gothic windows. A flight of steps lead to the door, which is not in the old walls, nor is it easy to discover how far the latter extended. There were formerly some out-works to the north-west. This building appears to have consisted originally of three stories, but the lowermost only is kept in repair. It commands a vast horizon, and the prospect has at the same time a very peculiar complexion. The bold and stupendous druidical monuments which lie scattered on all sides; the silence and desolation of the spot; and, above all, the awful vestiges of convulsion which the hills exhibit, immense detached masses of granite appearing about to roll down their declivities, awaken sublime ideas in a spectator;——

“—— annis solvit sublapſa vetuſtas

“Fertur in abruptum magnus mons.”——

Karn-breh was evidently once a great place of Druidical worship, and from the numerous coins, celts, &c. of remote antiquity, that have been found here, one may conjecture that it

Cornwall. was of great note with the early inhabitants of our island.

Redruth. The town of REDRUTH is situated in the very heart of the mining country, and of course occupies a bleak, exposed spot. We found nothing interesting to us here, except an extensive collection of minerals (all the produce of Cornwall) belonging to a dealer of the name of Moses Jacob, an *Israelite*.—The day that succeeded our arrival was allotted to the survey of a noted cluster of mines near Gwennap, where, by means of our letters of introduction, we received the utmost civility and attention.

Gwennap mines. The GWENNAP MINES are to the south-east of Redruth, and to the right of the high-road to Truro.—Tin, copper, and lead run in rich courses through this part of the county, and lodes of different metals in some places intersect each other. It has been remarked that the courses in general, both of tin and copper, run in a direction nearly from east to west, and underlie

Cornwall.

derlie towards the north. Some, however, are inclined to the south, but very few have a different direction from the above. Hence it appears that the metallic veins in Cornwall obey the course of the granite mountains, and run very nearly parallel to them.—The country of the Gwennap mines is mostly granite, with killas above on the surface. There is a decomposing variety of the latter substance which occurs hereabout, and is called *flukan*. It is of a white colour, very soft, and crumbles almost into powder between the fingers.—Here also a substance called *goffan* abounds, which is always looked upon by the miners as indicative of a rich vein at no great distance. This is of a reddish or yellowish brown colour, amorphous, and composed chiefly of oxyde of iron mixed with argillaceous and other particles. The brown tungsten analyzed by Klaproth, and described by Kirwan (vol. 1, p. 132) as *goffan*, is a very different substance; but, as the Cornish miners are so indiscriminate in the application of terms, it is probable enough that they may

Cornwall. sometimes call an ore of wolfram by this name. The principal of the Gwennap mines are Huel-Virgin, Caharrack, and Poldice. The first of these is one hundred and sixty fathoms in depth, and has yielded a considerable quantity of native copper. In the month of March only, 1785, there were extracted no less than one thousand four hundred tons from this mine, as Klaproth informs us. The metal is found in a sort of arborescent form, interspersed with quartz, on which I have frequently observed distinct impressions of the former. Gossan accompanies

Caharrack. most of the veins.—CAHARRACK, lying contiguous to Huel-Virgin, produces crystalized* red vitreous copper-ore (though at present only in very small quantities) and some varieties of the *olivenertz*, or arseniate of copper. Native copper too is found here.—Klaproth mentions that *asphaltum* has been found in this mine, and at the depth of ninety yards.—All

* The crystals are of an octohedral shape.

the above substances have a decayed granite for their *matrix*.—The blue carbonate of copper, or *cæruleum montanum*, as also the green sort, called *malachite*, is produced both in a loose and in an indurated form in the two mines above mentioned.—POLDICE is one of the oldest mines in Cornwall, and yields yellowish copper ore, a rosin tin, and a good deal of *galena*. A whitish grey copper, crystallized in triangular and quadrangular pyramids with truncated points, is found with the solid sort. Both of them are to be ranked among the sulphurated ores.—The tin crystals* resemble garnets, being of a blackish brown colour (which is occasioned probably by the iron they contain), but are easily known from the former by their weight. Their *matrix* is a heavy greyish brown stone, generally called *tin-stone*, which consists almost entirely of calciform tin.

* Some of these crystals are hexahedral and others tetrahedral pyramids; the latter are by far the rarest.

Cornwall. At HUEL-UNITY a mineral very rare in
Huel-Unity. other countries, viz. black fuliginous copper-
 ore, is found. Not far from the Gwennap mines is
Huel-Jewell. HUEL-JEWELL, famous for producing tin crys-
 tals in a substance called by the miners *growan*,
 which is nothing more than a granite consisting
 of transparent, glassy quartz, a small portion of
 decomposing felspar, and silvery mica partly in
 a decayed state. The crystals are rosin-co-
 loured, and in the shape of tetrahedral pyramids,
 being scattered, as well as some wolfram,
 throughout the mass. This curious mineral is
 now become extremely scarce. In Huel-Jew-
 ell they find also red transparent copper ore, in
 octohedral crystals.

At Pengreep the best cobalt in England has
 been dug.—Other cobalt mines are Huel-Trugo
 near St. Columb, Dudnan's in Illogan parish,
 and near Pons-nooth.

North
 Downs.

Crossing the NORTH-DOWNS in our way to
 St. Agnes, we visited a remarkable copper-
 mine,

mine, in which the lode is *heaved*, or *started*, as *Cornwall*. the miners express themselves. They mean that the course of the ore is suddenly interrupted, but recoverable again by sinking deeper, when another portion of it will occur, running parallel to the first; and thus a lode may be found broken into numerous courses (which seem to have been formed by sinking one below the other) and yet all maintaining exactly the same direction. There is generally a vein of some particular substance that runs perpendicular to the course, and communicates with the separated portions of the lode; this is called the *cross-course*. In the above mine the cross-course consists of a pellucid quartz, of a curious radiated texture, interspersed with some few particles of copper-ore. The country is a *kil-las*, that breaks into regular *laminæ* of an alternate red and white colour. The *matrix* of the ore is a hard, black, compound stone, which they call a *caple*.—The North-Down mines (and these are nine in number) occupy an extent of ground about two miles in length and

Cornwall. one mile in breadth, lying to the *left* of the high road to Truro. One adit runs through all the mines both on the North-downs and in Gwennap parish, being nearly ten miles in length. There is only one *tin*-mine among the former. The country is wholly killas, and the ore principally the yellow fort, the best of which is worth about twelve pounds per ton. The copper lodes here dip generally to the north, but the tin lodes to the south.

St. Agnes. ST. AGNES is situated on the north coast, surrounded by several rich tin-mines. It cannot be considered as a port, for, though a quay has been more than once erected for the accommodation of vessels, the violence of the sea has always soon demolished it; and the harbour is choaked up with sand.—We were much struck with the majestic boldness of this shore;—

“Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes;”——

guarded by immense rocks of killas, it seems to defy the impetuosity of the sea itself. On the
left

left is a remarkable eminence called *St. Agnes' beacon*, five hundred feet above the level of the water. The stratification of this mountain deserves particular mention, and the following is the account given of it by Borlase.* “Upon digging (says he) a vegetable soil and rubble appeared for five feet from the top; a fine sort of white and yellow clay six feet; a layer of sand of the same nature as that on the shore six feet; beneath this a layer of smooth, rounded pebbles; next, four feet of a white, stony rubble and earth (*probably quartz*), and then the firm rock (*killas*) in which the tin-lodes shape their course.” These tin lodes may be traced distinctly on the side of the rocks towards the sea, and I do not know any other instance, in the county, of *killas* constituting the immediate *matrix* of this ore. The fissures are in general extremely small and thread-like, and the *killas* which they pervade is a bluish grey species, of a

Cornwall.

* Natural History of Cornwall, p. 76.

Cornwall. pretty compact texture. There are stream-works of tin on the beach, and two large mines not far distant; in one of the latter called *Huel-rock*, the sulphurated ore discovered by Raspe was dug. The lode was at first nine feet wide, and appeared about twenty yards only beneath the surface of the ground.*—At Trevaunance and Seal-hole, in this parish, the crystals of tin are octohedral, being quadrangular pyramids joined by their bases. I have seen some in quadrangular prisms terminated by pyramids of the same number of sides, but these are very rare.

We had now inspected the productions of the most remarkable mines in Cornwall, and the principal facts that fell under our observation relative to them are interspersed in the pre-

* Klaproth found this ore to contain, out of one hundred and nineteen grains, thirty of pure sulphur, forty-one of tin, forty-three of copper, two of iron, and three of the stony *matrix*.—Raspe proposed to call it *bell metal ore*. It is similar in colour to the grey copper ore, lamellar in texture, and extremely brittle. See *Magellan's Cronstedt*, vol. 2, p. 636.

ceding pages. There are some general remarks, *Cornwall.* however, which yet remain to be mentioned, but result in a great degree from what has been already said.—With regard to *tin*, it appears that the most common state in which it is here found is the calciform, the greater quantity of ore being indurated or glass-like;—that its most prevalent *matrix* is either an argillaceous or a siliceous substance, or a stone compounded of both (called by the miners *caple*), none of the calcareous *genus** ever appearing contiguous to the ore except the fluors;—and that the oxydes of iron and arsenic are those with which the tin is most frequently blended.—Copper lodes lie deeper than those of tin, and the richer ones are

* Some time ago the *schiefer spar* (of Werner) was found in one of the tin-lodes, in Polgooth mine; it was remarked, however, that from the period of the discovery the lode ceased to be productive of ore.—Calcareous substances are very scarce in Cornwall, and I was not a little surprised to hear that the *schiefer-spar* (which is one of the scarcest species, and had never been before found but at Kongsberg, in Norway, and in Saxony,) was a native of this county. I am informed that the Rev. Mr. Hennah, of St. Austle, is in possession of a crystallized variety with erect hexagonal plates.—Signor Sevesi and Mr. Hatchett are the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the addition of the *schiefer spar* to the list of English minerals.

Cornwall. in general accompanied in their course by *gossan*. The ores of this metal are mostly of the pyritous, and sulphurated sort, with more or less arsenic, and have a variety of *matrices*, though rarely killas, or calcareous substances.—The lodes both of tin and copper appear most frequently to have granite for their country, and to make an angle from 60° to 76° with the horizon.

Huel-
Mexico.

The only silver-mine in this county is HUEL-MEXICO, situated to the left of the road leading from St. Agnes to St. Michael, and not far from the sea, the sand of which covers all the adjacent country. The rocks on the coast, quite from St. Ives, seem to consist chiefly of killas, which, with nodules of quartz, is the prevailing substance in the mine.—*Luna cornea*, or *horn silver ore*, has been found here, though in very small quantities, and consequently specimens of it yield a high price.* A good deal of

* It is of a yellowish-green colour, and is found in small specks consisting of minute cubic crystals.

silver,

silver, however, has been procured from Huel-
Mexico; some masses of the ore, we were in-
formed, have produced as much as half their
weight of it. The *matrix* is an ochraceous
iron-ore, and the yellow oxyde covers the
whole of the mine.—I conceived at first that
the silver might be afforded by a decomposed
galena, but could not find any appearance of
lead upon examination of the lode. The course
of the latter is almost perpendicular to the hori-
zon, in a direction from north to south. It is
about ten years since the mine was first worked,
and the depth is now nearly twenty-four
fathoms. I found it very dangerous to de-
scend, on account of the ladders continuing
quite strait to the bottom, and there being no
resting place except a niche cut on one side in
the earth.* Should one unfortunately miss

Cornwall.

* Most of the ladder-shafts in Cornwall have what are called *landing-places*:—that is, the ladders do not often extend more than five or six fathoms in depth before you can stand, or perhaps walk some way, safe on your legs, and then proceed to another course.

Cornwall. one's hold of the ladder in this shaft, there is nothing to prevent a fall to the very floor of the mine.

Enriched with a few specimens of the productions of Huel-Mexico, we passed over a
St. Michael. dismal country to ST. MICHAEL, or (as it is vulgarly called) *Mitchell*. Though a borough, this is a sad, mean place, and did not offer any thing worthy of notice.—It cannot boast even of a church.

St. Columb. ST. COLUMB (which is also a borough) has the advantage of a decent, paved street, and is a church-town, but not more likely to detain a traveller than St. Michael. There are some stream-works in the neighbourhood, which produce the *wood-tin*. The soil seems encouraging to cultivation in some spots, but towards St. Roche a wild, extensive heath spreads itself, and the road to Bodmin presents a barren scene until it approaches pretty near to that place,
when

when it becomes bordered (and not sparingly) with wood. *Cornwall.*

BODMIN is screened on all sides by rising ground, and was invisible to us until we were almost in the streets. It must have been formerly a very flourishing, extensive place, and was famous for its manufactories. Indeed it is still a large town, and has one fine, wide street, inferior to none in the county. A manufactory of yarn too continues, but is said to be much on the decline. The assizes are holden here once in the year, and the county-gaol, built very lately, stands in a healthy spot just without the town. This building is laid out nearly on the plan recommended by Mr. Howard, and struck us as a model for all places of confinement. A little to the east we observed some ruinous walls, which are said to be the remains of a hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Lazarus.—The church of Bodmin is very spacious, and a venerable old pile. Before the see was removed to St. German's this was the Cathedral of the diocese, and

Cornwall. and it belonged, as the conventual church, to the adjoining monastery of St. Petroc. Its spire was blown down by a violent hurricane in the year 1699. The monastery belonged originally to Benedictines, but being plundered by the Danes in 981, and the Monks dispersed, its revenues were enjoyed principally by the Earl of Morton and Cornwall, and afterwards devolved to the crown.* A little before the dissolution, however, we find that a prior and canons possessed the monastery.—In the church-yard there appear to be some remains of the priory.

A botanist visiting this part of the country should be reminded that one of our *plantæ rarissimæ*, viz. *Ligusticum Cornubiense*, inhabits the skirts of a wood about a mile north from Bodmin. Unfortunately I did not hear that it was so much within my reach, or indeed that it had been found *any where* within late years, until

* See Steevens's Dugdale, vol. I, p. 31.

we had finished our tour, when I was accidentally informed by Sir Thomas Geary Cullum, Bart. (a gentleman eminently distinguished for his zeal in the walks of Natural History) that he had discovered it here. *Cornwall.*

From Bodmin we returned to the northern coast, passing through Wadebridge and Camelford, and making our first day's journey in that direction conclude at the latter, which was the only place in that part of the county where we could expect accommodation. Between Bodmin and Wadebridge the country is somewhat varied, and there is a vale pleasingly wooded, and (what is not very common in Cornwall) interspersed with orchards; but as we approach Camelford, the prospect ceases to be in the least interesting, except on account of its wildness, and perhaps is more insipid than in any part we had visited. As to the soil it now becomes schistose. The same sort of argillaceous slate that abounds on the southern coast between St. Germain's and Fowey shews itself also on the north-

Cornwall. northern, killas forming the intermediate *stratum* between it and the granite.—There are quarries* to the left of the Camelford road that produce an excellent slate for roofs, equal perhaps to any in the kingdom. This species is of a peculiar texture; when struck it will sound almost as clear as a piece of metal, and splits into flakes, or *laminæ*, sometimes large enough to make grave-stones. Its colour is a greyish blue. The best (or *bottom stone*, as it is called) is dug at the depth of thirty fathoms or more, the upper part of the quarries producing none that is good for much, the *laminæ* being short and of unequal thickness. The rough masses are raised from their beds by wedges, driven by bars of iron, and they are split by means of a strong, broad chisel, and a mallet.†

Wadebridge. WADEBRIDGE and CAMELFORD are both
Camelford.

* Called *Denyball* slate-quarries.

† The best slate from the above quarries is sold for about two pounds per ton.

inconsiderable places, and with regard to the situation of the latter none can possibly be more dismal.—The river Camel makes a long circuit before it arrives at Wadebridge, (where it is crossed by a fine bridge of seventeen arches), and empties itself into Padstow-harbour. This harbour is so much obstructed by sand that navigation is difficult, except in its very channel, where the water is deep enough to support ships of great burthen.—The banks of the Camel were the scene of some bloody battles between the Britons and Saxons. It was somewhere near Camelford that the famous battle between the renowned Arthur and his rebellious nephew Modred is supposed to have happened, and where the latter was killed, and the former received his death-wound.*—Camelford is a place of great antiquity and a borough, but we found nothing within its precincts that deserved attention.

* See Rapin's *History of England*, vol. I, p. 39.

Cornwall. Between Padstow-harbour and Camelford, antimony mines have been worked with some success; one near St. Teath, indeed, is at present deserted, but Huel-Boys, in the parish of Endellyon, yielded, as Price informs us (in his *Observations on the Mines of Cornwall*), one hundred and twenty tons within three years.

One of our objects in returning to the northern coast was a view of the remains of a remarkable fortress called *King Arthur's Castle* at TINTAGEL. It is conjectured that this was once the royal residence of Arthur, and, if we may believe some of our old historians, the *Hector* of Britain was born here.—Associating the idea of its former splendor and importance,—of its having been the palace of the ancient princes of *Danmonium*,—with the wild sublimity and commanding aspect of the situation, we felt at the scene before us an involuntary awe. Its desolation and decay gave rise to reflections on the early periods of our history; on the bold stand made by our warlike
ancestors

Cornwall.

ancestors in defence of their race and native soil; on the heroic chiefs whom these struggles for independence and freedom from foreign rule called forth; and on the vicissitudes which towns, tribes, whole nations, languages, and all human institutions and ideas undergo. These walls, now mouldering into rubbish, once “frowned a proud pile,” and contained apartments in which appeared the pomp and pageantry of a court. Fancy figured “thronging knights” resorting hither to the throne of their warlike sovereign, and partaking of the military honors of his *round-table*, whilst the royal standard of Britain waving above proclaimed this the seat of supreme authority!—Now desolation holds her reign;—

“ ——— lapsis ingentia muris

“ Saxa jacent, nulloque domus custode tenetur.”

Enough of the works remain to shew that Tintagel Castle was very strong and spacious, though I doubt whether much of what is now standing is of so early a date as the British times. The situation is a bold flaty promontory, part of it

Cornwall. almost separated from the main land by an immense chasm and, unless this chasm has been formed since the dilapidation of the Castle, accessible only by means of a drawbridge. It is evident that the rocks have been rent in *one* place, at least, subsequently to the erection of the walls, for a long fissure may be traced through both them and their foundation. What remains on the peninsular part is a circular, garretted wall, inclosing some traces of buildings: here was probably the keep. Underneath, is a cavern, or subterraneous passage, through which boats could once sail from one side of the rocks to the other at full tide, but, some masses having fallen down from above, it is now in some measure blocked up. The walls on the other side of the chasm inclose two narrow courts, and at the highest part of the fortress there are several steps leading to the parapet. The whole is constructed with slate, which is pierced with holes for discharging arrows, &c. On the side towards the sea the precipice is truly terrific; the whole circumference

ference, indeed, has great advantages from *Cornwall.*
nature. The brows of the rocks are fringed
with samphire, and we found *Trifolium stellatum*
growing in their crevices.

Whilst we were contemplating this remarkable spot, our guide pointed out to us some choughs flying beneath us. These were the first we had seen, in a wild state, in Cornwall, though the bird is so common on its coasts that it is generally known by the name of the *Cornish daw*. The natives are so much attached to them that it is very common to see tame ones in their gardens.—The chough may be immediately distinguished from the common crow by its red legs and bill; besides, the colour is a sort of violaceous black. Ruined towers by the sea side, and sequestered, craggy rocks being its favourite haunts, about Tintagel there are considerable numbers.

A little to the east of King Arthur's Castle stands the borough of Tintagel, known also by

Cornwall. the name of Trevena and Boffiney—a most miserable, shabby groupe of cottages, without even a public-house. The country around it is bleak and rugged, and the whole formed such a dismal picture of desolation that we began to imagine ourselves removed by enchantment out of the region of civilization. There are about *twenty* houses within the borough, but the number of voters is seldom so great. At this time there are five or six only. Their qualifications consist in living in the parish, and having land in the borough.

From Tintagel we proceeded over a rocky
Boscastle. road to BOSCASTLE, a village not far distant from the former, and in a highly romantic situation. The cottages are all in a deep valley washed by a small inlet of the sea, whilst fine mountainous eminences crowd round them on all sides, cut by craggy gaps, and clad with brushwood. This place was once famous for a castle, built by one of the Botereaux family, but there are no fragments remaining.

At

At the distance of five or six miles from Bos- *Cornwall.*
castle we had the same insipid scenery that ap-
pears about Camelford, and it continued until
we came near Launceston, the castle of which
was a forlorn, indistinct object on our left a
long way. A screen of mountain-ash, elm, and
oak on each side of the road forms an avenue
to the town and a most agreeable contrast to the
country we leave behind. To ride under the
shade of a hedge-row was a real luxury to us.

LAUNCESTON is situated on the borders of a *Launceston.*
pleasing and cultivated country, partly on an
eminence, and partly on a sharp declivity to the
north. In entering the town, we passed under
the mouldering walls of its ancient castle, which
even now retains a threatening aspect, and must
have been once a very strong and important
fortress. The keep stands on an elevated knoll
that appears to be partly artificial and is said to
have extended originally farther into the town.
The principal entrance is to the north-east,
where stood the great gate, which is in an im-
perfect

Cornwall. perfect state, but some walls still adjoin to it. After crossing a considerable area we mount a flight of steps, rising very quick, to the keep. The latter is surrounded by a circular wall, intended probably for a sort of covered way; about six feet within it there is a second wall, twelve feet in thickness, through which a staircase leads to the top. The whole diameter of the keep is ninety-three feet, and the height of the parapet above the base-court one hundred and four feet. Before the Conquest, we have no further account of this castle than that Othamar de Knivet was constable, or governor. Richard I. gave it to Earl (afterwards King) John, his brother.—William, Earl of Morton and Cornwall, made so many additions to it that he has been considered by some as the founder. The keep seems to me to be of a much earlier date than any other part of the works, and it is not improbable that the foundation of it is as old as the time of the Britons, who, no doubt, had some strong forts in this part of the country for their security against the Saxons.—Including the

Cornwall.

the borough of Newport, which joins close to Launceston, this is a very populous and extensive place. The church belonging to the former was once a conventual one, dedicated to St. Stephen; hence the parish has sometimes the same appellation. A prior and canons, of the order of St. Augustine, placed here by Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter, inhabited at first a spot near the castle, but were afterwards removed to the other side of the river Kensley, which runs under the hill. The church of St. Thomas occupies a pleasant, rural situation near the foot of the latter. In the heart of the town stands that of St. Mary Magdalen, a handsome fabric, in a rich stile of the Gothic order, but much obscured by other buildings.—There are two fine Gothic gates still standing, and in Leland's time the place was encompassed by a regular wall.—At the entrance to the White-hart inn we observed a noble Saxon arch; so that it is not improbable that on the site of it stood the monastery mentioned above.—Launceston has altogether a very respectable appearance. The
affizes

Cornwall. affizes are holden here alternately with Bodmin, and it is considered as the chief town in the county.

Our nearest way to Plymouth lay through Callington and Saltash; indeed the mines near the former would have induced us to pass through it, had it been even remote from the high road. The face of the country becomes now both varied and fertile, and formed a pleasing preparation to our return into the delightful county of Devon. We frequently discovered the Tamar gliding through a succession of cultivated lands and enclosures. Sometimes an immense landscape opened to our view.—On the left a range of mountains, the harshness of their outline mellowed by distance, seemed to advance in a north-east direction. Near these are the huge Druidical monuments called the *Hurlers*, and also the *Cheese-rings*, as they are vulgarly named. The materials for both were furnished on the spot, for the granite rocks continue their course to the east of Bodmin, and the

Cheese-

Cheese-rings (which are immense masses of this rock piled on each other nearly in a circle) were probably constructed by nature herself, in one of her whimsical moments.—The *Hurlers* are three singular and large circles of stones which intersect each other, the centres being in a right line; the name is derived from a ridiculous tradition that they were once people amusing themselves at *hurling*,* or wrestling, a favourite sport with the Cornishmen. *Cornwall.*

Having now nearly completed the tour of this county, and visited its most secluded parts, without finding any traces of the old Cornish language, we ventured to conclude that it must be nearly, if not wholly, extinct, especially as Mr. Ray could not meet with more than one person who wrote it as long ago as the year 1662. Mr. Barrington was fortunate enough to find an old woman that could scold in it, when he visited

* The natives of Cornwall have long been famous for their strength and dexterity at this exercise.—Every one has heard of the *Cornish bug*.

Cornwall. this county in 1768.—It was spoken so generally, however, down to the reign of Henry VIII. that Dr. Moreman, Vicar of Mynhinet, is said to have been the first who taught his parishoners the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the commandments in English.—According to the best authorities I have been able to consult, the Cornish must have been merely a dialect of that language which prevailed over all Britain before the arrival of the Saxons, and which was common (though not down to so late a period) to Ireland and Gaul. The Britons being driven into countries remote from each other, their language would in process of time become differently written and pronounced, and mixed in different degrees with other languages, so as to constitute the Armorican, Welsh, and Cornish, which seem to have never been *radically* distinct, for those who are versed in any one of these can interpret the others with tolerable facility.*

* See Gough's *Camden*, vol. 1, p. 11.

Many causes have operated to occasion the extinction of the last. In the first place, no more than three books are extant in the language: one of them (Gibson informs us) is written in an old court-hand on vellum, and contains the history of our Saviour's passion; the other two are in the Bodleian library, but I am ignorant of the subject of them.—Secondly, the cessation of all intercourse and correspondence with the people of Bretagne under Henry VII. before whose time there were interchanges of families and princes with them; and—lastly,—the jealousies that have existed between the natives of this county and Wales, since the latter has become a mining country, were the means of confining the Cornishmen to a communication in their original language only with each other. The Welsh having much less intercourse with their neighbours than the people of Cornwall, we cannot be surprised that the language of the former has survived that of the latter, and we have no need perhaps to take other circumstances into consideration.

Cornwall.

Before

Cornwall.

Before we came to Callington we perceived some mines on the right. Among the rubbish furrounding the shafts we found a good deal of decomposing granite,* similar to that of St. Stephen's parish, and which might be applied to the same purposes. St. Kitt's hill (on the left) consists entirely of granite, and, at the very top, a shaft has been sunk for digging tin. Whether this mine has been productive I know not, but there is a great quantity of *wolfram* in the quartz that seems to adjoin the lode. Killas is the upper *stratum* around the foot of the hill, but the latter is certainly one of the links, as it were, that serves to connect the granitic chain of Cornwall with the same of Dartmoor; its outline is as mountainous as any we saw in this county, and its sides are rendered craggy by the masses of granite projecting from them, and which come under the same character as the moorstone.—The prospect from the summit of

* The *China-stone*.

St. Kitt's hill embraces a vast tract of country, and brings both banks of the Tamar under the same natural district, by shewing a perfect similarity in their agricultural, as well as their geological aspect, and making an imaginary union between the eminences that overlook them on each side. To the south, Plymouth-sound presented its hazy surface, and we could distinctly trace the route by which we were the next day to complete our circuit of Cornwall.

Cornwall.

CALLINGTON, placed in a situation quite commanded by the bold height of St. Kitt's hill, has nothing to boast of but its church, a spacious, towering fabric. Though a shabby place, it may justly claim a superiority in rank to many other of the Cornish boroughs. Its manufactory of cloth is as brisk as any carried on in the county, but this is a branch of business which seems to be migrating very fast from the more western part of the kingdom.

Callington.

As we came nearer to the Tamar, our views

Cornwall.
Pentilly
Castle.

gradually improved, and the vicinity of PENTILLY CASTLE, which stands on its edge, is highly beautiful and luxuriant. The declivities towards the river are most charmingly wooded, and fine tall elms, wearing a picturesque appearance of age, stretch their broad branches over the approach to the castle. The latter is a modern building, and has the appellation of a castle, I imagine, only from its embattled form.

Cultivation was now become conspicuous in every direction, and the *Danmonian* fence, from its novelty, was not so offensive to us as when our eyes had been more familiarized to a scene of fertility and to the concerns of agriculture.—

How happy the occupations of the husbandman appeared in comparison with those of the wretched miner! The latter assisted only by the gleam of a candle, and surrounded by a gross, and frequently by a deadly, atmosphere, is momentarily in danger of seeing the tomb close over his head, whilst the former, blessed in his toil with a pure air and the splendor of heaven, pursues the task
assigned

affigned him with vigour and cheerfulness. *Cornwall.*
From this contrast, I think, one may judge
what nature intended to be the true riches
of man.

DEVONSHIRE

CONTINUED.

THE day after our arrival at Saltash, we went
up the Tavey to visit the lead mines of BERE- Bere-Alston.
ALSTON. A serene sky, and the beauty of the
scenes which succeeded each other according to
every curvature in our course, rendered our
little voyage inexpressibly pleasing. There is
a profusion of wood in the vicinity of the
mines, and the space comprehended between
the Tamar and the Tavey towards their con-
fluence presented a great number of very lovely
land-

Devon.

landscapes. After being landed, we had the distance of about a mile and an half to walk before we arrived at Bere-Alston, which, though a borough, is quite a mean village, and we were informed that not a single voter resides in it. Probably it was once the property of a person of some rank and influence, by which means many inconsiderable places first obtained the privilege of sending representatives to parliament. It is said that the manor was given by the Conqueror to a branch of the family of Alençon; if so, the word *Alston* might be a corruption of that name.

We were fortunate enough to obtain at these mines some fluor in octohedral crystals, which is a very rare mineral, and at no other place in England, I believe, is it to be found.—The ore is a *galena*, with a *matrix* of whitish quartz accompanied by a good deal of blende. Killas constitutes in a great measure the country of the *galena*, and seems to prevail in the soil about Bere-Alston. The depth of the mines is
not

not very considerable, nor do they produce sufficiently to excite any great spirit of industry; indeed at this time we did not find that any workings at all were going on.

Devon.

On our return to the boat, the water proved too shallow to carry us back, which obliged us to wait for the flood tide, and was the means of furnishing us with an acquisition in the way of conchology. In the mud appeared a species of *Turbo*, which, though very similar to *T. littoreus* (the common periwinkle), has some characters that seem to authorize its being considered as a different shell. The *anfractus* are much more swollen, as it were, than in the above species; the spire is more depressed; and, besides that there is no appearance of *striæ* either transversely or longitudinally, this shell has a sort of distorted or rude *contour* that may perhaps entitle it to the appellation of *T. rudis*. Its colour is greenish.—I do not find that it has been either figured or described.

Devon.

We now re-crossed the Tamar, at the Saltash passage, having completed a peregrination of almost three hundred miles since our first arrival at that town.

Plymouth and its environs comprehend a variety of interesting objects, to the survey of which some days should be allotted by every one who visits this part of the country. The Edystone light-house, Mount Edgcumbe, and the dock-yards form a superior assemblage of attractions.

Plymouth.

The town of PLYMOUTH is large, but an ill-built, disagreeable place, infested with all the filthiness so frequent in sea-ports. It carries on a very extensive trade, and there is a great exportation of pilchards to Italy and other catholic countries. The fishery does not extend farther eastward than this harbour.—The new quay lies on the west side of Sutton-pool, where vessels are pretty safe, when those in the Sound, and even in Catwater, run great risks from
the

Devon.

the high sea which a south wind generally brings. Wrecks often happen under Mount Batton, and other eminences near the town.—A citadel, built on a noble scale, protects the Sound; yet the entrance of the latter does not seem sufficiently guarded, and (if the security of Plymouth be of importance to the kingdom) it is not easy to account for the plan proposed some years ago by the Duke of Richmond being rejected. Without some stronger works, his Grace thought the place very far from being impregnable.—Hamoaze (the mouth of the Tamar) is commanded by the works on St. Nicholas's isle,—a spot about two acres in extent, on the north-west side of the Sound.—The citadel has five regular bastions, a large store house, and many fine pieces of cannon, and was erected in the reign of Charles II.—At a little distance west from the town are the marine barracks, which occupy a considerable extent of ground, and have more the appearance of a college, than of a building for the accommodation of soldiers.

Devon.
Plymouth-
Dock.

Two miles from Plymouth, on the eastern side of the Tamar, stands the town of PLYMOUTH-DOCK, almost united to the former by the village of Stonehouse and the numerous houses that extend along the road. From the bustle and continual passing of people we could fancy ourselves in the outskirts of London.— The Royal hospital is situated on the right, enjoying a fine, elevated spot that seems peculiarly favourable to a supply of wholesome air. On the left appears the governor of Plymouth's house, overlooking the Sound, Hamoaze, and Stonehouse-pool from a rocky eminence which borders the latter, and which is fortified with some regular works for the defence of the dock-yards.

The levelling of so large a space of ground as the dock-yards occupy must have been attended with prodigious labour, particularly the gunwharf, which was hewn out of some schistose rocks to the depth of thirty feet, or more. This slate is of a very singular species, and resembles

Devon.

semblances in colour the Siberian jasper, being composed of alternate green and purple *laminæ* running in right lines. A very hard reddish limestone prevails on the southern side of the yards.—The docks and basins are constructed on a spacious and magnificent scale, and the different offices and work-shops are extremely commodious and complete. The wet dock is formed to contain five first-rates at a time, and there is a basin two hundred feet square.—The rope-house is longer by twenty fathoms than that of Portsmouth, the whole length of it being four hundred fathoms.—Those who have never seen similar scenes cannot form any conception of the activity and variety of employments exhibited here, nor is any spectacle better calculated to enable one to make a proper estimate of human ingenuity, than the gradual growth of a few rude pieces of timber into the majestic, wonderful structure that encounters the winds and waves.

From a little cove, close to the dock-yards,
there

Devon.
Mount-
Edgcumbe.

there is a ferry to MOUNT-EDGCUMBE, which (exclusive of its exterior advantages,) in the situation, disposition of the grounds, and natural embellishments, has recommendations superior to those of most spots in our island. From the Sound, which is bounded by it on the west, its effect is singularly striking in point both of grandeur and decoration, and the house appears to great advantage. The latter, a square building with a tower at each corner, was begun by Sir Richard Edgcumbe, from whom its present noble possessor (the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe) is descended. It commands a view almost unparalleled for variety and magnificence of objects. In front, the town and harbour of Plymouth present themselves; a little to the left, the dock-yards, the fortifications that surround them, ships of various dimensions sailing in and out of the Tamar, and the distant banks of that river; to the right, a broad sweep of the Channel, and several bold headlands starting from the coast; whilst more immediately under the eye
appears

appears a fine declivity richly planted, and ornamented with temples, statues, and fountains.

Devon.

During Mary's war with France, the Spanish and Netherland fleets having joined the English at Plymouth, the admirals of the three nations were sumptuously entertained by Sir Richard at this princely feat.—The Duke of Medina, commander of the famous *Armada*, is said to have been so much delighted with the spot that, as he passed with his supposed *invincible* fleet along the coast, he made himself, in *idea*, at once possessor of it.

Adjoining to Mount-Edgcumbe are MAKER-HEIGHTS, whence we had a prospect still more extended than before, a greater part of Cornwall entering into the landscape, with numberless towns and villages.—The parish church (the tower of which is a station for the display of signals) stands close to the park-walls, and by means of so very elevated a situation, the people in the harbour gain intelligence of whatever fleets

Maker-
Heights.

Devon. fleets pass up or down the Channel. Home-ward-bound ships generally put into Plymouth to provide themselves with pilots.

Edystone Light-house. The distance of the EDYSTONE from Plymouth is nearly fourteen miles.* Its situation is such that all the swells from the bay of Biscay and the ocean come along the coast towards it with uncontrouled fury, which rendered it a perilous spot to mariners before the erection of the light-house. The present building was the work of the ingenious Mr. Smeaton, who published a very interesting account of it, in a folio volume, in the year 1793. He informs us that his plan was taken from observations that he had made on the trunk of a tree, which gradually diminishes from a curve into a cylinder, and gave

* The proper time of sailing from Plymouth to the Edystone is when they have high-water at the former place, because the ebb-tide will assist your getting out from the Sound, and then meeting the Channel tide running eastward, the current will naturally drive so much to the east that, if the wind be slack, its return to the west when there is half ebb at the light house will bring you thither in course before low-water, and afford the best chance of landing.

Devon.

him a strong idea of the advantage of such a form. The materials which he used were chiefly of moorstone, and managed so as to lock into each other, being primarily engrafted into the rock; in the round, or entire courses, above the top of the latter, all are dove-tailed, and locked to one large centre stone. His cement was composed of tarras (or *puzzolana*) and limestone from Watchett, in Somersetshire. These materials together formed an excellent mortar for setting in the midst of water.

The first building erected on the Edystone rock was the design of a Mr. Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, who seems to have been a man of a great mechanical turn, and had acquired some fame by several machines which he had invented similar to Merlin's. He commenced his light-house in the year 1696, and finished it in 1700, but it required considerable repairs within three years afterwards; yet so confident was Mr. W. of the excellence of his plan that, when he went to Plymouth in November

Devon. ber, 1703, to superintend the workmen, he told some of his friends “ *he should only wish to be on the spot in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, in order to see what effect it would have on the structure.* ”—The unfortunate architect paid dearly for his presumption, for in the dreadful hurricane of the twenty-seventh of November (1703) the whole building was washed away, and himself, and others that were with him in it, never more heard of!—The next adventurer was John Rudyerd, a silk mercer, of Ludgate-hill, who was empowered to build by an act of parliament passed in the year 1706. Rudyerd was convinced that the form of his predecessor’s light-house was a very injudicious one (being polygonal), and constructed his own circular. He made the base twenty-three feet four inches in diameter, and the height ninety-two feet, and the whole was completed in three years. It stood until the second of December, 1755, when a fire accidentally broke out, and, by the seventh, entirely destroyed it.—A very singular, and almost incredible, accident

Devon.

cident happened at the time of the fire. Some lead, melted by the heat of the flames, dropped into the mouth of a man who was *gaping* up at the upper part of the light-house, and, though the weight of it was found to be more than seven ounces, the poor wretch survived his scalding dose ten days.*—At the beginning of the year 1756, Mr. Smeaton was pitched upon as a proper person to restore the structure. This gentleman, of whose mechanical genius the present light-house promises to be a very durable monument, was originally a philosophical instrument maker, and being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society as a compliment to his talents, received great attention from the Earl of Mac-

* The body was dissected by Mr. Spry, of Plymouth, by whom an account of this extraordinary circumstance was transmitted to the Royal Society (See *Phil. Transf.* vol. 49, p. 477.) In consequence of the incredulity that attached to his report, the above gentleman was induced to prosecute a series of experiments on the effects of liquid hot lead, the issue of which fully established the possibility of the occurrence. A lump of this metal weighing three ounces remained some time in the stomach of a fowl, without producing death, and the bird even eat several barley-corns afterwards.

Devon. clesfield, then Prefident. He was introduced by that nobleman to Mr. Whifton, one of the proprietors of the Edyftone, and completed the new building for them in October, 1759.

To what a degree muft the waves of the Channel be agitated to rife above the top of the light-houfe, and even to the height of two hundred feet! And yet we were affured that this awful fcene has been frequently witneffed. —We cannot but wonder that any ftructure fhould be contrived of fufficient ftrength and durability to refift fuch an *impetus*, and in Mr. Smeaton's undertaking there was certainly an exertion of genius which extorts a very high degree of admiration.

About Plymouth there are fome fubftances interefting to a mineralogift. The rocks are moftly of limeftone, but thofe which range themfelves along the northern fide of Stonehoufe-pool-prefent two very fingular fpecies of it. One is very hard, compact, and capable of
a good

a good polish, in colour dull white, with veins of red, and partly crystallized. It is uncommonly heavy, and in fracture granularly foliated, or rather conchoidal. From effervescing very slowly with acids unless pulverized, it seems to be supersaturated with carbonic acid, and to approach to the *dolomie*, of Saussure. Da Costa describes it (in his *Natural History of Fossils*, p. 206) as "*Marmor album, rubro variegatum, alterum.*"—The other species, which forms a part of the same ridge as the former, is of a lamellar texture, and, from its general appearance, and particularly its unctuousness to the touch, we at first conceived it to be of the magnesian genus. A lime-burner, however, who was conveying some of it to the neighbouring kiln, soon convinced us of our mistake, and we found that it was really calcareous, but of that species which Mr. Kirwan calls the *muricalcite*,* for (though it effervesces briskly with acids) when

Devon.

* See *Elements of Mineralogy*, vol. 1, p. 92.

Devon. dissolved it leaves a considerable *residuum* of talcy particles. Its colour is externally a brownish red (arising from a small portion of oxyde of iron) and internally a greenish white. The texture is curved-foliated, and the fracture in the direction of the *lamellæ*, which are thin, smooth, and greasy to the touch. It burns to a brownish white powder, but does not readily become pulverulent when flaked.

Crags of limestone insulated, as it were, in argillaceous slate, and presenting the appearance of having been pitched or immersed in it by violence occur very frequently on the eastern side of the Tavey, and particularly about Rotherborough heath. The nearest spot to Plymouth where granite is to be discovered seems to be Calfstock, on the river Tamar, at the distance of about fifteen miles. It is remarkable that this substance is found at nearly the same distance southward, the Edystone and neighbouring rocks consisting of a lamellar sort of it.

We migrated a little from the high road to *Devon.* Tavistock, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of PLYM WOOD. Pursuing some of its intricate Plym wood tracks, we lost ourselves in the bosom of the wood just when we imagined that we were approaching its borders. Far from regretting several fruitless peregrinations, however, the more we wandered the more we were charmed. The leaves, varied by autumnal tints, presented a rich mass of colours, which were gradually blended by distance into one simple hue. The less remote features of this lovely woodland landscape perpetually changed, and a curving branch of the Plym sometimes bathed the foot of a craggy slope, and sometimes traversed a broad, level vale.

We observed *Lichen laciniatus*, as we passed, on some aged branches of oak and ash.

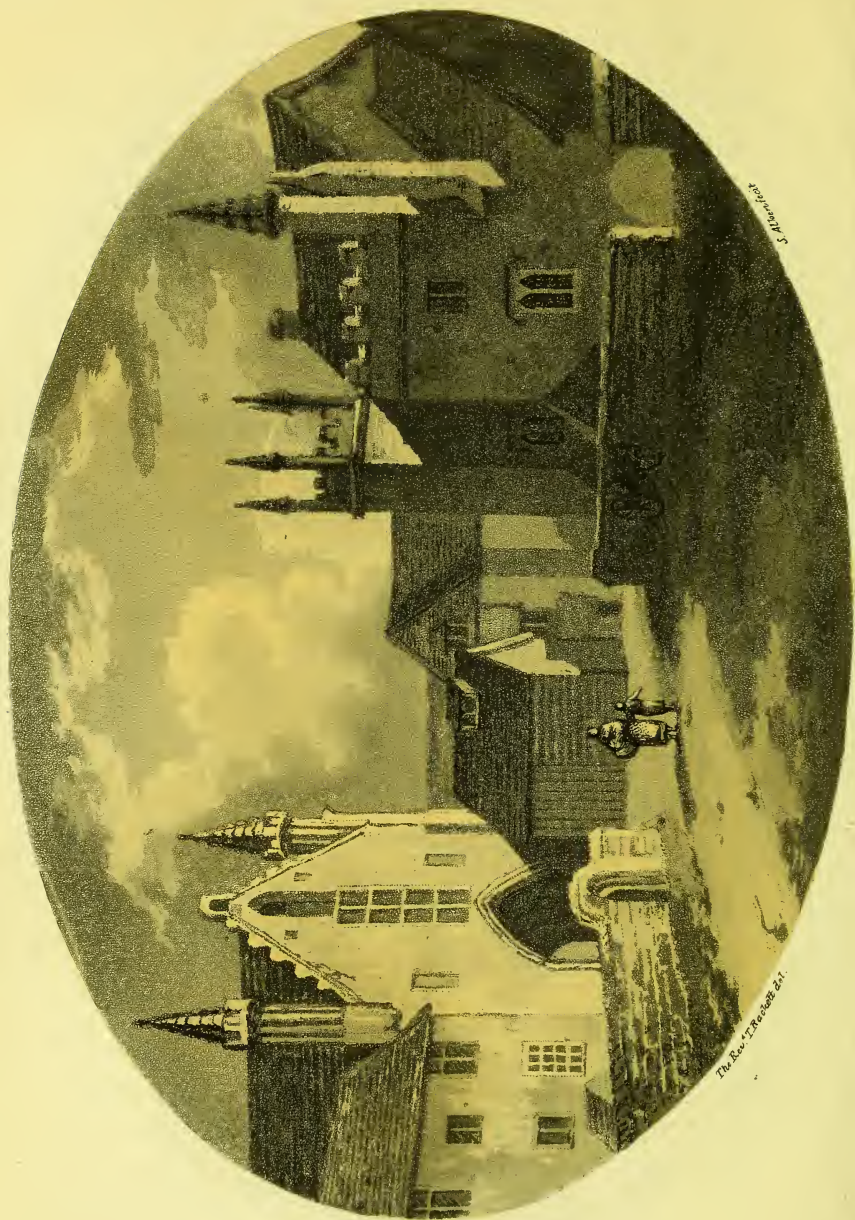
Unfavourable weather detained us some time at TAVISTOCK, and would scarcely allow us to *Tavistock.* stir out of our inn with any degree of comfort.

Devon.

So great a quantity of rain fell that the Tavey rolled under the bridge in a torrent,—a circumstance that contributed considerably to the picturesque effect of the views on its banks. The latter are rocky, elevated, and in many points well broken for representation by the pencil, particularly with the addition of the venerable, old Gothic ruins that appear near the bridge.—Tavistock still preserves many fine remains of its abbey, which must once have been no less splendid in its construction than spacious in extent. Its revenues were princely, and its abbots were lords of parliament and mitred. The founder was Ordulf,* son of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, whose daughter Elfrida married King Edgar. Livingus, Bishop of Exeter, added very munificently to its possessions. It was dedicated to the blessed Virgin and St. Rumond,

* We are informed by William of Malmesbury that this Ordulf was of so immense a stature, that he could walk along both sides of the river (which were ten feet apart) stridewise! He could also break the bars of gates! To believe this requires more than *monkish* credulity.

(the



J. H. H. H.

The Rev. J. H. H. H.

Devon.

(the body of the latter being interred here), and the monks were of the Benedictine order.* There were thirty-six stalls in the old conventual church, no part of which is standing, but there are several buildings that seem to have belonged to the abbey; they are now used for warehouses and other purposes. Adjoining to the principal inn is a large, handsome Gothic gate, adorned with lofty pinnacles, as are also the contiguous remains. At what period these were erected I cannot discover, but from the square windows and the form of the roofs, they cannot certainly be older than the time of Henry VI,

We read of many eminent men that were abbots of Tavistock, and a particular encouragement seems to have been afforded to learning in this town. A printing-press was established here very soon after that art was brought into

* Steevens's Dugdale, vol. 1, p. 32.

Devon. England, and Gibson (in his additions to Camden) says that he had understood there was a Saxon Grammar printed in the place about the time of the civil wars of Charles's reign, for the use of the school, in which lectures were read on that language. These lectures, however, have long been discontinued.

It is much to be lamented that the language of our Saxon ancestors is now so little cultivated, especially when we consider that it is the basis of the modern English; that an infinite number of legal decisions relative to the tenure of lands must depend on the interpretation of old terms in that tongue; and that the study of our national antiquities is so intimately connected with it. It was from the latter of these considerations that Sir Henry Spelman founded the Saxon professorship in Cambridge, but this laudable institution is unfortunately now useless. The sister University has lately been enabled to benefit from a professorship founded by the late Dr. Rawlinson, and the talents of the gentleman

man* who at present enjoys its emoluments afford reason for expecting that the study of Saxon will be promoted in the *latter*.

Devon.

The town of Tavistock is populous and very charmingly situated, but the streets are narrow and the buildings mean. Its supply of every species of provision is abundant, particularly in the article of fish; this results from its proximity to Plymouth. The church has a venerable air, and contains several monuments deserving of notice. The grand-daughter of the learned Henry Stephens (who was niece also of Isaac Casaubon) lies here. She was married to Richard Pollard, Gent.—The vaults of the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath, and their representatives the Wreys, Baronets, were pointed out to us.

From Tavistock we proceeded to Okeham-

* The Reverend — Mayo, of St. John's College.

Devon. ton.—To the right of the road, within the precincts of Dartmoor, some mines drew our attention, and farther on to the left there is a very remarkable water-fall, which also led us from the high road.

We came first to a copper mine, called HUEL-FRIENDSHIP, situated in a valley under the granite mountains about five miles from Tavistock; though not more than twenty-three fathoms in depth, it has a rich vein of ore, which, it may be fairly presumed, will be still more productive than at present. The *matrix* is a caple, in the composition of which argillaceous earth seems to be predominant, and the country is for the most part killas. In the same vein with the ore a singular species of cubic mundic, having very concave surfaces, is found. We discovered some small crystals of this substance imbedded in what the miners call *peach*, a soft kind of chlorite, nearly allied in composition to killas. The latter, perhaps, is no other than the *chlorite schiefer*, of Werner, and its varieties seem

seem to be produced by the gradations between it and the *thon schiefer*, or argillaceous slate. My friend Mr. Hatchett traced in the mountains about Loch-Lomond, in Scotland, a regular transition from peach into indurated chlorite, and of the latter into killas, and this again he found passing into *thon schiefer*.—The direction of the lode in Huel-Friendship is from east to west, and the dip, or inclination, to the north, making a difference of about five feet in a fathom. About forty men are employed, exclusive of the cleaners and dressers. The ore is generally sold in Cornwall, and smelted in Wales. It is of the yellow, or pyritical sort, *galena* frequently accompanying it.

Devon.

About a mile eastward from the copper mine, we saw two tin mines, HUEL-JEWEL, and HUEL-UNITY. The depth of neither of these is so great as that of the Cornish tin mines in general. The ore is in black irregular crystals, the direction of the lode being the same as that of Huel-Friendship, *viz.* from east to west.

Huel-Jewel.
Huel-Unity.

There

Devon.

There are furnaces for roasting the ore very near to the mine.

The Devonshire tanners became a separate body from those of Cornwall in the time of Edward I. who confirmed the charter granted by Earl Edmund, and made various additional regulations. Before this prince's reign the tanners of both counties enjoyed one common corporate capacity, and held a common parliament on Hengstone-hill, but the Devonshire miners have since assembled alone on Crockern-torr. Their laws, with regard to mining, seem to have never been so well defined, or so equitable, as those which respect the Cornishmen,* but both being included within the Dutchy of Cornwall, are under the same general constitution. One general warden, called the *Lord Warden of the Stannaries*, either by himself or his deputy, has

* The Cornish laws, which are particularly recited in Plowden's *Comment.* p. 237, were further explained 50 Edw. III. 8 Rich. II. 3 Edw. IV. 1 Edw. VI. 2 Mary; and 2 Elizabeth.

the supreme decision in matters both of law and equity, relative to the tin mines of the dutchy. A court is generally holden once a month by the sub-warden, who receives appeals from inferior courts, wherein other officers preside, but a jury is impanelled on all occasions. No laws are valid unless regularly passed in a stannary parliament, to which every stannary town sends six representatives, who in Cornwall are stiled *Stannators*, in Devonshire *Jurats*. Every act must be signed by these representatives, the Lord Warden, or his deputy, and lastly by the Duke himself (in his privy council) or the sovereign, and has then all the authority, with regard to tin affairs, of an act of the supreme legislature of England.—There are only four stannary towns in Devonshire, *viz.* Plympton, Tavistock, Ashburton, and Chagford.

Devon.

The forest of DARTMOOR seems to have taken its name from the river Dart, which rises within its precincts. It contains about eighty thousand acres,—a large tract of land to be subject

Dartmoor.

Devon. ject to the forest laws, but one cannot wonder at such a tyrant as John shewing more affection for his game than for his subjects ;—

“ Both doom’d alike for sportive tyrants bled,
 “ But while the subject starv’d, the beast was fed.”

POPE.

There are several mines on Dartmoor, which is but little productive on its surface, though some of the higher spots afford fine short herbage for sheep, and here a great number of cattle are fed. Innumerable streams descend from its eminences, and take various courses, watering all the confines of the forest.—I have never seen a more dreary tract than that over which we passed from the tin mines towards Lidford. The soil is exceedingly swampy and moist, and covered with *Sphagnum palustre* (bog-moss), through which our horses’ legs penetrated knee-deep at every step. If we had not been accompanied by the captain of the mines, who seemed to be well acquainted with the country, we should have been in unceasing apprehension of sinking

Devon.

sinking deeper than our heads.—Though it may naturally be imagined that so wet, exposed, and uncomfortable a district must be unhealthy, we were informed that the inhabitants live to an extraordinary age. They reckon themselves *middle-aged* only when arrived at *sixty*, and “it is no very uncommon thing (said our guide) to hear the death of a man of seventy years of age spoken of as if premature!” The principal cause, I believe, of this longevity, as in other countries remarkable for it, is the absence of temptations to intemperance.

LIDFORD WATER-FALL is about a mile and an half westward from the town of that name, the latter being not more than the same distance from the high road to Okehampton. It is a highly romantic spot, and so remote from any frequented track that it is in vain to look for it without the assistance of a guide. Passing through a farm-yard, we were advised to leave our horses, on account of the length and steepness of the hill we were to descend towards the fall.

Lidford water-fall.

Devon.

fall. It was but a few paces that we had proceeded from the former, before we began to discover a total alteration in the scenery of the country.—The valley into which the stream of water descends is so narrow, and the ground on each side of it so elevated and irregular, that we could not see the bottom until we were almost in it. We walked some way before we came to the fall, which is quite in a corner formed by the projection of the lower part of the hill that we had just descended. Before it arrives at this point, the water turns a mill wheel, passing towards the precipice with a considerable declivity of channel. Bordered with overhanging shrubs, and tumbling with a loud but agreeable murmur, the cascade comes down a quick slope about an hundred feet in length, and then forms a rapid brook that rushes with rapidity along the valley. The neighbouring hills,——

“ ——— whose hairy sides

“ With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

“ Access deny’d,”

exclusive of the beauty of their clothing and the
boldness

boldness of their outline, acquire a romantic aspect by seeming to guard this sequestered spot from the profane stare of every incurious traveller.

Devon.

On some large stones, sprinkled by the spray of the water-fall, we observed the elegant little *Campanula hederacea* (ivy-leaved campion).

Mounting our horses we passed on to Lidford. The scene we had just viewed with so much delight being wholly snatched from our eyes, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was not a dream, until we came to Lidford bridge, when, looking over the parapet, we found we were not quite out of the verge of the romantic singularities of this part of the county.

Lidford bridge, consisting of only one arch, crosses the river Lid at the terrific height of at least seventy feet. The chasm through which it runs is so shaded by shrubs that we could scarcely perceive the water, and we might not
have

Dewon. have discovered that we were passing over a river, had we not heard its murmur beneath us.— On each side hang huge crags, covered with foliage, and projecting in various places with a very picturesque effect. The materials constituting its bed, or channel, being of a very soft nature, the stream continually acquires a greater depth below the level of the surrounding country by its incessant friction, and I have no doubt that it has hollowed out the earth sufficiently to disclose lodes of ore, if it be true that fragments have been found in some parts of its course.

Lidford. LIDFORD is a place of some antiquity, and was once a borough. In the reign of William I. it is said to have been very large and populous, and had one hundred and forty burghesses. The Danes (of whose atrocities there are frequent vestiges in the west of England) committed terrible ravages here in 997. There is a castle at Lidford, which has been used as a prison for offenders against the stannary laws. It is a square building of an unmeaning appearance, being



Okhampton Castle

Wm. F. Davis del.

being without strength or ornament.—The burgesses of this place were excused from sending representatives to parliament *propter paupertatem*—a plea which the present appearance of it seems to have fairly justified them in making, for it is dwindled into a small, shabby village.

Devon.

As we approached Okehampton, a fine valley opened to the south, and the ruins of the castle appeared on a lofty knoll in the midst of a rich mass of wood, which covers also the eminences around it.—The church stands to the left of the road, and there is a gradual descent of almost a mile from it down into the town.

OKEHAMPTON, or *Ockington* (as it is generally called in Devonshire) is situated very nearly in the centre of the county. It takes its name from the river Oke running through it. There is only one large street, and that without the advantage of good buildings.—The principal trade consists in a manufactory of serge, which, however, is on the decline, and the

Okehamp-
ton.

Devon.

chief support of the place seems to be the turnpike-road running through it from Exeter to Launceston. We did not find any building worthy of notice, except a ruinous chapel apparently of some antiquity.

Okehampton Castle is distant about a mile, nearly south-east, from the town. It stands on a natural eminence rising out of some fine verdant meadows, which are watered by a beautiful, clear stream, and enclosed by well wooded acclivities. The woods to the south are included within the precincts of Okehampton-park, belonging to Lord Courtenay. Nothing can be more pleasing than the whole scenery, which, with the ivy-clad ruins of the Castle, its mouldering turrets, and crumbling walls, conspires to form a most picturesque landscape.—Grose* informs us that this Castle was built by Baldwin *de Brioniis*, from whom it came into the posses-

* *Antiquities of England and Wales*, vol. 2, p. 65.

Devon.

sion of Richard *de Ripariis*, or Rivers. By marriage it went to the Courtenays, who being strongly attached to the Lancastrian party, their lands were seized by Edward IV. and the Castle of Okehampton granted to the Dynhams. Thomas de Courtenay, it will be recollected, was taken at the battle of Towton, in 1461, and beheaded at Pontefract. John, his brother, lost his life at Tewksbury. The family recovered their ancient possessions in these parts in the reign of Henry VII. but were unfortunate enough again to lose them after Henry de Courtenay was found to be concerned with Cardinal Pole. Henry VIII.* carried his resentment so far as to imprison the son of the above nobleman, Edward, (who at that time could not be more than ten years old) but, on the accession of Mary to the throne, he obtained his release, and might even have been honoured with the hand

* Mr. Gough says, it was by this monarch's order that the castle was dismantled.

See his edit. of Camden, vol. 4, p. 38.

Devon.

of his sovereign, had he not discovered a partiality to her sister Elizabeth. Exclusive of the advantages of his person, he had the recommendation of being nearly allied to the blood royal, though the latter circumstance, and perhaps his attachment to the Princess, occasioned his being again arrested and committed to the Tower. As an ostensible cause for his confinement, Wyat was prevailed upon to proclaim him one of his accomplices, yet most of our historians deny that there was the least ground for such an accusation, and declare that even Wyat himself cleared him at his death. Indeed his subsequent release, (which was ascribed by the nation to the intercession of King Philip,) sufficiently proves the want of the slightest evidence of his guilt. During his imprisonment he is said to have amused himself with drawing*—a resource that few prisoners could have had in that age. Other particulars handed down to us

* See Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. I, p. 218.

Devon.

respecting the life of this nobleman equally contribute to give us a favourable idea of his mind and disposition. He asked leave to dedicate some years to foreign travel, and actually proceeded as far as Padua ; here, however, closed a life chequered with adversities, and some suspicion was entertained of his being taken off by poison, jealousy having pursued him to the last. —Edward de Courtenay dying without issue, Okehampton Castle came by marriage to the Mohuns, whose male line likewise becoming extinct by the death of Lord Mohun (killed in the year 1712 by the Duke of Hamilton in a duel), it descended to Christopher Harris, of Heynes, Esq.—Enough of the Castle remains to shew that it was originally a place of splendour and consequence, and very strongly built. The river served as a moat to it on one side, and the back part of it is rendered inaccessible by the steepness of the acclivity.—The gate, which is overhung with foliage, stands on the side towards the town.

Devon.

Intending to visit more of the interior part of Dorsetshire on our return, we pursued the road to Exeter, and were highly delighted with the views on this day's journey.—From some points the prospect was really vast, but we could seldom see so far in front as in other directions. Our view was widest in general to the south-west, we remarked, the whole way from the Land's-end. Hence Cornwall should seem to be lower with respect to the level of the sea than Devonshire.—The country improved extremely in fertility and richness as we approached Exeter; neither is it destitute of boldness, though we had now lost the grand lines of the granite mountains, which finally terminate a few miles beyond Okehampton. They are flanked on the right with a broad deep *stratum* of killas that seems to accompany them throughout their course from the lower part of Cornwall, and passes off either into argillaceous slate, or a schistose grit.

Rest and refreshment were on this occasion our only reasons for halting at Exeter, though
we

we could not view that city and its charming environs without new pleasure, nor bid adieu to them without emotions of regret.—Quite to Honiton, however, the landscape continues uninterruptedly rich, and some of the highest hills are decorated to their summits with wood and luxuriant verdure. Arable, meadow, and pasture lands seemed to be in pretty equal proportions. Separation of property is made by hedge-rows, from which rise tall, slender elms pared almost to mere poles, it being the practice to strip them of their branches to a great part of their height.—The multitude of villages scattered on all sides conspire with this sweet scene of cultivation (how deficient so ever it may be considered in *picturesque* effect) to produce on the mind the most pleasing impressions imaginable.

Devon.

HONITON is situated in a delightful vale watered by numberless streams and brooks. The river Otter flows through the town, which consists of a broad, handsome street running

Honiton.

Devon. from east to west, and well paved. The parish church is half a mile distant, but there is a chapel, called Allhallows, within the place.—A manufactory of lace is the only flourishing branch of business, yet Honiton is by no means deficient in population. It is a borough by prescription, and all the inhabitants who pay scot and lot are entitled to votes.

Axminster. AXMINSTER enjoys equal conveniences, in regard to water, with Honiton, the river Axe (from which it takes its name) running through the middle of the parish. The high road to Dorchester, whither we were now proceeding, led us through this neat, healthy town. From the reported antiquity of its foundation, we felt some curiosity to view the church, which is a heavy, but venerable structure, and has undergone various alterations at very different periods, as is evident from the various styles of architecture which it exhibits; no part of it, however, can be of so early a date as the reign of (its supposed founder) Athelstan. This monarch is
said

Devon.

said to have erected a minster here for seven priests, whom he appointed to pray for the souls of some Saxon chiefs slain in the bloody battle of Brunanburgh, in Northumberland, and interred here. Unless the removal of a corpse to so distant a place of interment was in those times considered as the greater mark of respect, one can scarcely credit a story that assigns to the above personages graves at Axminster, even when supported by the authority of a Camden.* It seems much more probable that the warriors to whom Athelstan paid these honors lost their lives on a subsequent occasion, when he came to quell a rebellion (of which William of Malmesbury makes mention) in *these* parts.

Axminster is famous for a manufactory of carpets, the process of weaving which is very different from any other that I have seen. They are woven in one entire piece, several

* See Gibson's first edit. p. 23.

Devon. hands being employed in conjunction at the same loom.

Seven miles north-east from Axminster, and Ford Abbey four miles from Chard, stands FORD ABBEY, the seat of J. F. Gwynn, Esq. It was founded by Adelesia, Countess of Devonshire (the sister of Richard *de Brionis*, and daughter of Albreda, niece of William the Conqueror), for monks of the Cistercian order.*—This building, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Axe, appears to have been converted into a mansion-house at the time of the Dissolution. The south front is very extensive, and exhibits a curious and magnificent remain of monastic grandeur. The dormitory and-cells of the monks, the cloister, (which is one hundred feet in length), the refectory, and a chapel are all entire and in fine preservation; the porch was built soon after the Dissolution, in the stile of architecture that

* Grose's *Antiquities*, vol. 2, p. 62.

prevailed during the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. In other parts the windows have been modernized, and some additions and alterations made. The furniture of many of the apartments seems to be coeval with the first secular inhabitants; *some* rooms, however, are fitted up in a more recent stile, and Mr. Gwynn is about to introduce other elegancies and conveniences of modern times. There are a few good portraits, though not disposed to the best advantage, and a picture (by Carracci) of Martha preparing for our Saviour.—The gardens are laid out in the old taste, with hanging terraces and fish-ponds. A broad gravel walk extends a considerable way beyond the front of the house. The park contains sixty acres, and is well wooded with chesnut, beech, fir, and oak. Many of these trees appear to have stood for centuries. The hand of taste might still be employed with success;—little else seems wanting to render Ford Abbey one of the noblest residences in the west of England, and it is certainly one of the most perfect *monastic* structures that

Design.

Devon. that time, depredation, and fanaticism have left in this kingdom.

The chert with which the road is covered between Honiton and Axminster announced to us that we were not far distant from chalk, and, at length, beyond Bridport we found the grand tract of it that stretches over the bleak downs of Wilts and Dorset.—About *Axminster* indeed hills and ridges of chalk partially appear, and calcareous matter seems to commence not far eastward from the river Otter. There is limestone about Stockland, and quarries of it are worked at Beare near the coast.—On the side of Somersetshire, the first vestiges of chalk are at Whitedown, between Chard and Crewkerne,

DORSETSHIRE

CONTINUED.

SOME of the hills in this part of the county are very remarkable in their form, and quite different from any that I have noticed elsewhere, being somewhat pyramidal, though not rising to a point, but rather like the *frustrum* of a pyramid. There are two on the right near Bridport, which have obtained from sailors the appellation of the *cow and calf*: indeed their summits may be very naturally likened to the back of an animal, being shelving as if they had been thrown up by two vast currents, or tides, opposing each other.—Near the village of Loders, we observed two eminences that, on the contrary, are pointed, and constitute nearly
complete

Dorset. complete cones, but they seem to consist, like the former, of sandstone and chalk.

Ophrys spiralis (spiral tway blade) rewarded us for our botanical excursions in the neighbourhood of Bridport. It grows on the declivities of some chalky hills, near Loders, in great abundance.

*Druidical
Circle.*

Just before we came to the village of Winterborn-Abbas, on the Dorchester road, a circle of Druidical stones caught our attention. These stones we found to be nine in number, but of unequal dimensions, some being nearly seven feet in height, and others not more than three feet.—There are several large detached stones at various distances from it, and about two miles and an half to the north, on a spot called *Ridge-hill*, a large cromlech may be seen.

Relics of Roman art were next to engage our observation, and we promised ourselves high gratification in surveying the military and other
works

works thrown up by that laborious people in the vicinity of their *Durnovaria*—our modern Dorchester.—After we had ascended the hill above Winterborn, their own road was our guidance as much as the present turnpike, for we recognized the Ikening-street meeting the latter here and pointing directly towards the town. POUNDBURY-CAMP rose on our left, and MAIDEN CASTLE, with its vast irregular ramparts, on our right, whilst the towers of churches appeared in front of us through an avenue of lime and sycamore. The first of these ancient camps, which has a sort of oblong form, with a very lofty rampart, stands on the very brink of the river Frome, having a very abrupt descent on that side. Its principal entrance is to the east. Coker, Speed, and others have imagined it to be a Danish work; in construction, however, I do not see how it is to be distinguished from a Roman one, for exclusive of its form, the ground appears considerably elevated in the middle of the area, a circumstance observable mostly in camps of the latter description.

Dorset.

Poundbury
Camp.
Maiden
Castle.

Dorset.

tion.—Maiden Castle is unquestionably the work of the Romans, and perhaps there is not a finer encampment in the west of England; its extent and strength are uncommon. There are three ramparts and ditches, nearly oval*—a form in which they were more easily constructed than in any other, on account of the nature of the hill. The latter communicates with the ridge that terminates at Blackdown,—a bold eminence to the south-west of Dorchester. Two or three vicinal roads may be traced branching off from this camp, and, on the south side, there is a cavity like the mouth of a subterraneous passage, which it is very probable might have been cut here for the same purpose as that at Old Sarum.—Antiquarians are not agreed whether Maiden Castle was the *Dunium* of Ptolemy, (which was afterwards, perhaps, no other than the *Durnovaria*), or a *castrum æstivum* to the

* The transverse diameter measures two hundred and seventeen poles, and the conjugate no less than ninety-nine; the whole area (Mr. Gough says) is one hundred and fifteen acres and an half,

former.

former. Hutchins conjectures that it must have been the summer station.—There are two entrances, one on the east, and the other on the west.—The prospect hence is extremely extensive, and, from its openness (particularly to the north-west) and the multitude of barrows appearing in all directions, perhaps there is not a similar one in any other part of the kingdom. *Dorset.*

From the fragments of Roman walls, the coins, and other relics of antiquity discovered at various periods within the town of DORCHESTER, I imagine there can be no doubt of its having been the exact site of a Roman station.—It was a place of great importance in the Saxon times (as we may collect from historians), and indeed is still flourishing and populous. Few towns have a more neat appearance, or are better built. There are three churches, and a county hall and gaol. The latter is a new building, and enjoys an airy situation, being open to fine spacious meadows, which skirt the eastern

Dorset. eastern side of the town, and are watered by two branches of the Frome.

Sir Christopher Wren, on his journey to Portland, discovered an ancient work that will probably interest the curious more than any yet mentioned, being no other than a ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, constructed with chalk and turf.* —It is not more than half a mile distant from Dorchester, and but a few paces, to the left, from the road to Weymouth. The vulgar appellation of it (from what circumstance I know not) is *Maumbury*.—The indefatigable Dr. Stukely has given a very full description of this amphitheatre (which he supposes to be the most perfect in the kingdom) in his *Iter Curiosum*.†—It was originally (the Doctor imagines) about one hundred and forty feet in diameter the

* “In gradibus sedet populus de cespite factis.”

Ovid de Art. am.

† See vol. I, p. 163.

shortest way, and two hundred and twenty the longest, and it occupied about an acre of ground. In the middle of each side was a *cuneus*, or parcel of seats, nearly thirty feet broad; these were just above the more elevated part of the circular work, reaching up to the terrace, which swells out above the concavity of the whole, and answers to the rising ground in the middle of it. The breadth of the terrace is at least twelve feet, exclusive of the parapet outwardly five feet broad, and four in height. There are three ways leading up to it, one at the upper end, and one on each side. The area seems to have been elevated in consequence of ploughing and manuring within late years, yet it still preserves a concavity, the middle part being some feet below the level of the field. It is computed by the Doctor that twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty people could have been accommodated here.—The period at which the amphitheatre was erected we have conjecture only to guide us in determining. It seems to be with a great degree of probability that antiquarians

Dorset.

Dorset.

quarians have ascribed it to the præfecture of Agricola, for we are informed by Tacitus* that all those works were at that time encouraged among the Britons which tended to promote luxury, and provide them with amusement.

The downs around Dorchester are far-famed for the feeding of sheep, of which animals no less a number than one hundred and seventy thousand, including lambs, are supposed to be kept within the distance of only eight miles; of these about forty-five thousand are sold every year. The whole number fed in the county is calculated to be eight hundred thousand, and the annual export one hundred and fifty thousand.†— I never view a flock of sheep nibbling the short, scanty herbage that covers our wastes without

* “Sequens hiems (A. U. 834) saluberrimis consiliis absumpta, namque, ut homines dispersi ac rudes, eoque bello faciles, quieti et otio per voluptates affuescerent, hortari privatim, adjuvare publice, ut templa, fora, domus extruerent, &c.”—

Jul. Agric. Vita (vol. 2, p. 491) edit. Ernesti.

† See *Agricultural Survey of Dorset*.

reflecting at how small an expence a harmless creature, in every respect so valuable to us, is maintained. When we consider to what a multitude of our fellow creatures its body furnishes materials for employment;—how many species of manufacture it is the means of supporting;—what various kinds of stuff it affords for the comforts of clothing;—and what excellent food it supplies us with, we must pronounce the sheep not only one of the most useful animals with which nature has stored the world, but one which is bred with least cost and trouble. The mutton of the Dorsetshire flocks is in general of the larger sort, and consequently the wool the more coarse and lank.—The small ancient breed of English sheep is not encouraged in the west, nor does the landholder find it his interest to turn his attention to the growth of fine wool, when such profits accrue, on account of the increase of population, from the rearing of large mutton. What has been lost, however, in the fineness of our English wool has certainly been

Dorset.

Dorset. gained in quantity, and our manufactures of course have been extended.

Kingston
House.

On the right, after we leave Dorchester, appears KINGSTON HOUSE, a seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. The park is well stocked with wood, which forms a pleasing relief to the bleakness of the distant country. As picturesque objects, the trees have a very heavy effect, being suffered to grow into strangely stiff, awkward forms, reminding one more of full bottomed wigs than of ornamental foliage.

Abbey-Mil-
ton.

From Milborn St. Andrew we turned off to the left to visit the seat of the Earl of Dorchester at ABBEY-MILTON.—His lordship's taste, in fixing on so fine a spot for his residence, will be allowed by every one, and perhaps there is no other in the county for which nature and art have done so much in conjunction. The site of the house was once that of an abbey, the conventual church of which still remains, and is a very beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture.

ture. It is placed at the junction of three valleys, the acclivities rising from which are well covered with wood, and have a most romantic, embellished effect. The approach is along the side of a broad sheet of water, collected from distant sources that unfortunately are too scanty in their supplies to maintain a sufficient depth and body, though neither pains nor expence have been spared in endeavouring to attain so desirable an object, nor are exertions yet discontinued. The house adjoins to the north-west part of the church, and was built by the present possessor, Sir William Chambers being the architect. A collegiate plan was adopted (with great propriety) in the distribution of its several parts, which form a quadrangle, and, so far as an air of lightness is preserved, are made to correspond with the stile of the church. It has no pretensions, however, to be considered as an imitation of Gothic,—at least the imitation is a very imperfect and incorrect one. The open parapet surrounding the church was too prominent an appendage not to be preserved in an

Dorset.

Dorset.

adjoining edifice; and Gothic mouldings and pinnacles have been aimed at, but they are in a taste not authorized by any original specimen whatever. The two turrets over the gate are as much in an *Indian* or *Chineſe* ſtile as in a Gothic.—The apartments are numerous and elegant, and the *monk's hall*, as it is called, a venerable old room once the refectory of the abbey, is ſtill preſerved. The latter has a fine oak roof, gilded and painted, and a richly carved ſcreen, in a ſtile correſpondent to it, on which appears the date of 1498; this may be ſeen alſo on the cornice ſurrounding the hall, which is ornãmented with various eſcutcheons and devices. The windows are ſquare, but compoſed of ſeveral compartments with obtuſe Gothic tops, and the glaſs is ſtained with coats of arms.—Among the pictures ſhewn in this houſe are ſeveral by the firſt maſters. A monk's head by Raffælle is inimitable. The ſame ſubject by Titian, a ſea-piece by Claude, and the feeding of the Iſraelites by Baſſan are moſt divinely touched.

It

Dorset.

It now remains for me to attempt some description of the Church, which is in a most simple, chaste, and elegant stile of Gothic. The period of its erection is not to be ascertained with exactness, but the foundation of it was laid, most probably, in the reign of Edward II. Hutchins imagines the abbey to have been founded soon after the battle of Brunanburgh, or about the year 938, at which time Athelstan reigned. The monkish historians ascribe the pious act of this monarch to remorse for having occasioned the death of his brother Edwin, but the story of the latter being exposed in an open boat to the mercy of a tempestuous ocean is too absurd to deserve any credit, and many an one similar to it was often invented to answer the sinister purposes of the clergy of those times. That Athelstan was the founder, however, cannot well be doubted. Two very ancient pictures remain in the choir; one represents this king presenting the model of a church to a monk who kneels before him, with the following inscription in Saxon characters: *viz. Rex Athelstan huj. loci. f.* and the

Dorset. the other his queen, with a hawk in her hand devouring some small bird. The *ancient* edifice, it appears, was accidentally burnt down in the third year of Edward II.'s reign, and a patent granted for the construction of a new one about twelve years afterwards.*—The form of the present church is that of a Roman T, the western part having been wholly taken away, perhaps at the time of the Dissolution, in order to turn the materials to some profit. At the east end is a beautiful Gothic screen, which, before the repairs made a few years ago, was covered up with mortar, and wholly obscured. In removing the latter, the workmen damaged a part of the sculpture, which was supplied, however, in plaister by Mr. Wyatt, whose genius and taste in the renovation of Gothic ornaments and architecture are conspicuous in every instance. The niches are extremely elegant, and very similar to those brought to light by the

* Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, vol. 2, p. 435.

Dorset.

same architect in New College, Oxford. An inscription signifies the date of it to be the year 1492. From the altar the nave shews a great strength and beauty of feature, the roof being simple and elegant, and the arches which support the tower bold and finely turned. The latter is of a square form, and maffy ; it once contained several bells.—In the south transept stands a finely executed monument to the memory of Lady Milton, by Carini. The window above it is of a noble size, and ornamented, as well as those of the aisles, with a profusion of tracery.—This beautiful fabric now serves solely for a private chapel, though divine service is not regularly performed in it, as the family usually attend the parish church built by the Earl of Dorchester, who substituted the latter, by the authority of an act of parliament, for the conventual one. The ancient possessors of the abbey-lands, &c. were the Tregonwells, to whom they were given soon after the Dissolution, in consideration of the payment of one thousand pounds, and the resignation of a pension of forty pounds

Dorset. pounds *per annum* by John Tregonwell, Esq. From the Tregonwells the manor came to the Bancks family, by whom it was sold to the noble Earl (at that time Joseph Damer, Esq.).

We were now only six miles from Blandford, and in proceeding thither had an opportunity of seeing the *new* village of Milton.—The latter was once a decent market-town; being an impediment to his Lordship's plans for the extension and improvement of his grounds, it was removed from the bottom where the piece of water has been formed to a deep nook branching out southward from the valley. It is to be lamented that the inhabitants have now lost their market, and the number of houses is reduced to about thirty, which are merely thatched cottages.—From the hill above these rustic habitations, the church tower beyond and the wood hanging from the brows of the neighbouring heights form a singularly romantic scene.—It must be confessed too that the removal of the town has rendered the effect of the valley more highly
monastic

monastic than ever, and restored it to that seclusion and solitude which recommended it to its original tenants.

Dorset.

The hill above mentioned commands a prodigious prospect, particularly to the south-east, and seems to be one of the most elevated spots in the county.—The distance on our right, as we advanced, was delicious; terminated by fine blue ridges which formed an undulating horizon, a broad country spread itself open before us under the several gradations of hue that were so often borrowed by the pencil of the unrivalled Claude.

Crossing Blandford-bridge, you have an advantageous view of BRIANSTON HOUSE, the seat of William Portman, Esq.* The river Stour flows through the grounds in a broad, handsome current, and washes the foot of a

*Brianston
House.*

* Now of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq.

Dorset. beautiful cliff extending from the bridge to the house and planted with great taste. I think there is room for greater embellishment, however, in the remaining space.—The architect of Brianston House was Mr. Wyatt, and it is built on an elegant plan.

Blandford. BLANDFORD is a neat town situated on the eastern side of the Stour, the breadth of which is here considerable. In old records this place is stiled a borough, but it does not appear that representatives were returned to parliament more than twice, *viz.* once during the reign of Edward I. and again during that of Edward III. It has twice suffered extremely by fire, and particularly in June 1731, when few of the inhabitants could save any of their property.—The church is a handsome and lofty modern edifice, and there is a neat town-hall. The only building of any antiquity is DAMORY HOUSE, (and *this* is partly modernized) situated at the eastern extremity of the town. It was the seat of the eldest

*Damory
House.*

eldest branch of the ancient family of Ryves,* *Dorset.* but the first possessor was Roger Damory, from whom the house takes its name. In the reign of Henry VIII. it belonged to the crown, and the royal arms may still be seen over the doorway. There are vestiges of a much greater extent of building on the north-east side, and a few yards more to the east is an ancient chapel, (now converted into a stable) which Hutchins informs us was dedicated to St. Leonard. There are two windows and a door on each side, but those towards the Winborn road are now partly blocked up. The former have a profusion of tracery work in a curious early style, though the arches are rather obtuse. Damory House is at present the property of Francis Galpine, Esq.

The high road to Salisbury presented us with few objects that did not occur on our other track, which indeed we resumed before we came

* Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, vol. I, p. 80.

Dorset. to Woodyates. We had a pleasing landscape on our left, after leaving Tarrant-Hinton, the forest scenery of Cranborn-chace appearing in the distance, with the boundary hills of Wiltshire behind it.

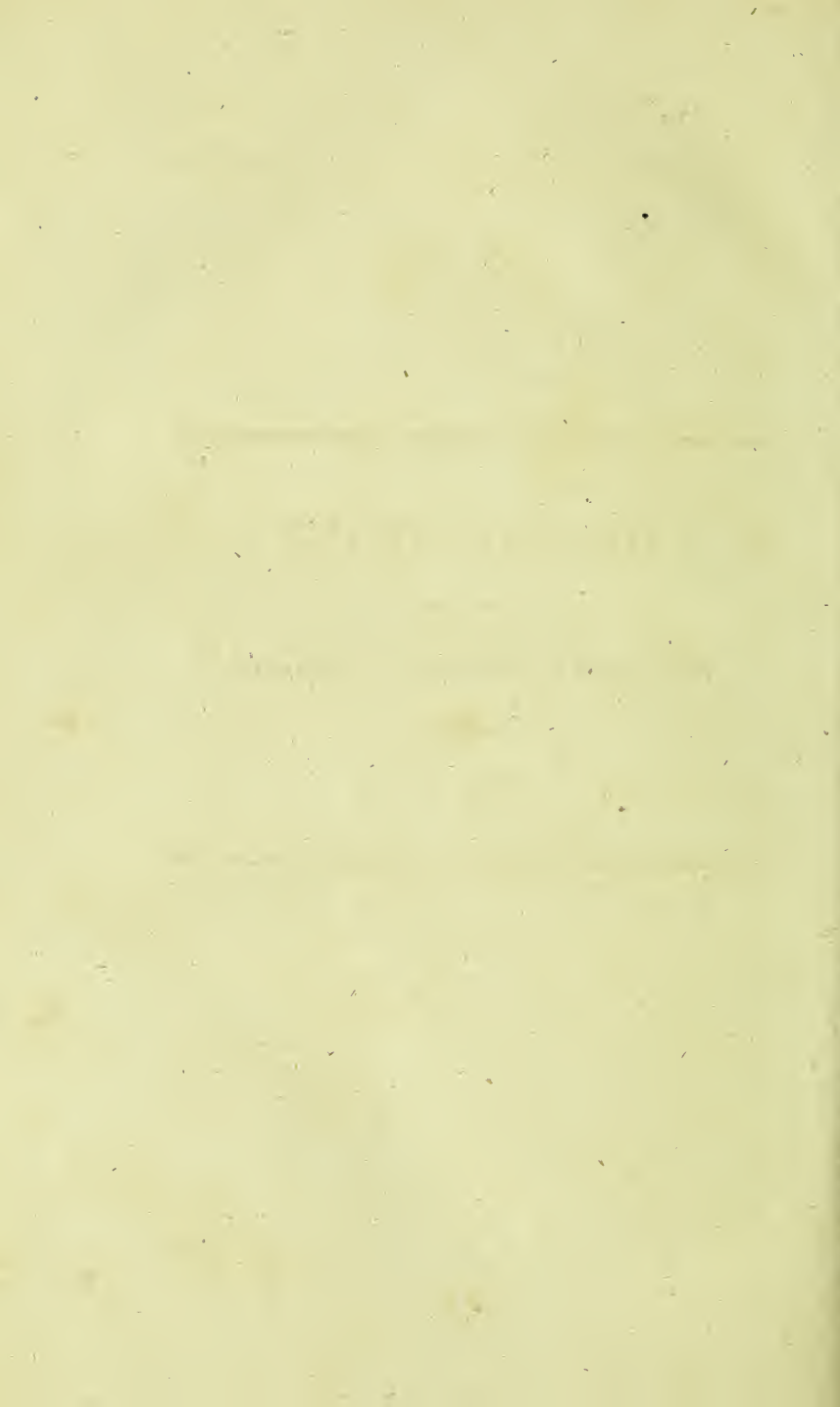
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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Western Counties of England.

VOL. II.



OBSERVATIONS

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO THE
NATURAL HISTORY,

Picturesque Scenery,

AND

ANTIQUITIES,

OF THE

Western Counties of England,

Made in the Years 1794 and 1796.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A Mineralogical Map, and sixteen Views in Aquatinta by Alken.

BY

WILLIAM GEORGE MATON, M. A.

FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

VOL. II.

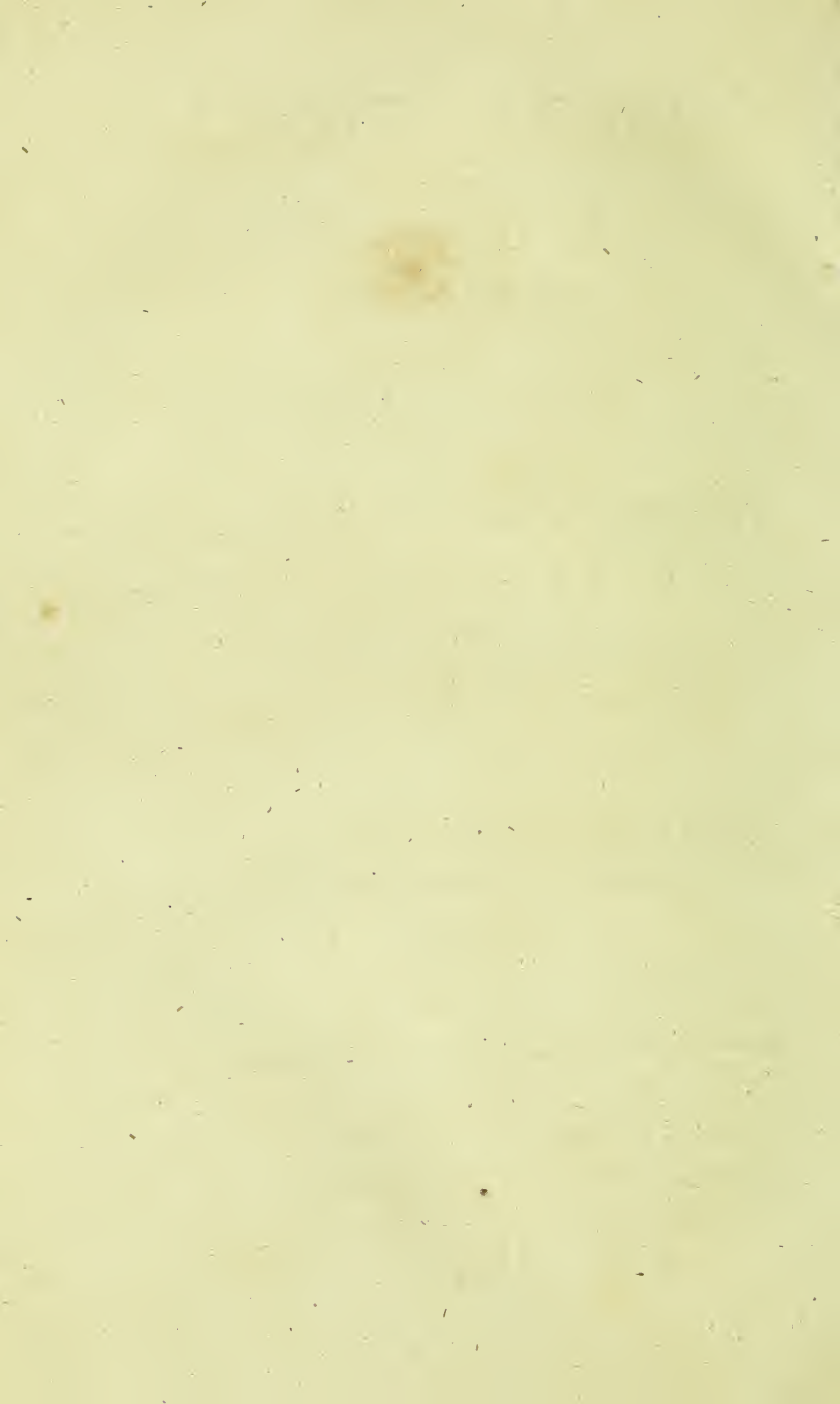
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1797.



OBSERVATIONS


ON THE

WESTERN COUNTIES.



DORSETSHIRE

CONTINUED.



HAVING resolved to visit the more northern part of Dorsetshire previous to our entrance into Somersetshire, we commenced our survey of the former at Shaftesbury. The road leading to this town from Salisbury diverges

Dorset. so much from that which we had pursued on our first tour, that we could not recontemplate any part of the country before trodden. A ridge of hills too, projecting sometimes into bold, round knolls, and forming the boundaries both of Wiltshire and chalk,* became a sort of screen on our left.

Shaftesbury. SHAFTESBURY barely stands within the county of Dorset, and is on the edge of a noble eminence that seems to form a natural barrier to Wiltshire, and commands a view of astonishing extent to the south-west. It is a town of great antiquity, but its present appearance ill corresponds with the account given of it by the old writers, in whose time there were twelve churches (besides the famous Benedictine monastery founded by Alfred,) and three mints.

* The tract included between the above mentioned ridge and the river Willy consists of limestone, communicating with the *stratum* that covers so large a part of Somersetshire and the contiguous parts of Dorsetshire, but, though full of shells, it has a more loose and granular texture. There are at Fovant quarries of freestone,

Dorset.

No part of the monastery remains, nor are there more than three churches standing, exclusive of St. James's, at the foot of the hill, which belongs to the liberty of Alcester. The houses are built with stone, but the streets have rather a mean appearance.—Few places have been distressed for water more than Shaftesbury, the situation being so high that it was necessary for the engines, erected some years ago for furnishing a supply, to raise it three hundred feet perpendicularly. These works are now neglected, a circumstance of some *advantage* to the poor, many of whom gain a livelihood by fetching water from a distance on their heads, or on horses' backs.—On a spot called *Castle-green*, at the western extremity of the town, are traces of entrenchments, and here perhaps a castle once stood, which from the nature of the situation must have been impregnable. A vast landscape appears hence, and, when illumined by the splendid rays of a morning sun, forms a scene truly glorious; though, for my own part, I was most interested in the suffusion of this

Dorset. astonishing expanse with the various *sombre* hues of evening. It is by no means destitute of feature. In front, an eminence called *Duncliffe-hill* rises with a beautifully wooded summit, bounding the fertile vale of Blackmoor, through which a white road sometimes losing itself among woodlands, and sometimes traversing verdant pastures, winds westward into the distance. On the left, a fine undulating ridge shelters the vale; whilst the hills of Mere in Wiltshire, with Alfred's tower at the extremity, the torr of Glastonbury, and the hazy heights of Quantock, in Somersetshire, range themselves in the remaining part of the horizon.

Stour. Pursuing our route towards Sherborn, we come to the village of STOUR, not far distant from the source of the river which runs through it, and from which it takes its name.—The Stour first discovers itself in the delightful grounds of Sir Richard Hoare, at Stourton in Wiltshire, and continues its course by Sturminster to Blandford, watering one of the
finest

finest tracts of pasture land in the kingdom. *Dorset.*
 Pasturage *only* is seen in this part of the county, which from the multitude of cows fed on it may truly be called "*a land flowing with milk.*" The most considerable part of it is included within the vale of Blackmoor,—a most rich district surrounded by hills, and moistened by numerous streams that are at length swallowed up in the Stour, and render its current very wide.

As we approach Henstridge, we may discern STALBRIDGE, where the great Mr. Boyle re- *Stalbridge.*
 sided, and where he made some of his earliest experiments. The seat is now the property of the Earl of Uxbridge.

The Sherborn road leaves Henstridge a little to the left, passing by an inn called *Henstridge-* *Henstridge*
Ash, from a large ash-tree that stood here for- *Ash.*
 merly.—It then brings us to Milborn-Port.

MILBORN-PORT is situated in a pleasant vale, Milborn Port,

Dorset. but, though a borough, has a mean appearance, and is of no extent. It carries on, however, manufactories of woollen cloth, linen, and hosiery.—The guildhall (standing in the high street) seems to be a very ancient building, and has a curious door-way, which is in a sort of Saxon stile.—The representation is under the management of about a dozen persons.

Fine, bold hills, covered with wood, now
Sherborn. appear on the left, and as we enter *SHERBORN*, the old castle and the magnificent seat of the Earl of Digby come in view.—Here the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh spent as much of his time as his various employments would allow; we felt great curiosity to visit the residence of that celebrated statesman. It is highly interesting to watch great minds even in the periods of their relaxation, and to search for whatever memorials they may have left even of their follies or amusements. We were conducted to a grove planted by Sir Walter himself, which still retains his name,
and

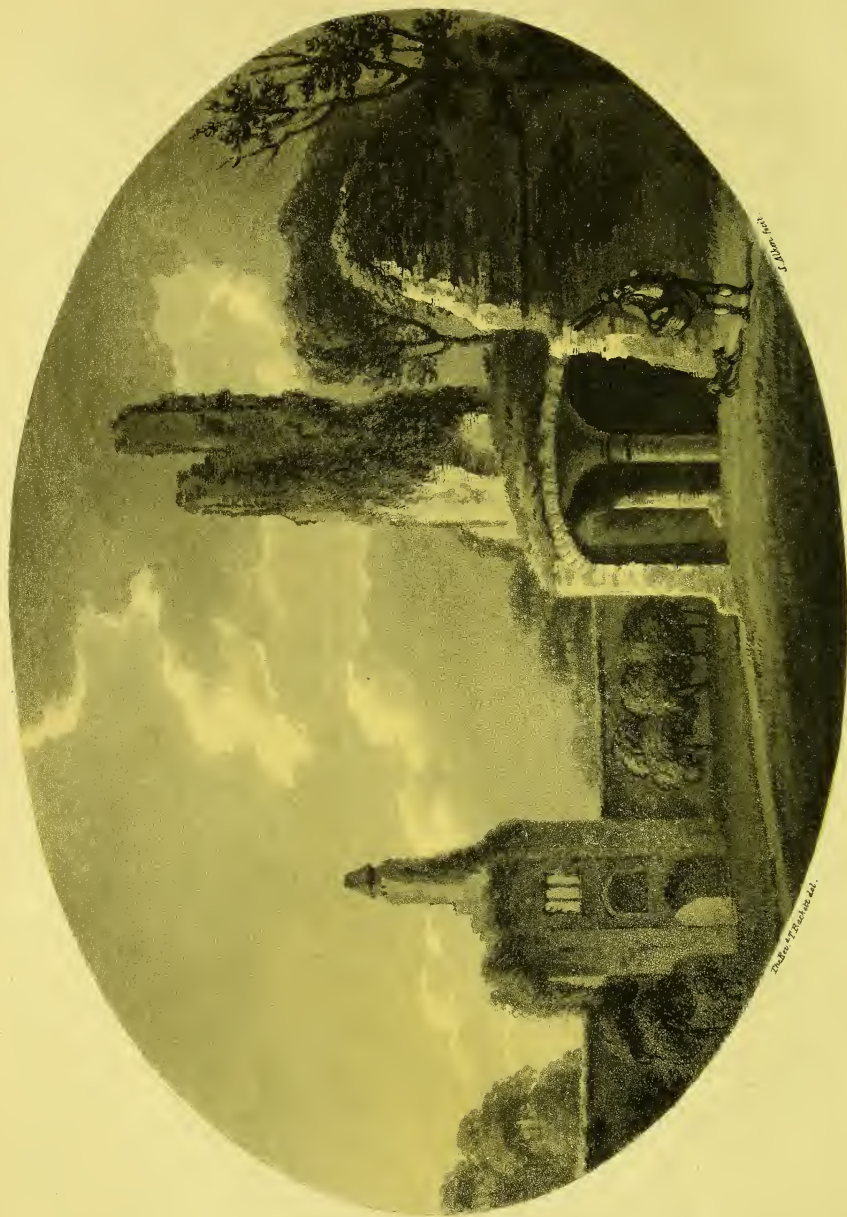
and here we could fancy him retired from the bustle and intrigues of a court to enjoy in rural tranquillity the song of a favourite poet. *Dorset.*

The manor and castle of Sherborn were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh in the year 1592; and the middle part of the Lodge (which is now in the form of a Roman H) was built by him, the date and his arms being visible on the windows.* The two wings were added, soon after the Restoration, by the Earl of Bristol, out of the ruins of the castle. When viewed together with the decorated grounds around it, the fine sheet of water, and the hanging woods to the south, the building has a very grand and striking effect. The gardens were partly laid out by Brown, and great taste is displayed in the management of them, as well as of the park, which is three hundred and forty acres in

* The date is 1594.

Dorset. extent. The river Yeo, or Ivel, runs through the latter, and is crossed by a handsome stone-bridge of three arches, built by Milne.

North of the Lodge, but within the grounds, stand the remains of Sherborn Castle. From the fragments of the walls being extremely maffy, there can be no doubt that this was once a strong and regular fortress, and, from the height of the situation, it must have commanded all the adjacent vale to the north and west. Its form seems to have been octagonal, and there was a very deep moat round it, except on the north side, where the quickness of the ascent was a sufficient security. We observed some traces of an arched passage, or sally-port, in this direction, running strait down the precipice towards the level ground at a distance. The front seems to be more modern than any other part of the castle, the upper windows being square, and the arch of the gate (which is evidently in the same stile of work) circular. A little within the gate, on
the



Sherborne Castle.

Engraved by J. G. B. del.

the left, are the remains of what, I conjecture, must have been the state-apartments, one part of which was carried up very high ; there is a large Saxon column still standing towards the area. The chapel stood on this side, and a great part of the walls may be seen, ornamented with Saxon arches that intersect one another ; the windows have zigzag mouldings. The whole building was originally faced with Ham-hill stone, but much of this was transferred to the Lodge at the time of the additions made by the Earl of Bristol, so that the walls have now a ragged appearance :—the trees around them, however, contribute with the position of some of the fragments to give the whole ruin a picturesque aspect. *Dorset.*

Sherborn Castle was the ancient palace of the Bishops of that see, which being removed to Old Sarum when united to that of Wilton, William the Conqueror granted it to Bishop Osmund. From this period it continued to belong to the Bishops of Sarum until the reign

Dorset. reign of Stephen, about which time I apprehend the present building was erected—probably by Bishop Roger, who seems to have been a great architect (and particularly in the military line), having built castles at Devizes and Malmesbury also. His edifices are described as being “*for space very large, for cost very chargeable, for shew very beautiful. The stones are set in such exact order that the joints cannot be seen, and the whole structure seems to be but one stone.*” The Castle of Sherborn was certainly in every respect correspondent to this description, as we may perceive, even from its ruins. Nothing remarkable occurs in its military history until the time of the Rebellion, when the Earl of Bedford sat down before it on the part of the Parliament. It is reported that the Earl’s sister (the Countess of Bristol) was at this very time at the Lodge, and, being informed that her brother had orders to demolish it, immediately went on horseback to his tent, and told him that “*if he persisted in his intention, he should find his sister’s bones buried in the ruins.*”

This

This spirited resolution, probably, alone saved it from destruction. After the battle of Langport, Sir Thomas Fairfax resolved to reduce the Castle, at that time commanded by Sir Lewis Dives. It cost Sir Thomas a siege of sixteen days. About two months afterwards the Parliament ordered it to be demolished.*

Dorset.

The town of Sherborn was a place of great note in the Saxon times, and the see of a Bishop from the reign of Ina to the year 1056, when Herman established the latter at Old Sarum. It is even now indeed the most populous town in the county, except Poole, and is nearly two miles in circumference. The houses are built chiefly with freestone, of which there are quarries at no great distance. Manufactories of various kinds are carried on; two, of silk, employ at least six hundred people. The church is a very lofty, spacious, and ve-

* See Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

Dorset. nerable structure, and may be considered as a fine specimen of the Gothic stile of Henry VI.'s time, when it was rebuilt.* It is two hundred and seven feet in length, and in breadth one hundred and two; the length however, must have been formerly much greater, for the west front could not have been originally finished as it is at present. The roof of the nave, which is one hundred and nine feet high, is for the most part vaulted with stone, and decorated with rich mouldings, &c. The tower stands in the middle of the church, and is of a quadrangular form, supported by four arches. It

* The destruction of the old church was occasioned by a quarrel between the monks and the townsmen, which sprang from no less important a cause than the removal of the font! So exasperated were the latter, that a *priest* of Allhallows (as Leland informs us) one day threw some fire into the upper part of the church, in consequence of which the whole was nearly consumed, and some of the bells melted.—We see every day how far, amidst the rancor of party, men are apt to overlook the interests even of a common cause, and religion itself is often injured less by the attacks or insinuations of the infidel than by the mutual animosities of different bodies and the raging zeal of sectaries.—The monks had their revenge on the townsmen by compelling them to re-edify the fabric.

contains

contains six large bells that require twenty men to ring them ; the tenor weighing sixty thousand pounds, was the gift of Cardinal Wolsey, who was once rector of Limington in this neighbourhood. There is a complete Saxon porch (which seems to be the only part of the original fabric now left) on the south side, and there are traces of the same species of architecture on many of the houses near the church.—Ethelbald, King of the West Saxons, and his brother Ethelbert are said to have been interred here, but we could find no stone or inscription to their memory.

Dorset.

Sherborn Church continued to be a conventual one until the time of the Dissolution. In the chancel, and also at the west end, there are still some of the monks' stalls. The rude figures and devices with which many of them are ornamented are whimsical and ludicrous enough ; no less so are those on some houses adjoining to the north side of the church, that were probably residences of the monks. Here may be seen
heads

Dorset. heads, and whole bodies, of animals created only by the imagination of the sculptor.—Not far northward stands a fine old conventual barn.

According to the observations made in digging wells, the following, I learn, is the succession of the *strata* in the neighbourhood of Sherborn: to the depth of three feet or more they usually find a black mould; afterwards a thin scaly limestone (generally loaded with shells) appears. The limestone rests on a bed of ferruginous earth, or sand, which is succeeded by *strata* of limestone again (about three or four feet in thickness), occasionally divided by beds of marl. Here springs are found.

Wishing to ascertain as accurately as possible the course of the chalk in this county, and the appearance of its boundaries, we now made a journey southward, and trod the rich soil of the vale of Blackmoor until we came to Revel-hill. The face of the country here altered, and the most pleasing intermixture of wood and pasture
was

was exchanged for open downs and unvaried barrenness. Before we searched into the nature of the subsoil, we were sufficiently instructed that it had passed into chalk by the altered aspect of vegetation. By attending to this circumstance, the mineralogist may often obtain pretty certain indications of the transitions of *strata*, and thus agriculture and botany lend their assistance to him, as well as prove their intimate connection with each other. Agriculture, in its turn, receives help from mineralogy, for soils being so much dependent on the decomposition of their *substrata*, the farmer can ascertain neither the nature, nor the probability of finding a depth, of the former, but by learning the texture and properties of the minerals which constitute the latter. The botanist will afford information both to the farmer and to the mineralogist. He will often tell them, by the presence of one particular plant, such, for instance, as *Hedysarum Onobrychis* (saint-foin), *Campanula glomerata*, or even the humble little *Hippocrepis comosa*, (horse-shoe vetch) that the
soil

Dorset.

Dorset. soil can be no other than a cretaceous one, and will point out in *Pteris aquilina* (brakes) a certain witness of a depth of mould.—But to return——Revel-hill forms a part of the ridge (which I should distinguish by the name of the *chalk boundary*) coming from near Melbury somewhat in the shape of an amphitheatre, and passing hence, with many undulations, not far south of Evershot and Beminster towards Axminster in Devonshire. The vale of Blackmoor (to which it is a boundary southward) now appears to be of a sort of elliptical shape, the longest diameter seeming to run from Melbury towards Long Burton. To the west of the latter lies the forest of Whitehart, and the country is finely wooded, presenting most rich and delightful scenery. Projecting parts of the ridge are profusely clothed on their declivities, and become noble features in the landscape, which is of a nature that rarely occurs within the confines of this county, and may be justly considered as the most beautiful that it affords.

Dorset.

We found we were now but a few miles distant from Cerne-Abbas, and, being desirous of viewing the remains of its abbey, resolved to extend our ride to it.—On our left the country began to acquire a boldness and roundness of feature that prepared us for something romantic in the situation of Cerne.—We descended into this town from an immense chalk hill terminating towards it in a mountainous prominence crowned with a very large oblong entrenchment. On the declivity of the hill (generally known by the name of *Trendle-hill*) may be traced a gigantic figure, cut in the chalk, in the manner of the horse on Whitehorse-hill, in Berkshire, and probably of as great antiquity. It represents a man, holding a club in his right hand, and extending the other, and appears to be almost two hundred feet in height. There is a tradition among the vulgar that this was to commemorate the destruction of a giant, who, having feasted on some sheep in Blackmoor, and laid himself down to sleep after his meal on this hill, was bound and killed by the enraged pea-

Dorset. fants on the spot.—Without resorting to any ridiculous story, or to any conceit of antiquarians, for the origin of the figure, one may conclude that most works of this sort, especially when contiguous to encampments, were the amusement merely of idle people, and cut out with as little meaning, perhaps, as shepherds' boys strip off the turf on the Wiltshire plains.

Cerne. If we might believe William of Malmesbury, CERNE Abbey was founded as early as the time of St. Austin, whose zeal in the conversion of the Saxons to the Christian faith led him into these parts, where he performed several miracles. I fear we have need of better authority than our credulous monk's for supposing that the saint ever travelled so far from Kent, or that any missionary arrived in the west of England before Birinus, thirty years after the time of St. Austin.—The earliest period at which we have any *certain* account of a religious society existing here is the year 870, when Edward, brother of St. Edmund, King of East Anglia is said to have
resided

Dorset.

resided in it. Through veneration for the memory of that monarch, Ailmer, Earl of Cornwall and Devon, rebuilt and endowed the abbey for Benedictine monks about 987.* Among the distinguished men who have lived in it was Cardinal Morton.—The gate-house of the abbey remains externally entire, but does not appear to be of a date long prior to the Dissolution. There are two stories above the gateway, each having a projecting window, which is adorned with elaborate sculpture. Some buildings south of the gate appear to have belonged to the abbey, and are more ancient than the former, but have been converted into a farm-house and other dwellings. A mansion facing Market-street was constructed principally with the old stone, and bears the name of the *Abbey-house*, which was some time the residence of Denzil, Lord Holles, second son of John, first Earl of Clare, and minister plenipotentiary to the treaty of Breda.—

* Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, vol. 2, p. 287.

Dorset. The conventual church stood probably east of the abbey, and parallel to the present churchyard. I apprehend it must have been used for parochial purposes, otherwise the burial ground would not have been contiguous to it ; the present church is some hundred yards distant from the latter.

Cerne is a small town, and, being surrounded on all sides by high hills, appears extremely secluded and well calculated for the monastic life. Southward the scenery improves in boldness, and the ridges of chalk that rear themselves with an immense naked outline about Sidling form a species of landscape not often witnessed in other counties.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

TAKING leave of Dorsetshire, we pursued a circuitous track to Ilchester, a town that seemed to deserve particular attention on account of its antiquity.—But we first passed through the village of BROAD MARSTON, whither we were led in search of a *natural* curiosity.—In the year 1778, at the opening of a marl pit, a *stratum* of a very uncommon and beautiful species of stone was discovered, containing a congeries of *ammonitæ*, scarcely deprived of the animal part of their composition (the nacre of the shells being still visible), and of various sizes, from one quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter.

Broad
Marston.

Somerset. ameter. The ground of it, which is of a greyish blue colour, consists of indurated marl. The shells, being filled with variegated sparry matter, when polished exhibit a singular appearance, and the whole becomes an elegant, ornamental substance for chimney-pieces, &c. It is found about eight feet below the surface of the ground, and the thickness of the mass is in general about eight or nine inches. How far the *stratum* may extend it is not easy to ascertain, but it has not been as yet much diminished.

The parish of Broad Marston is situated in a low flat country eastward of Ilchester.—Most of the lands in this part of Somersetshire are pasture, and thickly enclosed with wood, chiefly elm, which grows very abundantly. There seems to be great moisture and coldness in the soil.

We could not help admiring a bold eminence, with a large encampment on the top, which occasionally came in view, and which, from
its

its bearing, we concluded must be the ancient station of CADBURY. It is situated at the extremity of a steep ridge of hills (nearly south of Castle Cary), and must have been one of the strongest positions, perhaps, in the kingdom. The form of the ramparts being seemingly accommodated to that of the hill, and as the old topographers give but an obscure account of this fortification, I cannot guess at what period it was constructed. Leland speaks of it in a sort of ecstasy. "Good God!" (says he) "what deep ditches! what high ramparts! what precipices! In short, it really appears to me to be a wonder both of art and nature."*

Somerset.

Cadbury.

ILCHESTER stands on the banks of the river Ivel (the *Velox* of Ravennas), whence it originally had the name of *Ivelchester*. It was one of the

Ilchester.

* "Dii boni, quantum hinc profundissimarum fossarum! quot hic egestæ terræ valla! quæ demum precipitia! Atque, ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse et artis et naturæ miraculum."

Affert. Arturii, p. 29.

Somerset.

most famous stations possessed by the Romans, and there are still many vestiges of its ancient extent. Vast arches and foundations of buildings lie beneath the surface of the ground, and some remains of a Roman wall are discernible. The form of the old city seems to have been oblong, standing on the oblique points of the compass. It was furrounded by a ditch, which could easily be filled with water from the river, and of which a part may yet be traced to the north-west, exactly in the direction of *Yard-lane*.—A great number of Roman coins, of various periods, have been found here. Our innkeeper shewed us a collection that he had formed at the time of the removal of Whitehall Hospital, near his stables; the most remarkable of them were a Nero, some pieces of Antoninus Pius, a Vespasian, and a Maximian.—Besides military, there are various relics of monastic antiquities at Ilchester. The ruins of the old hospital of Whitehall, indeed, are now completely removed to make room for a wharf, opposite the county gaol, which stands on the northern side
of

of the river. Some part of a house of black friars, however, is still to be seen, but the north transept of the conventual church has been metamorphosed into a spinning-house !——

Somerset.

“ Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum.”

The friary was founded about the year 1270, according to Collinson.*—The Ark-inn seems to have been originally a religious house—perhaps the chapel of St. Mary Minor that we read of. This inn is situated on the bridge. The latter consists of two large arches, and crosses the river just in the direction of the ancient Roman fosse-way.—The only church now standing is that of St. Mary, at the west end of which is an octagonal tower, supposed to be built with Roman materials.

The feat of a municipality as well as of a government ; Ilchester as well as Babylon has its

* *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 301.

Somerset. turn in the changes of things. This place was one of the most important stations of the Romans in the island, and a very flourishing town in the Saxon times, but it is now reduced to a mean street or two, with nothing to proclaim its former grandeur, except the numerous urns, tessellated pavements, and statues, which owe their discovery to accident, or which occur only to the indefatigable attention of the antiquary.

In the construction of the county gaol, and indeed of many other buildings in this part of the country, we observed that a species of freestone has been used which appears (though so soft when first taken out of the quarry) to become hardened by the weather to an extraordinary degree. It is dug in considerable quantities at Hamden hill, and contains, like the Portland freestone, a multitude of shells, differing from the latter only in being slightly tinged with a brownish red oxyde of iron.—Most of the cottages in the neighbourhood are built with a bluish limestone, called *lyas*; this abounds about

Somer-

Somerton and Kingsdon, and is an extremely useful substance. In our way to the former of these places we saw it in the quarries. It lies just below the surface of the ground, in horizontal *strata*, which consist of loose masses, or *flags*, but the texture is very close and compact.

Somerset.

On some of the hills we caught a view of Glastonbury torr, which just rose above the high ground on the right. Montacute hills* were fine objects on our left, and are visible to an immense distance; they overlook, it is said, a tract of country three hundred miles in circumference. West of these hills rises the high rocky ridge of Hamden, on the top of which is a bold Roman encampment, supposed to be nearly three miles in circuit.

* So called from the ancient village of Montacute, where a priory of Cluniac monks was founded by William, Earl of Morton and Cornwall, whose residence stood above. I know not whether there are any remains of these buildings.

Somerset. In a fertile and pleasant part of the county,
Somerton. on an eminence, stands the town of SOMERTON.
Whatever doubt may be entertained of this place having been a Roman station, there can be none of its having been well known in the Saxon times and even as early as the Heptarchy. It appears that Ina had a castle and palace here, which Ethelbald, King of Mercia, for a while had possession of, during his war with the former. Whether it was the same fortress in which John, King of France, was afterwards confined, when a prisoner of Edward III. cannot now be ascertained. Seeing some fragments of old walls and the vestiges of a circular tower near the Bear-inn, we concluded that these might be the remains of one or the other, but I find from Collinson that the county-prison once stood on this site. We observed several buildings of an antique appearance as we passed through the town; there are none, however, particularly deserving of notice.—Somerton is esteemed a very healthy place, and it has an air of neatness and respectability, but no longer any pretensions

to be ranked among the principal towns in the county.—The chief concern of the natives of this district is grazing, and they have the right of common, gratis, on a large tract of excellent land, a little westward from Somerton. *Somerset.*

Intending to take the nearest route to Taunton, we visited LANGPORT. This town (which *Langport.* is of some antiquity) is situated chiefly on an ascent, having a rich country to the north and south, and a considerable extent of fine meadow land to the west. The latter, from being depastured in common, without interruption from the cattle of other parishes, is called *Common-Moor*. No lord of any adjoining manor has a right of soil in it, and the neighbouring inhabitants have from time immemorial fed their cattle, and built when and in what manner they pleased.—The river Parret, navigable here for barges, passes through Langport, and is crossed by a stone bridge of nine arches. The fall of this river hence to Boroughbridge is only one inch in a mile; from the level of King's

Somerset. King's Sedgemoor to its bed the fall is fifteen feet.

Two miles distant from Langport, to the south, are some remains of the ancient abbey of Muchelney, in our way to which we passed under a long arched gate-way that had the appearance of a military work. Over it, however, is a small old room which was originally a chapel, now converted into a free-school. This building is vulgarly called *the hanging chapel*.— It stands near the church, in the highest part of the town.

The parish of Bishop's Huish adjoins to Langport on the north-east, and contains fine pasture and meadow lands, in which vast numbers of cattle are reared and fattened for the market. The tower of Huish church is a very stately elegant object, being ornamented at the top with eight beautiful Gothic pinnacles, each surmounted with a spear-head.

MUCHELNEY is a tract of land enclosed between the Ivel and a branch of the Parret, and from being frequently insulated by the floods of the surrounding moors is often denominated the *great island*. There are about thirty cottages in a village of the same name, on the south-west side of which we found the Abbey, now converted into a farm-house. Some venerable old elms seem still to shed a sort of religious gloom over the spot, and there are evident marks of antiquity even in the barns and out-houses. The apartments that remain were probably those of the abbot. A part of the old kitchen, with the stove, &c. may be seen, and a good deal of painted glass is retained in the windows, which are much ornamented with sculpture on the outside. Stone stair-cases and large pointed arches are entire in various parts of the house. The east end of it is part of a chapel, which (according to William of Worcester) belonged to the abbey, exclusive of the conventual church, and was dedicated to the Virgin. It is decorated with

a pro-

Somerset.
Muchelney.

Somerset. a profusion of florid sculpture.—In the adjoining orchard we traced the foundations of walls to some distance. No vestiges of the conventual church appear, unless indeed the present parochial one was used as such; I think it is not, however, in a stile, or on a scale, sufficiently magnificent to have belonged to the society, whose revenues were ample and number considerable.* The reigning monarch, we find, was always their patron. This circumstance seems to indicate that one of our kings was the founder of the abbey; and it is certain that many, long before the conquest, were benefactors to it. Collinson ascribes the foundation of it to Athelstan, others to Ina.—The order was that of St. Benedict.—There is a tradition that the monks cultivated woad in the neighbouring lands.

The road from Langport to Taunton passes

* Collinson's *Hist. of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 134.

over a fine ridge of hills, whence we look down, to the south, on a beautiful country, abounding with rich meadow and wood lands, and forming a delicious picture as far as the eye can reach.—Among the great quantities of timber growing in this part of the country, elm seems to be the most thriving.—The substance of the hills is chiefly a blue limestone, fit for building. There is also the *white lyas*, which is nothing but a calcareous stone of the same nature as the first, though sometimes it contains fossil bivalves of the genus *Tellina*, and *Venus*, and other forts.—The labourers on the road break stone for its repair with an one-handed hammer,—a method which they say is more expeditious than the ordinary one of using the sledge-hammer;—and, what has a singular appearance, they all *fit*, like flint-cutters, in the midst of the rubble.

Somerset.

We soon came to BURTON-PYNSENT, the seat of the Earl of Chatham. To his illustrious father, who occasionally resided here, the Coun-

Burton-
Pynsent.

Somerset. tefs has erected an urn of white marble, with the following inscription : *viz.*

(On the front of the pedestal)

“ Sacred to pure affection, this simple urn stands a witness of unceasing grief for him, who, excelling in whatever is most admirable, and adding to the exercise of the sublimest virtues the sweet charm of refined sentiment and polished wit, by gay and social commerce rendered beyond comparison happy the course of domestic life, and bestowed a felicity inexpressible upon her, whose faithful love was blessed in a pure return, that raised her above every other joy but the parental one,—and *that* still shared with him. His generous country, with public monuments, has eternized his name. This humble tribute is but to soothe the sorrowing breast of private woe.”

(On the back)

“ To the memory of WILLIAM PITT, EARL of CHATHAM, this marble is inscribed by Hester, his beloved wife, 1781.”

This elegant and delicate token of conjugal affection

Somerset.

affection stands at the end of a narrow walk in the park, shaded with laurels, the urn supported by a square pedestal and surrounded by a festoon. —In the north-east part of the grounds there is a noble column of white stone, one hundred and forty feet high, erected by the late Earl to the memory of Sir William Pynsent. It bears this simple inscription : *viz.*

“ Sacred to the memory of SIR WILLIAM PYNSENT.

Hoc saltem fungar inani munere.”

The house is a large, irregular building, situated on the northern edge of the hills, and overlooking West Sedgemoor, above which the latter rise, with rather a quick ascent, four hundred feet nearly. Its principal front is on this side, and commands a full prospect of the flat country between the Mendip and the Quantock hills. Immediately under the eye lies the moor, level as a bowling-green, and covered

Somerset. with the finest verdure, to the extent of six miles in length, and from one mile to three in breadth, thickly interspersed with villages, and watered by numerous currents communicating with the Parret and the Tone.—The isle of Athelney, no less famous for the retreat of Alfred during the Danish incursions than the fens of *Minturnæ* were to the Romans for being the hiding-place of Marius, may be clearly distinguished to the north of Burton-Pynsent.

About Wrantage the lyas begins to be mixed with flint and a coarse grit-stone. The main *stratum* appears to continue westward, in the direction of the ridge above-mentioned, from which our road descended to the right about seven miles from Taunton.—The profile of the hills on this side was now to be seen, and as they alternately started into large knolls and receded into hollows exhibited a fine outline. From a distant part of the moors, the coppices and hanging thickets on the declivities have a beau-

beautiful effect. The road brings us down on these moors, the soil of which is deep and rich, producing most exuberant herbage, and affording pasture to innumerable herds of cattle.—Rounded pebbles, (sure testimonies of a soil formed by deposition from some permanent current, or bed of water) are conspicuous at various depths.—An almost uninterrupted flat lies between this and the Severn, bounded westward by the Quantock, and eastward by the Polden, hills. As we approach Taunton, the former begins to assume quite a mountainous aspect.—At length we come to TAUNTON-DEAN, or the vale of Taunton,—an unparalleled picture of fertility :—

Somerset.

Taunton-Dean.

“ What ear so empty is that hath not heard the sound
Of Taunton’s fruitful Deane ? not match’d by any
ground.”

DRAYTON.

The soil is a red loam, of which there are no traces east of Langport, but which we did not doubt we should find communicating with the

Somerset. *Stratum* that we had followed along the southern coast of Devon.

Taunton. TAUNTON is so large, well built, and handsome, that it may vie with most *cities* in the kingdom, and, as a place of trade and industry, perhaps exceeds them all, except London and Bristol. The woollen manufacture has flourished in this town almost ever since its introduction into England by the famous John Kempe, the first manufactory being established as early as the year 1336. Upwards of one thousand looms are said to have been employed here at one time, the number of inhabitants having amounted to twenty thousand. A large silk manufactory was established about sixteen years ago.

We could not help remarking the prodigious number of inns and ale-houses; out of every ten houses almost, there is one that puts out a sign.—Wherever the lower class of people are
are

are united by a common employment, they acquire some common habits, and among those habits the most prevalent are such as result from the indulgence of social pleasures. Hence the drunkenness so frequent in manufacturing towns, and the opportunities offered for the gratification of this pernicious propensity. It seems to be in villages only that we must look for temperance and its concomitant health and quietude. The accumulation of manufacturers in one spot must be lamented as a most unfortunate circumstance for morals, whilst agriculture and the occupations of rural life tend to secure the union of the two great springs of political prosperity—industry and tranquillity.

Somerset.

Here, as in every place where the woollen manufacture is carried on, the portrait of Bishop Blaise, with the comb, is seen suspended from a sign-post.—It has been generally imagined that this prelate was the inventor of wool-combing,

Somerset. and indeed from no other cause can one account for his effigies being so much revered by this class of manufacturers. The art, however, must have been known before his time, for it is as late as the end of the second (or the beginning of the third) century that we first hear of him. He had the bishopric of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, as the ecclesiastical writers inform us, and suffered martyrdom by decapitation, under Dioclesian, after having his flesh torn with iron combs.—There is no reason why we should conclude that these instruments of torture were used on account of the unfortunate bishop having applied them to the dressing of wool.

The right of choosing members of parliament (enjoyed by this place ever since the reign of Edward I.) is vested in a description of people called *Potwallers*, or *Potwalloners*. These are all such inhabitants as reside within the limits of the borough, and boil their own pots, provided they are not paupers, and have not received relief

relief from the fund of any charity within a year. *Somerset.*

There are four principal streets in Taunton, of a most commodious width. Of the public edifices, there is no one that will attract the attention, or excite the admiration, of a traveller more than the beautiful church of St. Mary Magdalen. The tower has a shape of uncommon elegance, and is one hundred and fifty-three feet in height. It is decorated with florid Gothic ornaments, and crowned with four handsome pinnacles. The body of the church too is on a spacious and magnificent scale.—St. James's also must be esteemed a fine structure. The above two are the only churches in the town, but there are numerous chapels belonging to a variety of religious persuasions.—With respect to monastic establishments, Taunton had never more than two, *viz.* a priory for secular canons of the order of St. Augustine, founded by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, about the year 1110, and a house of Carmelites, or

White-

Somerset. White-friars, established by Walter de Meriot, in the reign of Edward III.* A building now used as a school-room seemed to us to have belonged originally to one or the other of these societies. It stands near the old gate-way leading to the castle.

The castle is part of a fine edifice erected by Bishop Giffard, and situated on the west side of the town. The manor of Taunton has belonged to the Bishops of Winchester since the reign of Ethelward, who made a grant of it to that see, and the castle was a place of their frequent residence. Though this building has been much modernized, the original gate, erected by Bishop Langton still remains, as well as a part of the porter's lodge. The gate is embattled, and has, in front of it, a shield between four roses, with a cross charged with five roses, and this inscription, viz. "1495 *Laus tibi Christe T. Langton*"

* Collinson's *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 236.

Somerset.

Wintō.—This castle was dismantled soon after the Restoration, and is now used for holding the assizes, and other public purposes.

The early part of the history of Taunton relates chiefly to the affairs of the Bishops of Winchester. As to modern occurrences, the only memorable ones perhaps are those which relate to the proceedings of the Duke of Monmouth, and the cruelties exercised upon his adherents by Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys and Major-General Kirk.—The Duke's head quarters were established here very soon after his landing, and he had no reason to complain of a want of affection in the inhabitants, for they solemnly proclaimed him king. After his defeat, Jeffreys was sent on the western circuit with a special commission of oyer and terminer to try the insurgents, attended by Kirk and a body of troops for protection. At Taunton these villainous tools of the court committed most shocking barbarities, and condemned to death, without any attention to the regular forms

Somerset.

forms of law, persons of all ages and conditions. Father Orleans, who wrote from the mouth of James II. attempts to remove all blame from that infatuated prince two ways. He says that he was informed of the illegal proceedings and cruelties of his two officers too late to prevent them; and, in the next place, that he made amends for what had been done, as far as lay in his power, by the general pardon he afterwards granted.—If we reflect for a moment, both these excuses will appear irreconcilable with facts. Upon the supposition that James was displeased with his Chief Justice, when he was informed of the transactions, how happened it that he created him Lord High Chancellor afterwards, and a Baron of the realm? And what atonement could the proclamation of a general pardon be considered, when no more rebels were to be found? Besides, Burnet assures us that the king received a regular account of Jeffreys's proceedings every day, and that he read it as constantly at his drawing-room, with secret de-
lectation.

lectation, to the foreign ministers and nobility, *Somerset.*
calling it *Jeffreys's campaign*.*

After having visited Wellington, a pretty large market town, on the high road from Taunton to Exeter, we came to Columbton.

DEVONSHIRE

CONTINUED.

THE soil for some miles between Wellington and Columbton is gravelly, and abounds with large, rounded pebbles. A part of it assumes a heathy appearance, and yields little by cul-

* Burnet's *History of his own Times*, p. 648.

tivation,

Devon. tivation. Towards the latter place we again find the red loam, and its attendant fertility.

Columbton. The situation of COLUMBTON is singularly agreeable, being surrounded by luxuriant scenery, and cultivation. Here is a bridge over the Columb, which takes its rise, apparently, on the Blackdown hills, and joins the Ex near the village of Hucksham.

Bradnich. Nearer to Exeter stands BRADNICH, at the foot of a very long, steep hill, by the draining foot of which the place is rendered constantly wet and muddy. Frequent swells, of some boldness, mark the neighbouring country to the south. The latter proving a continuation of the rich and varied tract that had formed so grateful a landscape to us on our first journey, inspired us with peculiar sensations of delight. Our return to this region of fertility seemed welcomed by the feathered tribe, for we were chaunted through the woods by a choir of nightingales. Memory too was highly amused by endeavouring

to recognise a particular hill or village as it rose in the horizon. *Devon.*

The only additional information we obtained on this (our third) visit at Exeter was, that the manganese mine of Upton-Pyne had been filled up, and another opened at Newton St. Cyres, four miles north-west from the city. The *matrix* of the ore is the same at both places.—A circumstance relative to the soil in the vicinity of the Newton mine deserves the attention of agriculturists:—wherever the refuse manganese has been strewed, the grass is evidently more strong and luxuriant. Is it not probable that the fertility and richness so observable on the red soil in general in the neighbourhood of Exeter is owing to the prevalence of the above semi-metal?

CREDITON* being the next point in our *Crediton.*

* Pronounced by contraction *Kirton*.

Devon. projected progress, we pursued the road leading to it from Exeter, which passes over several eminences that afford extensive views northward. In this direction the country appears crowded with villages, and abounds with corn, pasture, and timber.—Crediton is one of the most ancient towns of the county; and was once perhaps one of the most respectable, having been some time an episcopal see,* and represented in parliament.—The old church, Leland says, was situated on the spot now occupied by houses on one side of the present burial-ground. There are no more remains of it, nor of the bishop's palace, than if such buildings had

* When the Christian religion was first professed in these parts, this county, together with Cornwall, was under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Dorchester (near Oxford), but that episcopal seat being removed to Winchester, both were made subject to the new see. As soon as the monastery of Sherborn was erected into a cathedral, the Bishop of that place presided over these counties. At length, Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, by command of Edward the elder, made three additional sees, *viz.* Wells, Bodmin, and Tawton. Devonshire fell under the last, which, however, did not long retain its dignity, for, at the death of the second Bishop, the church of Crediton was made the Cathedral. This happened about the year 910, when Edulph was consecrated the new diocesan.

never existed. The college of prebendaries too has been long since dissolved. Crediton continued to flourish, however, until a great fire happened (on the fourteenth of August, 1743) which destroyed upwards of four hundred and fifty houses. A second fire unfortunately broke out in May, 1772, when the town was reduced still more, so that it is now of very small extent.—The church is large and has quite a collegiate appearance.

Devon.

Continuing our course to the north-west, we came to Bow,—a most wretched place, unable to afford the smallest accommodation of a decent kind,—and afterwards to NORTH-TAW-
TON, where the few travellers that pass may not perhaps apply in vain for a bed; the appearance of this village is infinitely more in its favor than that of the former.

Bow.

North-Taw-
ton.

A very fertile soil runs eastward from Bow, and, from its deep red surface, is generally distinguished by the appellation of the *red land*.

Devon. It is a deep loam, containing a large proportion of clay. Numerous streams pour down upon it from the heights of Dartmoor, which now come in view to the south, and bound the prospect by a grand naked outline.—The red land is let in many instances at as high a price as three pounds *per* acre, but this richer soil does not extend more than three miles, at the utmost, in breadth.—The growth of timber seems to be very little encouraged in this part of the county. We rarely saw even a row of elms, though the situation seems so well adapted to them.

About Hunichurch, the country assumes a more irregular, heathy, and open aspect, and the gritstone, which forms the *basis* of the loamy soil, passes into siliceous slate. After this we soon came to an argillaceous species that extends along the more northern district of Cornwall. This sort of soil is so miserably unproductive about Stratton and Kilkhampton, that

that four hundred acres of land will not let *Devon.*
for eighty pounds.

HATHERLEIGH, a poor mean place, stands Hatherleigh.
near a branch of the river Towridge, not far
from its confluence with the Oke. I do not
know that it is memorable for any thing but the
birth of Jasper Mayne, a dramatic writer and
divine of the last century.*

We hesitated whether we should proceed to
Houlsworthy, and thence towards Stratton, and
the north-east part of Cornwall, or whether we
should advance towards Hartland at once, by
way of Torrington and Biddeford. The satis-
factory information which we obtained from a
very intelligent traveller, whom we accidentally
met at Hatherleigh, determined us to give up
the former route, and to confine our notice to
the eastern side of the Tamar, by pursuing the

* Gough's Camden, vol. 1, p. 39.

Devon. latter. We were persuaded that we should find no object to interest us in return for encountering many inconveniences.

The road to Torrington traverses frequent hills of sufficient height to form sometimes, towards the valleys, good picturesque materials. Occasionally we caught the Towridge, or one of its branches, emerging out of a coppice, and winding round the foot of a steep precipice patched with furze and brambles, which though humble decorations served to produce a pleasant relief to the eye.—As we approached Torrington, the face of the country exhibited preferable effects, and the declivities became woodlands; the axe, however, had made much havock in them.—The trunk of many an old oak was covered with some of the rarer *Lichenes*. *Lichen plumbeus* and *L. laciniatus* occurred in fructification.—At length, we descended a hill of prodigious length and steepness, and passed, at the bottom, a bridge over the Towridge, which, with a handsome clump of trees and the high





W. B. R. del.

Devon.

high ground on the left, constituted too picturesque an object to be passed by without delineation.—There was another hill equally long and steep in front of us; on the summit, and partly along the declivity of it, we perceived TORRINGTON, enjoying a proud, elevated site. Torrington. —A spot called the bowling-green, on the south side of the town, is an advantageous point for viewing the river, which is here seen to flow in a graceful current along a narrow valley, enclosed by grand sloping ridges. Some of the distant precipices are very beautifully wooded. —We had now a favourable specimen of what we had been led to expect in the scenery of North Devon, and were much struck with the strength of outline and feature which the country had begun to assume.

Torrington is a very long town, and contains a great number of inhabitants, who are employed principally in the woollen manufacture. It had formerly a castle overlooking the river; some remains are still visible. There are two churches,

Devon.

churches, one of which is furnished with a library.—Margaret, Countess of Richmond, (mother of Henry VII.) resided some time in this place, and was a considerable benefactress to it.

From Torrington we went to Frithelstoke, to view the remains of its priory, re-passing the Towridge by the west bridge, which has full as picturesque a position as the other, and perhaps, with regard to the more remote scenery, much the advantage. More wood presents itself, pendent on broader slopes.—As we ascend towards Frithelstoke, the river gradually disappears.

The ruins of the Priory adjoin to the parish Frithelstoke. church of FRITHELSTOKE, and point out the form of the ancient conventual one, besides which there are the walls of two or three apartments that belonged probably to the prior. The west window of the old church continues perfect, fronting what was, to all appearance, once the grand court of the monastery, but is
now

now a farm-yard. The great gate stands in a line with the south wall of the present burial ground.—I have not found any record respecting this religious house except what appears by an inquisition taken in the fifteenth of Edward I. when the manor of Frithelstoke is mentioned as being given by Robert Beauchamp to canons of St. Gregory.* This was probably the period of its foundation.

Devon.

In a pasture east of the church we found *Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus* growing in vast profusion.—The people of the village call these plants *Gregories*—a name that struck us on account of its coinciding with the appellation of the order to which the neighbouring monastery belonged.

As we designed to conclude this day's journey at Biddeford, our route now lay through MONKLEIGH, a mean village, concerning which Monkleigh.

* Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. 1, p. 151.

Devon. I know nothing deserving of mention, except its being the burial place of Sir William Hankford, who was Chief Justice of the King's bench in the reign of Henry IV. He is erroneously reported to have been the Judge that committed Henry, Prince of Wales, to prison, and it is said that, being apprehensive of the displeasure of the latter after his accession to the throne, he retired to a country-seat near Monk-leigh, where, having given orders to his game-keeper to slay any person that entered his park after a certain hour of the night, he was himself killed by the man through mistake. The latter part of the story might probably be true, but it certainly was not Sir William Hankford who presided in the King's bench on the commitment of Prince Henry. In Stowe* I find *Sir William Gascoigne* expressly mentioned as being the intrepid Chief Justice, who so signally vindicated the dignity of his court and of the laws

* *Annales of England*, p. 342.

of which he was the organ.—I know no historian that mentions a different person. Gascoigne was Hankford's immediate predecessor.

Devon.

The river Towridge, when it arrives at Biddeford forms (with the addition of the tide) a very broad sheet of water; a few miles from this town it meets the Taw, and both fall into Barnstaple bay. At Braunton the sands from the northern sea have been so much accumulated, that they extend to an extraordinary depth over a tract of country five or six miles in length. They have filled up valleys, and buried trees and hedges, but in one respect they may be considered as serviceable to the country north of Barnstaple, as they form a sort of rampart against the incursions of the sea. There is the additional defence of a ridge of pebbles nearly three miles long, thrown up by the action of the waves.

BIDDEFORD has to boast of a noble bridge, a Biddeford. most commodious wharf (situated in the heart of

Devon.

of the town) and a body of water sufficient to bring up to it vessels of five hundred tons, except at the ebb tide, when almost half the channel of the river is left dry. The bridge consists of twenty-four arches, which were originally all Gothic, but some having been in need of repair are now circular. It was built as early as the fourteenth century, being begun by Sir Theobald Granvill. The bishop of the diocese forwarded the work by promising indulgences to such as would contribute sums of money. It is certainly a fine piece of architecture.—From standing quite on a declivity, this town is much cleaner than sea-ports usually are, and many of the streets are spacious and the abode of opulence. As to the business of the port, it appears to consist principally in the landing of wool from Ireland, fish from Newfoundland, and rock-salt (by a preparation of which they cure their herrings) from Liverpool and Warrington. Lime-burning is a considerable article of trade at Biddeford, one hundred tons of Welsh limestone being often burned in a day. And here is a
large

large pottery, the clay of which is brought from Fremington, near Barnstaple. A *stratum* of a fine reddish sort has been worked to the depth of more than twenty feet. It is procured at as easy a price as half-a-crown *per* ton.

Devon.

Whilst observing the method of glazing the inside of the earthen ware, I could not help shuddering at the effects that seemed likely to ensue from the practice (so prevalent in Devonshire) of keeping cyder in these vessels. No one can be ignorant that lead is employed to give fusibility to the glaze before it is poured on the inside of the pitcher. A liquor like cyder, that quickly becomes acid, is apt to unite with the former, and convey into the *viscera* of those unfortunate persons who drink it the seeds of disorders so much the more dangerous, as their cause is not soon suspected. The dreadful complaint called the *Devonshire colic* is certainly to be attributed to the effects of lead, which, if not *accidentally* dissolved in the pleasant liquor so plentifully used (because so plenti-

Devon. plentifully produced) in this county, has been too often wilfully mixed with it to impart sweetness and softer flavour.* It is to be hoped that this abominable practice is now discontinued.

* The acetous acid dissolving lead acquires quite a saccharine taste, and forms what is called by the chemists *saccharum saturni*, or sugar of lead. Cyder, wines, and rum are the liquors from which most is to be dreaded, when they are put into leaden or earthen glazed vessels, and the latter cannot be used with too much caution for pickles and preserves.—It is of the highest utility to be furnished with the means of detecting the sugar of lead; the following are recommended (in the *Journal de Physique*) by M. Hanneman, who assures us that the liquor he prescribes, whilst it does not precipitate iron, will precipitate lead and copper of a black, and arsenic of an orange colour.—Mix equal parts of oyster-shell and crude sulphur in fine powder, and put them into a crucible; apply a brisk fire in an air-furnace, so as to make the crucible of a white heat for about fifteen minutes. The mass when cold and reduced to powder should be kept in a bottle well stopped. To prepare the liquor, put one hundred and twenty grains of the above powder, and one hundred and eighty grains of cream of tartar into a very strong bottle, fill it with water, let it boil for an hour, and then cool. Cork the bottle, and frequently shake up the ingredients. After it has stood some hours to settle pour off the clear liquor, and put it into little bottles (containing about an ounce), having previously dropped into each twenty drops of marine acid. Cork them close by means of wax mixed with a little turpentine. One part of this liquor, with three parts of the wine supposed to contain the noxious particles, will discover by a black precipitate the smallest quantity of lead, or copper. Pure wines are not discoloured by the addition of this liquor.—As the above process, though by no means difficult, is rather tedious, it were to be wished that chemists would prepare it for their shops,

We had no opportunity of going very near *Devon.*

to the sea, on our way to Hartland, until we reached CLOVELLY. Here is a little pier for *Clovelly.* vessels, and the harbour is noted for the herring-fishery. To the south-east of the village there is a Roman encampment, of three ramparts, which the natives distinguish by the name of *Clovelly-dikes*. I cannot guess at what period it was constructed.—Very broad, high cliffs of slate overhang the beach. The land, as it juts out into the promontory of Hartland, is by no means remarkable for fertility, nor is it either novel, or varied enough to be pleasing to the eye. The soil is partly loamy, with a red tinge, and partly schistose and rocky.

We distinctly saw the isle of Lundy from several points on the road. Its distance from Hartland-point is about four leagues.

HARTLAND has the advantage of a market, *Hartland.* but exhibits an air of poverty that depresses it to a level with a Cornish borough. The face
of

Devon.

of the country southward is perfectly like that of the opposite side of the Tamar, and the prospect ends with some boggy heights where that river and the Towridge have their source. A bleak mountainous ridge surrounds the valley to the north-west, and entirely intercepts a view of the Severn, which would in some measure compensate for the inferiority of the nearer objects.

*Hartland
Priory.*

We were very little prepared for the finished scenery that opened as we descended the road leading to the Priory, which is situated in so deep a dell that it is overlooked by the eye from Hartland. Every advantage has been taken of the spot to create a picturesque and agreeable scene, the slopes on each side being planted very judiciously, and the intermediate lawn opened to a little bridge that crosses a swift, bubbling brook. On the left, as we approach the grounds, there is a charming drive passing close under a hanging thicket of great beauty.—In this thicket we observed *Lichen vulpinus*

vulpinus adorning with lemon-coloured threads old branches of oak and ash.—Though built in a monastic fashion, with Gothic windows, the Priory is wholly modern, no remains of the old structure being left. It is at present the residence of Colonel Orchard.

Camden informs us that the monastery of Hartland was founded originally by Githa, wife of the famous Earl Goodwin, in honor of Nectan, a man of a holy character, interred here. By this foundation, the society was made to consist of Canons secular, for we find that Richard Arch-deacon of Poitou (who was entrusted with the management of some bequests made by Geoffry Dynam) *substituted* regulars of St. Augustine.*—How long all traces of the monastery have been lost I cannot discover.

Passing Hartland church, we climbed the

* Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. 1, p. 148.

Devon. heights that rise from the shore ; the lashes of the waves now became distinctly audible, and the vast fragments of rock scattered around it were seen whitened with successive sheets of froth. As far as we could discern on either side, the cliffs presented a black flaty front towards the sea. We remarked afterwards a very singular position of the broad *laminæ* projecting from this promontory. They meet each other (in some places) like the timbers on the roof of a house, and diverge from a common line like the down on a quill. Most of them, however, underlie to the north-east. They are intersected by veins of white quartz.

Scilla verna (vernal squill) and *Cochlearia danica* grow on the shore near Hartland-quay.

Hartland-
Quay. HARTLAND-QUAY consists of about a dozen decent cottages, and has a commodious little pier, at which commodities of various kinds, for the supply of this part of the country, are landed from Biddeford and Barnstaple ; and
here

here the fishermen and coasters find good shelter against the south-westerly winds, by mooring under the eminences.

Devon.

In the old authors we find Hartland promontory called *Promontorium Herculis*,—an appellation that originated, according to Dr. Stukely,* from the Tyrian Hercules having arrived here at the head of a colony. The Doctor seems to have never been at a loss to supply whatever history has left either vague or unrecorded, by conjecture. That the Phenicians might have visited this spot, and that they might have named it after the great hero of their nation, is far from being improbable ; in supposing, however, that Hercules himself made a voyage to Britain, we should not only *embody* what many learned men have believed to be a mere emblem (denoting the course of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac), but even, if such a personage

* See his *Account of Abury and Stonehenge*, p. 51.

Devon. did ever exist, render his life still more marvelous than it has been represented by the most fabulous writers. He must have visited the *Rock* named after him in Campania; the *Haven*, in Liguria; the *Grove*, in Germany; and the *Promontories* in Mauritania and Galatia, as well as in Britain.—What a traveller!—It is most rational to conclude that all these spots obtained their appellations rather from having been dedicated to, than actually visited by, the hero, and that his votaries were prompted to pay him particular honors wherever they met with objects of unusual grandeur, or had been successful in exertions of strength and prudence. Our imperfect knowledge of the transactions of the Phenicians in Britain, and of the extent of their navigation, may be ascribed to their jealousy of the Greeks, from whom they would cautiously conceal every thing that could guide them to the source of so much profit.

Returning through Biddeford, and traversing
a very

a very pleasing and diversified country, we came to Barnstaple.

Devon.

The river Taw, which takes its rise on the mountains of Dartmoor, from being joined by the Moul and a great number of brooks, acquires a considerable breadth, though as a haven it is become too shallow, not being able to support ships of more than two hundred tons in burthen. The great increase of sand in its channel occasions the neighbouring fields being overflowed at spring-tides.—Few towns have a more neat and comfortable appearance than BARNSTAPLE. It contains at least four thousand inhabitants. There are prosperous manufactories of waistcoats, silk stockings, &c. and a variety of articles are exported. A stately bridge of sixteen arches crosses the river. It was built (Leland says) by one of the Tracys, who held the castle some time. Sir William Tracy, who was concerned in the murder of Arch-bishop Becket, was probably of this family, for Gibson tells us that he resided some years

Devon. years at the village of Mort, in this neighbourhood, and, contrary to the report (propagated by the monkish writers) of all the murderers having died within three years, he survived the perpetration of the deed *twenty* three.—None of the works belonging to the castle are now to be found, except the mount, which might still serve to erect a battery upon, being situated on the edge of the river, near its confluence with the North-Ewe.

At this place was educated the learned John Juell, Bishop of Salisbury, who wrote the "*Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*,"—a work remarkable for its elegant style, as well as good sense. It is remarkable enough that his great theological antagonist Thomas Harding, Professor at Louvain, received his education in the same school.*

Mr. Hill, of Barnstaple, from whom we re-

* Gibson's Camden, first edition, p. 35.

Devon.

ceived much information and attention, had the goodness to shew us several rare subjects of Natural History which he had collected in this part of the county. Among these was *Asterias papposa* (*Helianthemoides*, of Pennant) from the bay; specular iron-ore, from near South-Moulton; brownish carbonate of lead, from Combe-Martin, &c. &c.—I have been informed that baro-selenite is found in this neighbourhood, but from the great resemblance which the lead above-mentioned bears to some states of that substance, in its ponderosity, colour, &c. I cannot help suspecting that it has been mistaken for the former, and that the supposed barytes is no other than a metallic carbonate. I must beg leave to repeat, that this is mere *conjecture*.*

* Sign. Sevaresi, a gentleman eminently skilled in Mineralogy (whose tour in the north of Devon was nearly contemporary with my own) remarked to me that a like mistake was made with respect to a crystallized substance found near Castle-hill, which, from a similarity of *externa facies*, has been pronounced a *zeolite*.—Calcareous infiltrations filling the cavities of other stones (Mr. Kirwan observes) are frequently mistaken for zeolites.

Devon.

The coast begins to project, eastward of the bay of Barnstaple, but at length sweeping round again to the right, it runs pretty strait to the termination of the county, and presents features of great magnitude and boldness about Ilfracombe and Linton. To these points we now directed our course.

A very barren, uninteresting tract soon succeeds the cultivation and beauty so conspicuous in the environs of Barnstaple. Towards Ilfracombe, however, the country assumes a very peculiar and distorted aspect, being broken into vast knolls, steep precipices, and irregular hollows. The nearer we approach the coast, the more wild and uncommon is the *contour* of the landscape, and the road seems sometimes, at a distance, stopt by tremendous gaps, forbidding any farther progress;—at length it winds down an immense declivity, and brings us within sight of Ilfracombe. The fantastic effect of the surrounding scenery is now lost; its features, which, like the strange distortions of a distant cloud

cloud, the imagination clothes with something of horridness, become suddenly melted down into forms more familiar. *Devon.*

The situation of ILFRACOMBE is truly roman- Ilfracombe.
tic, and the neighbouring eminences command a magnificent sweep of the Bristol Channel, with the Welsh coast beyond. The port is a beautiful natural basin, sheltered by craggy heights that are overspread with foliage. Ships find safety here when it is dangerous to run into the mouth of the Taw, and they have the convenience of an excellent pier and quay, which together form three sides of a square. The town consists chiefly of one street, full a mile long. It has a neat, healthy appearance, and is said to contain about two thousand inhabitants.—The church stands at the upper part of the town; and there is a chapel, on a sort of knoll, which may be called St. Michael's Mount in miniature, being joined to the main land only by a narrow neck. On this little mount we have a most delightful sea-view, and by the help
F 4 of

Devon. of a telescope may distinguish many of the mountains of Wales. The distance of the coast of Glamorganshire is about nine leagues.

Smyrnum Olusatrum (Alexanders) grows wild under the walls of the chapel, and here we found a singular grit, forming the substance of the rocks, the glittering surface of which led us at first to imagine that they consisted of a fine gneiss. This grit is extremely hard, and heavy from containing a good deal of iron; its lamellar fracture and the preponderance of the magnesian character in its *externa facies* render it proper to be classed among the rocks allied to killas. In fact, the argillaceous slate prevailing about Ilfracombe seems in many places just about to make a transition into killas, and we confidently anticipated its appearance in the neighbouring mines.

From a desire of examining accurately the mineral productions of all this part of the county, before we proceeded to Linton we
resolved

resolved to visit Combe-Martin,—a village surrounded by lodes of iron and lead. We were little aware of other circumstances that render it worthy of notice.

Devon.

Our road conducted us through a bold, mountainous country abounding with spots most highly picturesque; unless when it dipped into a glen, we had the advantage of the sea in our views, but it was in these glens that the several portions of the landscape arranged themselves with most effect.—A village-church, about a mile from Combe-Martin is situated to peculiar advantage, and overlooks a valley in which the projecting declivities form various fine lines, and become excellent materials for the employment of the pencil.

We found COMBE-MARTIN placed in a dale, along which it extends at least a mile from the sea-shore. The scenery of the latter is really magnificent; its more prominent parts are singularly striking, and have the happiest accompani-

Combe-Martin.

Devon. paniments imaginable. A well-broken, lofty pile of rocks rise on one side of a little creek, and constitute the termination of a ridge deliciously wooded towards the village, and answered by hills of equal boldness opposite. From the brows of the rocks hang a few tufts of foliage, spared by the rude blasts of the main; the waves buffet the partial verdure at their base. The road winds down by two or three tempest-torn cottages, which a painter would consider inestimable, as they are exactly on that part of the precipice where he himself would have placed them for the advantage of his picture. It is impossible to conceive a scene more suitable to his study, but he would have found the transferring of it to paper at this time impracticable on account of the boisterous state of the weather. A heavy rain falling, we seated ourselves in a little grotto opposite, where, however, we were as much incommoded by the spray of the agitated sea, as without by the moisture from the sky. Yet we could not refrain from gazing with admiration at this grand and well arranged
assem-

assemblage of objects, the effect of which was in fact heightened by the very circumstances that were an inconvenience to our persons, the waves rolling with a terrific rage, and heavy vapours spreading a *sombre* hue as they swept over the alpine head-lands.—

Devon.

- “ ——— Madidis Notus evolat alis
 “ Terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum,
 “ Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
 “ Fronde sedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque sinusque.”

VIRGIL.

The sea enters a little cove at Combe-Martin, commodious for the mooring of small vessels; and here the produce of the mines is shipped for Wales and Bristol. The manor of this village, Gibson says, in the reign of Henry I. belonged to *Martin* de Tours, a Norman baron, from whom, I guess, the latter part of its name must have been derived.—There is no curiosity, in the way of antiquities, except an old manor-house. This building, by its ruinous aspect, freshens the melancholy with which we are accustomed to reflect on the decline of the honest
 hof-

Devon. hospitality of our fore-fathers, and added to the romantic aspect of the scenery around, the seclusion of the spot, and its remoteness from any other spectacles than those of purely rural life, awakens emotions that minds of a contemplative turn love to indulge.—The mansion has long been deserted by its proprietors, and, though still tenanted by a farmer, approaches the last stage of decay.—This village affords none but the most coarse accommodations,—a circumstance which we regretted as being likely to deter travellers of more nicety than curiosity or enthusiasm from bestowing on this charming spot the attention it might otherwise command from them.—The soil, though not naturally fertile hereabout, with proper management may be rendered so; but the industry of the inhabitants has been excited by other views than those of agriculture. In the reign of Edward I. they began to work to advantage the veins of *galena*, rich in silver, that run in numerous courses through the neighbouring hills. Edward III. is said to have derived
great

great benefit from these mines during his war with France, as did also Henry V. In Elizabeth's time, a very productive lode was discovered in the land of a Mr. Roberts, and the ore was refined, with great skill, by Sir Beavis Bulmer, a famous metallurgist of that age. A cup made with the silver was presented to William, Earl of Bath, having the following quaint inscription on it: *viz.*

Devon.

- “ In Martin's Combe long lay I hid
- “ Obscur'd, deprefs'd with grosest soyle
- “ Debased much with mixed lead
- “ Till Bulmer came, whose skill and toyle
- “ Refined me so pure and cleene
- “ As richer no wher els is seene.
- “ And adding yet a further grace
- “ By fashon he did enable
- “ Me worthy for to take a place
- “ To serve at any prince's table.
- “ Combe Martin gave the use alone
- “ Bulmer fynyng and fashon.

Anno nostræ salutis 1593

Reginæ virginis 35

Nobilissimo viro Willielmo Comiti Bathon: Locum-tenenti
Devoniæ et Oxon.”*

* Weston's MS, quoted in the *Topographer*, vol. 4, p. 185.

Devon.

The veins of metal about Combe-Martin have a direction (like most of those in Cornwall) nearly from east to west, underlying towards the south. They appear just below the surface of the ground, and have therefore been worked with little trouble and at a trifling expence. The *galena* has yielded from twenty to one hundred and sixty-eight ounces of silver *per* ton, the same quantity of lead fetching from sixty to seventy pounds. Veins of quartz intersect the killas, (which is of the bluish kind,) and these are covered with a good deal of brown carbonate of iron and ferruginous ochre. Following the course of a ridge eastward of the valley to the sea, we came to a mine of iron worked on the side of the cliffs; this spot is called *Hangdown-hill*, and produces a great quantity of argillaceous iron ore. The principal vein is in many places two inches thick, closely walled with killas, and nearly of the same colour. The captain boasted of its being equal in richness to the Welch iron.— The ground having been thoroughly ransacked
and

and explored near the surface, and indeed many yards below it, it can now yield but little lead without deeper workings and the advantage of adits, &c. for draining off water, which would require a considerable capital and great encouragements. It has therefore happened that the villagers have now in a manner relinquished their subterraneous concerns, but they are sanguine in their expectations, and anxious for some spirited exertions being made by the opulent, who seem very averse, in this part of the county, from indulging speculations on mining affairs.

Devon.

From the many observations I have had an opportunity of making on killas, I am induced to think that this substance is very nearly allied to micaceous rock, and that the latter may be often found imperceptibly passing into the former. At Combe-Martin we remarked *laminæ* of blue killas terminating in silvery transparent edges exactly similar both in texture and appearance to mica; they adhered to quartz. It would

Devon. would have been a gratifying discovery to have found this vein (as it consisted of two of the constituent parts of granite) communicating with some granitic rocks, but none of the latter appear north of Dartmoor. The killas terminates towards South-Moulton, and likewise westward, in argillaceous slate, and is bounded to the east by mountains of another nature, as I shall explain presently.

Our progress to Linton had been interrupted by the various objects of curiosity that presented themselves at Combe-Martin, but in being retarded some time by such circumstances, we could not help considering our main views much forwarded. Bidding adieu to this romantic village, we set out at length for Linton, not expecting a superior grandeur in the scenery on this ride.

The ruggedness and undulations of the roads in North Devon hitherto had not intimidated us, and we had retained our seats on our horses
in

in tolerable security. Now it began to appear prudent to trust to none but our own legs. In descending into the glens with which the country is here furrowed to a frightful depth, a traveller would be distrustful even of a Welsh poney.— Between Combe-Martin and Linton the mountains exhibit an outline of much sublimity, and assume positions extremely picturesque.

Devon.

There is a very remarkable glen about five miles from the former of the above mentioned villages. The road, just after leaving a little hamlet, winds down with great steepness into a very rocky, narrow pass, flanked by enormous swells, which are destitute of verdure and have an uniformly craggy surface, as if the earth had just yawned, and time had not assisted the efforts of vegetation. The want of wood we do not here lament, for the scene has dignity enough to support itself without it. At the intersection of another pass with the former, the simple decoration of a single clump of trees produces as much relief as could be wished for. A rapid brook

Devon. rolls through the valley under a bridge placed and constructed on purpose almost, one would imagine, to render the combination of objects for a picture complete, for, with the trees, it forms an admirable fore-ground, and it is backed by acclivities which open to the Severn with the grandest effect.

Still proceeding along chasm-like hollows, we at length began to ascend, and came to some elevated ground, whence we perceived rocky precipices at a distance, towards the sea, thickly clothed with wood. We had no idea that our road would soon turn suddenly to the left, and conduct us through this beautiful covert. From the summit to the bottom the mountains were overspread with oak, the branches below almost bathing in the briny current of the Severn. Their brows were at too great a distance above us to be seen through the foliage; in looking downwards to the shore, our apparent height above the main was increased by the occasional projection of the rocks, so that imagination

Devon.

nation had its full scope in the contemplation of this uncommon scenery. Every step was quite on romantic ground. New features, new embellishments, new combinations continually rose into view.—Our rapture rendered us insensible to fatigue, though we had long been obliged to follow on foot a devious, indistinct tract that now sunk with terrific steepness, now ascended with an almost insurmountable perpendicularity. If the reader would form some idea of its *ruggedness*, let him figure to himself the pavement of a street torn up by a plough, and the largest fragments of stone that are used retaining an erect position.—At length, wood and foliage vanished entirely, and a scene surprisingly grotesque and wild unfolded it,—a valley, bounded by large naked rocks, or rather fragments of rocks, piled one upon another. The heights on each side were of a mountainous magnitude, but composed, to all appearance, of loose unequal masses, which form here and there rude natural columns, and are fantastically arranged along the summits so as to resemble extensive

Devon. ruins impending over the pass. Vast fragments overspread the valley, and, which way soever we turned our eyes, awful vestiges of convulsion and desolation presented themselves, inspiring the most sublime ideas.—An old man, mounted on a mule, who passed us and observed our silent wonder, announced to us that we were in the VALLEY OF STONES.

Valley of
Stones.

Advancing into this extraordinary valley, we had a grand view of the Severn through an abrupt opening in the rocks. Taking a retrospect, we caught one of the hills we had passed retiring behind the mountains to the south, but still shewing its conical, wood-encircled summit with the most happy effect.—A sort of natural pillar presently attracted our notice, mantled venerably with ivy and moss, and thrusting itself forward from the steep with a bold perpendicularity. Surely, we exclaimed, this must be the work of human hands, which have thus piled these huge rocks on each other for some purpose of superstition ;—the solemnity of the situation perhaps



The Valley of Stones.

Devon.

perhaps appeared to the *Druids* well suited to the objects of their sacred ceremonies! On closer inspection, however, we were compelled to ascribe the architecture to nature alone, for none but herself could have placed the masses so as to preserve the direction of the grain throughout in such a perfect parallelism, or joined them with such nicety. As she is often fantastic in her workmanship, there is no reason why, at the time of some great convulsion, she should have not erected regular columns and groupes of rocks in the Valley of Stones as well as among the granite hills of Cornwall, or in the basaltic cave of Fingal.—As we proceeded, the acclivities gradually became less broken and craggy, and at last assumed an aspect rather verdant and composed. Immense blocks of stone, however, still covered the valley. Distance sometimes almost imposed on our judgment, and we were often about to attribute the grotesque arrangements we witnessed to the efforts of art, but attentive observation always brought us back to a different conclusion; partially counterfeit-

Devon. ing design, as if to sport with her spectators, nature confessed in a wanton eccentricity that the distribution was all her own.—Traces of cultivation and human industry now obtruded themselves through the broad gap of the valley, and expelled those pleasing ideas of solitude and seclusion which the primæval wildness and silence of these sublime scenes had at first inspired. Our attention, engrossed by the novelty of their effect, had not yet been employed on an examination of the nature and composition of the rocks, of which, instead of dwelling on what words can but very faintly delineate, it is now time that I should make some mention. They consist of a fine-grained argillaceous grit, of a lamellar fracture, and in some instances friable and loose-textured. The colour is internally a bluish grey, and minute particles of mica may be distinguished throughout the mass; the latter varies extremely both in size and shape.—The length of the valley I imagine to be nearly a mile. In width, towards the village of Linton, (which is situated near its eastern extremity) it
measures

Devon.

measures full three hundred feet, but not so much at the opposite end, where the gap is very evidently narrower. The first idea that offers itself, in speculating on the origin of this extraordinary pass, is that it must have been the course of a vast and violent torrent, which, from the broad openings towards the sea, and the more craggy, torn surface of the mountains, would seem to have poured itself into the Severn at the western extremity.—Conjecture has great scope whenever a scene occurs so novel and striking as the Valley of Stones.—We love to account, if only in imagination, for the several aspects of nature, but in our eagerness to disencumber ourselves of one difficulty, we generally precipitate ourselves into another.—Whence came this mighty torrent? And by what process were these fragments, if even proved to be thus dislodged by a torrent, piled on each other antecedently? Again, by what (still earlier) operation, were their constituent particles of argill and mica blended together?

Devon. Thus are we perplexed the more we meditate on the mysterious volume of the creation.

We endeavoured to trace the several steps by which vegetation has advanced in this valley. Many masses of rock once exposed to view are now wholly clothed with turf; others are just acquiring a vestment of moss; whilst others manifest only faint signs of incipient organization. We may form some notion of the succession in which one tribe of vegetable bodies become subservient, by the regulated season of their decay, to the existence and support of another.—On *this* rock we perceive *Lichen geographicus*, *L. niger*, *Byssus antiquitatis*, and others of the crustaceous, or less perfect, division of plants unmolested in their habitations;—but presently, on another mass, *L. saxatilis*, *nigrescens*, and *fragilis* become intruders on the former. In another place these are decomposing, and constitute a *pabulum*, or mould for two or three *species* of *Bryum*, *Lichen uncinalis*, *pyxidatus*, and other plants of this rank.

Here

Devon.

Here again we find further effects of decomposition, and a thin soil prepared for the reception of a *Hypnum*, or of a little grass, or lastly, of the more evidently organized *Erica*.—As I amused myself with these observations, and remarked the great prevalence of some *species* of *Lichen* and the total absence of others, I was led to reflect on the aid that this curious tribe of vegetables affords to mineralogy.—The most abundant plant, by far, was *L. geographicus*; *L. lacteus*, *niger*, *Æderi*, *tartareus*, and *fragilis* were frequent; but scarcely any specimens of the common yellow liverwort (*L. parietinus*) were to be found. This circumstance would alone have been sufficient to shew that the composition of the rock was of a peculiar kind.—*L. calcareus* and *Byssus saxatilis* being partial to limestone, wherever that stone occurs amongst others it may at once be distinguished, by these *species* adhering to it; *L. cæsius* and *cupularis* are known to abound only on slate mountains; *L. furfuraceus* seems to prefer granite; and many others might be pointed out, equally nice with regard

Devon. regard to their place of abode.—Sudden variations then in the composition of rocks may often be discovered at merely a glance, by becoming acquainted with their more obvious vegetable inhabitants.

Linton is surrounded by romantic, bold, and delightful scenery.—Our attention was particularly arrested as we proceeded towards Porlock. A path commencing near the church, and winding down a mountain with a zig-zag, but precipitous course, conducted us to LINMOUTH. Here the mountain exhibited a finely broken flank, clad with brushwood, and fretted by many a rapid cascade;—but its effect was exceeded by that of another eminence on the opposite side of the little river Lin, especially when viewed in conjunction with the neighbouring objects. Among the most conspicuous and picturesque of these objects was a bridge of two arches placed at its base and crossing a beautiful brook that comes, bounding over masses of rock, down a dark glen, and, after pressing through
the

the interstices of some larger fragments covered with moss, is presently lost in the main. Craggy heights, rendered partially verdant by stunted shrubs and scanty herbage, occupied the space on our right, the waves of the Severn approaching on the left, as if in order to render a scene that would not seem susceptible of additional embellishments dependent on itself for a portion of dignity.

Devon.

Quitting with regret the little sequestered village of Linmouth,—a village rivalled in situation by few places even of the opposite more celebrated shore,—we were obliged to climb the mountain that made so proud an object in our landscape, and in our toil paid dearly for the pleasure, afforded us by its picturesque grandeur. When we had gained the summit, however, we were fully reconciled to the demands made on our breath and strength, by the vast azure expanse, the crowd of towering hills beyond it, and the tremendous rocky slopes beneath us that now came in view. To contemplate

Devon. template the precipice, indeed, was to shudder, there being an uninterrupted descent towards the sea of at least twelve hundred feet.—The perfect insipidity that we afterwards witnessed on our road was, on the whole, advantageous, considered as a contrast, to the scenery in the vicinity of Porlock, which, if it had immediately succeeded the beauties of Linmouth, we might not have gazed at with so much emotion.

SOMERSETSHIRE

CONTINUED.

East-
Porlock.

JUST within the boundaries of this county, and about two miles from the coast stands EAST-PORLOCK, a small market-town, frequented only as being on the high road to Minehead and

and the little port of West-Porlock. The *Somerset.*
spire of the church seems at a distance as if it
had been deprived of its point by a hurricane
or some such accident, but, the fact is, its
obtuse ness was a part of the original design, and
might, in the imagination of the architect, have
been considered as an elegance.

WEST-PORLOCK has a quay and pier; lime *West-*
and coal are landed here from Wales, and *Porlock.*
several articles from other places.—This village
is situated at the corner of a beautiful bay ter-
minating a sort of semicircular area, which is
almost entirely enclosed by hills, and smiles
with verdure and cultivation. Bossington-point,
forming the eastern and opposite corner, presents
a grand scene of craggy rocks, some torn from
the main land, others hollowed into caverns by
frequent tempests, and the rest elevating them-
selves in the boldest manner to the height of full
three hundred feet.—On the eminences above
the village there are hanging woods of beech,
oak, and elm, which, with the crags peeping
above

- Somerſet.* above the foliage, have an uncommon richness and luxuriance of effect. Stretching along the mountains that ſlope towards the Severn, and encircling their feet as well as their brows, this continued thicket tempted us to ramble through the ſhady mazes, in ſearch of their botanical produce. The ſeaſon not being ſufficiently advanced for bringing many of the more perfect plants into fruſtification, we were occupied chiefly by the cryptogamous claſs, and obſerved ſeveral *ſpecies* that deſerve (at leaſt in this diſtriſt) to be ranked among the rarer ones, ſuch as *Bryum verticillatum*, *Hypnum compreſſum*, *Lichen cochleatus*, *ſcrobiculatus*, and *apthoſus*.—A path not more than two feet wide, winding in a zigzag manner along the declivities, and continually interrupted by projeſtions of rock and roots of trees brought
- Cullbone.* us to the romantic village of CULLBONE. Here our admiration was excited more than ever.—This village ſtands in a narrow cove, or receſs about four hundred feet above the level of the ſea, which preſenting itſelf in front, with the mountains of Wales (now become more diſtinct) in

in the horizon, whilst exuberant tufts of beech, poplar, and mountain-ash, mingled together with the most wanton variety, wave from the rocky amphitheatre above, the spectacle exhibits beauty and sublimity united, to a surprising and enchanting degree. During some months in the year, the sun sheds but a transitory beam on this sequestered spot, being hid by the surrounding heights, and the quiet of the few secluded cottagers who have their abodes here is rarely interrupted but by the murmur of the billows, or the voices of the feathered tenants of the woods. — What a sweet train of peaceful, yet elevated ideas such scenes will naturally excite! These are the objects which captivate the contemplative man. When recalled to the portal of that wide mansion where “the busy hum” of the more active part of his species is heard, it is not to be wondered at if he should often look back with emotions of regret and tenderness to the serenity of nature. On the other hand he who has been involved, during a long period, in the multifarious cares, and inquietudes, and contentions

Somerset.

Somerſet. tentions of life, will be incapable of feeling the refined ſenſations, which the former foſters with ſo much ardor, nor will he

“ ——— exempt from public haunts,

“ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

“ Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.”

The road to Minehead lies between ſeveral noble eminences, the ſteep ſides of which are either ornamented with broad patches of wood, or covered with excellent herbage for ſheep. The vallies are ſingularly fertile, being overſpread with a ſtrong deep ſoil, and moiſtened by numerous rivulets. A bold hill called *Dunkery-beacon*, on the right, continues conſpicuous a long way, a mountainous ridge, which intercepts a view of the ſea, extending towards Minehead on the left.

Minehead. MINEHEAD is a borough and ſea-port town, of a ſhape ſomewhat triangular, one part of it being ſituated on the eaſtern ſlope of a vaſt hill called *Minehead-point*; the quay lies under the
brow

brow of the latter, which rises to the height of six or seven hundred feet, and is cultivated on the land side quite to the top.—A great trade was once carried on between the Straits and this place, and there were also extensive concerns with the West-Indies. At the beginning of the present century I find that upwards of four thousand barrels of herrings were generally shipped here annually. The herring-fishery is now, however, nearly at an end, the fish having in a manner deserted this coast. To what cause this alteration in the course of their migrations is to be ascribed it is difficult to determine, but their caprice with respect to their haunts is very remarkable. Mr. Pennant informs us that they deserted for some years the coasts of Cardiganshire, and frequented those of Caermarthenshire and Flintshire.* The principal trade of Minehead at present consists in the importation of wool from Ireland and coal

Somerset.

* *British Zoology*, vol. 3, p. 336.

Somerset. from Wales. With regard to exports, oak-bark and grain have been the chief articles. The population of the town seems to have decreased with its trade, and it has suffered from no less than three dreadful fires. Ruins of houses are frequent; many entire ones too appear to be uninhabited.—The church stands in a very elevated situation, commanding a fine diversified prospect to the south-east, and is a large structure, with an embattled tower ninety feet in height. Here lie the ashes of the celebrated Henry Bracton, whose mutilated effigies may be seen on the north side of the chancel under a sort of shrine, which has been much damaged. He is represented on the tomb in his judge's robes, but we could discover no inscription.

A grand range of lofty hills, running from Minehead towards Old-Cleeve, and the beautiful, rich vale stretching between them and the Severn contribute to render the situation of DUNSTER CASTLE particularly pleasing. The latter

Somerset.

latter we were anxious to visit, and had certainly no reason to regret taking up our abode at the neat town from which it takes its name. Standing on a steep knoll, which commands a view of the whole valley and the sea beyond, this castle has an air of grandeur that we are accustomed to look for in every structure of this nature, but frequently find wanting. Its form is oblong. There is a gate-house apart from the body of the building, the intermediate space being a terrace bounded each way by an embattled parapet, and having at one corner an ancient turret, which is probably a part of the original castle, erected by Sir William de Mohun. The Mohuns were a family of the first note, from the time of the Conqueror (who bestowed on them this manor) to the reign of Edward III. when the male line became extinct, and their estates in these parts came into the possession of Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, of Chilton, in Devonshire. Sir Hugh Luttrell, who attended Henry V. in his French war, was the son of this lady, and the castle has been from that period the residence of

Somerset. his posterity.* The present building indeed, from the style, cannot be of an earlier date than Elizabeth's reign. With regard to its military history, I do not find that any remarkable event occurred here until the time of Charles I. when it was taken possession of by the Marquis of Hertford, Taunton and Bridgewater also having just then fallen into the hands of the Royalists. Francis Wyndham, who commanded under the Marquis, and was dexterous enough to bring about the surrender without much bloodshed, was appointed Governor.†

The famous William Prynne was some time confined in Dunster Castle, by a warrant from President Bradshaw. Whether he employed himself in writing here, as he did in the other places where he was imprisoned, I cannot learn, but, by Wood's account, this itch was a never-

* The present possessor is John Fownes Luttrell, Esq.

† Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. 3, p. 276.

failing resource to him, and from the astonishing bulk of his works, one would think (as our antiquary says) that he must have written a sheet every day of his life. Hudibras, however, is rather sarcastic on the subject of his genius, and would induce us by the following lines to conclude that this peerless scribbler loved his pot as much as his pen.—

“Thou that with ale or viler liquors
Did’st inspire Wythers, *Prynne*, and Vicars,
And teach, though it were in despatch
Of nature and the stars, to write,”—&c.*

Near Dunster church, which is situated in a hollow between the castle and the town, there was formerly a priory, founded by Sir William de Mohun, and annexed as a cell to the Abbey of St. Peter at Bath, being filled with Benedictine monks.† Some remains of this

* Needham says that Prynne was “one of the greatest paper-worms that ever crept into a closet.” Another writer tells us that “his study and reading was not only a wearisomeness to the flesh but to the ears.”

Wood’s *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 2, p. 438.

† Collinson’s *History of Somerset*, vol. 2, p. 16.

Somerset. building may be discovered on the south-east side of the church-yard.

It must have been often remarked that the churches in Somersetshire are in general more handsome and more modern than we often see in other counties; some of my readers perhaps, may not be aware to what this circumstance is to be attributed. During the calamitous contentions between the houses of York and Lancaster, this county manifested a very zealous attachment to the latter, and won to such a degree the gratitude of Henry VII. that, as soon as he mounted the throne, among other signal marks of royal favor, he built a great number of churches for the natives. The Gothic order began to assume about this period a very florid style; hence the ornamental finishing so conspicuous on the towers of the new fabrics. Bishop's Huish church I have before particularized on account of its elegance and elaborate workmanship, and another remarkable example of the decorated

decorated architecture of this reign is the church of Dunster, which is large and lofty, and has a strong, handsome tower rising from the centre. It is a curious circumstance that the monks and the parishoners could not agree well enough to make use of the same part of the building for their religious services, the former having had the eastern half for their quire, and the vicar the western. This division took place in the year 1499, and since the Dissolution no use whatever has been made of the conventual part, which contains several monuments and achievements belonging to the Mohuns and Luttrells.

Somerset.

Eastward from Dunster there is a very lofty hill, or beacon, with a prospect-house on the top built by Mr. Luttrell. Evident traces of an entrenchment may be observed on the north-west side, and I think it is highly probable that this spot was the site of the old fortress said to have been erected near Dunster by one of the

Somerset. West-Saxon kings.* The present ruins are artificial, but (even at a short distance) very likely to be mistaken for real.

Unwilling to omit any relics of antiquity, especially when we knew them to be contiguous to other objects of our pursuit, we resolved to visit the village of Old Cleeve, remarkable for the remains of an abbey. We kept the Watchett road some time, by which means we did not yet lose sight of Dunster Castle. We caught it in various points of view, and with various accompaniments, which in general were very picturesque. The flag waving from the battlements overtopped the surrounding foliage for some miles. Our road brought us at last to the beach, which is perfectly flat and sandy to a considerable distance from Minehead, and, from the adjoining lands being frequently overflowed by the sea, the pastures here

* In Domesday book I find Dunster called *Torre*; this appellation evidently originated from the hill abovementioned,

exhibit a most exuberant aspect. The tide ebbs almost a mile below high-water mark. *Somerset.*

We now deserted the Watchett turnpike, and a circuitous track, touching at several little hamlets, at last brought us to the ABBEY. The soil in the vicinity is so fertile that, in the old charters and writings, this spot is denominated *Vallis florida*, or the flowery valley. It was certainly well calculated for a religious retirement, and enough remains to prove that the abbey itself was not without great commodiousness, and even magnificence. The buildings formed a quadrangle, three sides of which are still perfect. There are no vestiges of the north side, but I conceive that the chapel must have stood here; the site is at present occupied by a shed for horses and cows. To the south stands the refectory, which may even now be called a noble room, though it is converted into a granary. It has a fine oak roof, adorned with various kinds of figures and emblems. The abbot's apartments occupied the eastern side, and opposite

Cleeve Abbey.

Somerset. opposite to them, on the west, were the cells of the monks, now become stables, &c. to the adjoining farm-house. In the abbey-court are a few trees, which by their age and *sombre* effect increase the venerable air of these monastic walls. The whole seems to have been originally surrounded by a moat, and the entrance into the court was under a large, handsome gate, ornamented with niches, and inscribed with sentences from sacred writ. In front is seen an image of the Virgin and child, to whom perhaps this abbey was dedicated. The monks were of the Cistercian order, their founder being William de Romara, to whom the manor of Old Cleeve belonged. Hugh, Abbot of St. Lawrence at Revelby, was entrusted with the regulation of the society.—In the year 1297 it appears that there were no less than twenty-six monks in Cleeve Abbey, the opulence of which must have been very great, for it enjoyed the whole of the founder's extensive estates.* At the Disso-

Disso- * Stevens's Dugdale, vol. 1, p. 66.

lution, the manor of Old Cleeve was granted to the Earl of Suffex; it is at present the property of Sir James Langham, of Cottesbrooke, in Northamptonshire, Bart.

Somerset.

We were desirous of marking the first appearance of limestone; to the commencement of this soil we guessed we must be now approaching. At WATCHETT narrow *strata* of a greyish blue species (nearly allied to that of Aberthaw, in Glamorganshire) are to be traced in the cliffs. They incline to the north-east, and run through a red marl, which prevails along the coast two or three miles, though not far to the *east* of this town. A great number of *ammonitæ* are imbedded in the limestone, as at Lyme,* in Dorsetshire, and we may conceive the stratification of that substance to have depended on similar causes at both of these places:—calcareous matter seems to have oozed, as it were, from the marl. There is an evident example of it

Watchett.

* See page 76, vol. I.

Somerset. in the formation of alabaſter along the Watchett cliffs, where are little grots entirely walled with this beautiful ſtone, which may be ſeen draining, almoſt under one's eyes, and concreting into large flabs on the ſhore.*

* The ſpecies of liſtſtone deſcribed above contains a bluifh clay, (which reddens when calcined) and a few fining particles. Smeaton could not find any other ſtone that would anſwer his purpoſe ſo well, when he was building the Edyſtone light-houſe, and for this reaſon, —being what architects call a *meagre* liſtſtone, it takes up but little ſand yet forms a harder mortar even in water. He diſcovered indeed that all ſtone which gave a buff-coloured lime had this effect, for inſtance that from Barrow, in this county, and what is dug at Lyme. It is only the *fat* fort (or that which being converted into lime takes up the *greateſt* quantity of ſand) that makes good manure.—A mixture of Watchett liſtſtone with a large proportion of *puzzolana* becomes indurated in water almoſt immediately,—a circumſtance which Mr. Kirwan attributes to the magnetic ſtate of the iron contained in the latter, for this iron not being oxydated, yet diſperſed throughout the maſs, and thus offering a large ſurface, quickly decompoſes the water with which it is mixed when made into mortar, and forms a hard ſubſtance analogous to the ſpecular iron-ore. The ſame effect appears in the iron tubes wherein water is decompoſed, in Lavoifier's experiments. (See his *Traite' de Chimie*, tom. 1, p. 93.) One grand uſe of the lime perhaps is to heat the water, which when cold has not acceſs ſo readily to the particles of iron encloded in the compact argill. Dr. Higgins remarks, in his *Treatiſe on Cements*, that if the mortar be long expoſed to the influence of the atmosphere, fixed as well as pure air will unite with the iron and, by forming ruſt, prevent the maſs from hardening.

The town of Watchett is a poor shabby place, *Somerset.* and its only trade is the freighting of limestone, alabaſter, and kelp. There is a commodious, ſtrong pier that was erected chiefly under the inſpection of Sir William Wyndham, Bart. Sir William was Secretary at War, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, under Queen Anne.

Laver (*Ulva Laſtuca*) grows in prodigious quantities along this coaſt, and is collected by the neighbouring peasantry, in order to be ſent to diſtant parts of the country in earthen pots. When boiled with vinegar and ſalt, it makes a pleaſant pickle.

Purſuing the road to Bridgwater over the Quantock hills, we obtained proſpects of amazing extent and variety. To the north was the Severn ſea, with ſeveral objects in the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth diſtinctly viſible; to the eaſt and ſouth the country ſeemed ſpread out like a vaſt map beneath us, ſtudded with innumerable

Semeret. numerable towns and villages, clothed with wide woods, and enamelled with pastures and corn fields in a boundless succession. The fecundity of this district creates astonishment and delight in the spectator ; whilst his eyes ramble over so smiling a scene, and he contemplates the produce of this rich soil and propitious climate, his spirits bound with cheerfulness, and his heart offers involuntary incense of gratitude to the ever active energies of nature. The Quantock hills rise gradually from the coast a few miles eastward from Watchett, and stretch in a south-east direction almost to Taunton. Their substance is a coarse kind of compound gritstone. The hills about Linton and Minehead, Dunkery beacon, and other mountainous eminences in this part of the country, afford a similar species, with some traces, occasionally, of killas. This latter substance may be observed to prevail about Porlock, and also near Over-Stowey.*

* Here the ground has been opened for mining, and a vein of copper has been worked.

On all the above-mentioned hills the vegetable mould is extremely shallow, and the hard stone lies immediately under it, but as soon as we descend to the lower grounds, we find a red loam, which forms a considerable bed over the gritstone; in this instance, the gritstone exhibits less appearance of decomposition, and is consequently more compact.*

Somerſet.

After leaving the Quantock hills, the road winds considerably to the right, and paſſes through OVER-STOWEY, a neat, pleaſant town, in a highly agreeable country.—It then conducts us through CANNINGTON, where we noticed a fine old manſion (now going to decay) called the *Court Houſe*, which, with the manor, belongs to Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh. There was formerly a Nunnery in this village, founded by Robert de Courcy, about the year 1140. The church belonged to it, and is (to uſe

*Over-
Stowey.*

Cannington.

* Other remarks on the ſubject of the gritſtone and red loam of Devon and Somerſet may be found in vol. 1, p. 85.

Somerset. Leland's own words) "*very fair and well adorned.*"

Bridgwater. BRIDGWATER* stands on the banks of the Parret; from this river, which is navigable for vessels of much more than one hundred tons in burthen, it derives great profits. The articles imported are chiefly timber and coal. A lofty bridge of three arches has remained here ever since the time of King John, though a new one is now building, the former being too narrow, and too ancient not to stand in need of frequent repairs.—This town is large and populous, and has quite a commercial air, but its extent and consequence were much greater before the wars between Charles I. and the Parliament. The forces belonging to the latter having besieged it under Sir Thomas Fairfax, they reduced no

* It is natural to imagine that the name of this town is derived from the *bridge*. The old histories of it, however, inform us that the original appellation was *Burgh-Walter*, or Walter's borough, from Walter de Douay, to whom the manor was given at the conquest:—the corruption of this name into *Bridgwater* was easy enough.

small part of it to ashes. It was on this occasion that the castle, though very strong and regularly fortified, was so far demolished that few vestiges of it are now observable.* The *ballium* is at present a timber-yard, which, being on the eastern side of the river, is the only guide to the exact site of the building.—*Castle-field* is memorable for being the place where the Duke of Monmouth encamped, before the battle of Sedgemoor.—At no town, in the west of England, perhaps, are provisions of every kind in greater profusion than at Bridgwater. The markets are supplied from the neighbouring moors, which feed an incredible number of cattle, and are the source of all the various luxuries afforded by the dairies.

Somerset.

The moors occupy a great portion of the county of Somerset, and constitute a striking peculiarity in the face of it. The main tract of

* Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. 4, p. 678.

Somerset.

this kind of land is enclosed between the river Parret and the Mendip hills, though here is not an uninterrupted flat, the Polden hills and other eminences of inferior note rearing themselves in the midst of it;—Brent and Glastonbury torrs are very remarkable protuberances. There is scarcely any *bottom* to be found in some places, and, in digging, trees are often met with, many even standing erect and not dislodged from their original position. It has been remarked (and this is a curious fact) that most of those which have been found under the south-west ridge of Mendip lie with their branches pointed in that direction. What may have been observed to be the general posture of the multitudes dug up about Bridgwater I am ignorant,—indeed I believe they lie in all directions;—but the circumstance above-mentioned is sufficient to shew that they owe their *interment* to a common cause, which cause must have been a sudden subsidence of ground. I think it can scarcely admit of a doubt that the fat, clayey soil is the effect of a continued decomposition of vegetable matter,

Somerset.

ter, (this decomposition being occasioned mostly by the frequent floods which submerge vegetation in low grounds, often for a considerable time,) and that it is encreased besides by the muddy deposit left by streams that issue from the sides of the neighbouring hills. The true subsoil, or rocky basis of the country is the substance composing the prominent parts, which may be compared to the bones in an animal body that are less covered by muscle and fat, and almost expose their surfaces to view. East of Bridgwater we soon find traces of limestone, which discovers itself in several pits (opened for procuring it), wherein the *strata* are horizontal, and in every respect similar to the *lyas* dug about Somerton. This species contains a large portion of argill, and seems to connect the grand tract of limestone with the argillaceous grit prevailing more westward, though the gradation is maintained still more completely by the loose marly soil observable between these two substances, and which may be followed along the whole margin of the loamy country.

Somerset.

Nineteen parts in twenty of rich moor land remain in grass. The mud of the numerous drains makes the principal (and almost the only) manure. Such is the native richness and strength of these lands when sown, that some will yield from ten to twelve crops without a fallow. Thirty-five bushels of wheat, *per* acre, have been yielded annually, for eighteen years following.

Brent-Torr. BRENT-TORR has been mentioned before. This lofty conical eminence, supposed to rise to the height of almost one thousand feet above the level of the sea, is visible to an immense distance. There is a large double intrenchment at the top; the shape of it has not regularity enough to determine its date, but, from brass and silver coins of the Roman empire having been found here, it is reasonable to suppose that the antiquity of this station is very great. As it commands so extensive a space, its importance has, no doubt, been often experienced.

In

Somerset.

In order to trace the course of the limestone, we thought it expedient to return to the coast between the northern extremity of Mendip and the river Avon. In all this tract no other substance is to be met with, but here it assumes a nature and appearance very different from the lyas. It breaks equally well in any direction, and the weight is an evidence of it's containing a large proportion of iron, which gives it a black, brown, reddish, or yellowish colour, according to the different degrees of oxydation. When burned it makes a good lime, and requires but little fire, in comparison with many other *species*. The direction of the *strata* is not the same in every ridge; about the Hot-wells they seem to run from south-west to north-east, whereas at Swallow cliff, near Woodspring they are from south-east to north-west, the dip being to the south-west. Veins of calamine occur in almost every quarry, though they are not rich enough to deserve working much to the north of Mendip.

Somerset.
Banwell.

BANWELL was anciently a place of some note, and even now indeed it is far from being a mean or an inconsiderable village. Here was once a monastery (founded by one of the West-Saxon princes) in which the celebrated Affer some time presided, by the appointment of his patron Alfred.* It was destroyed, however, in the time of the Danish wars, and we find a gap in its history until the reign of Edward the Confessor, who gave the manor to the Bishop of Wells, its former possessor Harold, Earl of Wexsex, being banished the realm for absenting himself from the great council summoned by that monarch. On the site of the monastery an episcopal palace was erected, by Bishop Beckington; considerable remains of this building are still to be seen to the south-east of the church-yard. There was a communication with the latter, though the grand entrance was towards the street, where the gate and a part

* Spelman *Aelfredi Magni Vita*, lib. 2, p. 53.

of the front (now converted into stables) are very conspicuous. Some Gothic windows are left in the modernized part, which is situated behind, pretty near to the church. *Somerset.*

Few spots command a more lovely landscape than the hill above Banwell. We had an opportunity of contemplating it under the advantage of a beautiful setting sun, which, when sinking behind the Welsh mountains, gave a fullness to their outline, and displayed to us an infinite number of magnificent eminences swelling one above another with an effect inconceivably sublime. The sea rolled with a calm and placid surface, broken here and there by a speck of land, between the two coasts, and on the eastern side of it a charming area was spread out interspersed with villages, meads, and hedges innumerable. To our right a fine knoll crowned with oak impended over the village, whilst the noble heights of Mendip behind it, tinged with a mellow purple, undulated gradually down into the flat in a north-west direction.

Somerset. The lofty, elegant tower of the church below us, appearing here bosomed in trees, formed a sort of index of the departing blaze, preparatory to the more sober tints in which all the surrounding objects were at length to be involved.

In a most secluded and unfrequented spot, and almost on the brink of the channel stand the *Woodspring.* ruins of the Priory of WOODSPRING, which belonged to monks of the Augustine order, a society of whom was established here about the year 1210 by William de Courtenay.* The conventual church, refectory, and barn are pretty entire, and, with other detached parts, serve to point out the exact plan of the monastery. Little did the original tenants imagine that their whole premises were one day to be occupied by a farmer;—that the refectory was to be converted into a cart-house; and the church itself into a cellar! Society, however, has little reason

* Collinson's *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 594.





Thos. Barker del.

perhaps to regret the causes which occasioned the change. The manor belongs to John Pigot, Esq. of Brockley, being granted at the Dissolution to Sir William St. Loe, Knt. An honest, hospitable farmer conducted over all the buildings, and pointed out to us the uses to which he imagined each part to have been applied. His kitchen garden he imagined to have been always used as such, on account of its being encompassed by walls, but these certainly belonged to the cloister. The tower of the church is supported by four strong pillars, from which spring as many pointed arches. It was perforated with Gothic windows, the upper ones ornamented with fret-work. The height appears to be about sixty feet. At a little distance, to the south-east, stands the refectory, or *friar's hall*, as it is commonly called, which was a large room, lighted by elegant Gothic windows that are in very good preservation. The principal entrance to the monastery was in the west front, where a wide arched gate-way, with a door contiguous to it, may still be seen. We admired the barn

Somerſet.
more

Somerſet. more than all. This building is very large, and diſtinguiſhed by a wheat-ſheaf cut in ſtone over a lofty arch-way, through which it ſeems as if waggons formerly paſſed. Few religious ſocie- ties in the kingdom could be provided with a more commodious ſtructure for laying up the produce of their lands, but many, it is to be feared, had the means of filling a ſpace much larger.

Being deſirous of beſtowing particular ob- ſervation on the productions of the Mendip hills, we eſtabliſhed our head-quarters for a while at *Chedder.* the romantic village of CHEDDER. The cliffs here had been too often deſcribed to us in terms of wonder not to attract our earlieſt attention. They certainly conſtitute one of the fineſt mountain ſcenes in the weſt of England; I do not recolleſt having ever ſeen any of an equal effect. The village is ſituated under the ſouth- weſt ſide of Mendip, and yet much elevated above the level of the moors, ſo that the con- traſt between the lofty brows of the hills on one ſide



Cheddar Cliffs

Cheddar Cliffs

The Rev. J. B. Ashurst del.

fide and the fertile flats on the other is singularly striking. The chasm by which the cliffs are formed does not disclose itself until we come near a mill, turned by a rapid brook that gushes out near the entrance, and soon afterwards looses itself in the Ax. Proceeding by the side of this brook, we are suddenly struck by a gap in the side of the mountain, of the extent of which we no sooner form an idea than we find it erroneous, for the rocks project one behind another so as often to appear to prevent further progress. We are constantly deceived, and at length discover that this stupendous chasm extends quite through the south-west ridge of Mendip, from top to bottom, the length being at least two miles, at the end of which it divides into two branches, so as to allow an easy ascent to the top of hills. The direction is winding, but on the whole nearly from south-west to north-east. In many points the cliffs rise to the height of full three hundred feet quite perpendicularly, some terminating in bold pinnacles, others in irregular fragments like shattered battle-

Somerset.

Somerset. battlements of vast castles, and others inclining as if about to crush the spectator as he passes under. Yews project out of several of the fissures, forming lofty canopies of a solemn shade; many rocks wear long mantles of ivy, which have the most picturesque and beautiful appearance, compared with the craggy nakedness of the others. The scenery varies continually, and to catch all its sublime effects it is necessary to traverse the gap backward and forward for some time. The width decreases gradually towards the termination, the bottom appearing more and more overspread with fragments of rock, which render it in some places with difficulty passable. On the right hand, the cliffs are much steeper than on the left, and for the most part inaccessible, but it may be remarked that, in general, the salient angles on one side correspond with the recipient ones on the other. Indeed every circumstance contributes to impress a belief that the mountain must have been here violently rent asunder, either in consequence of some remote part suddenly losing its support,

Somerset.

support, and subsiding, or of some subterraneous force operating immediately below *this* part, and elevating it above the level of the rest. The inclination of the *strata*, which are from one foot to three feet in thickness, is to the south-west nearly, the general direction of them being from north-west to south-east; this is the course of the hills, the height of which seems to increase northward, and particularly near the village of Loxton, where is a prodigious eminence called *Crook's peak*. Though the cliffs are not so wide apart as those of Dovedale, yet, (excepting that the latter are more profusely adorned with wood) there is a great resemblance between these two grotesque spots. The rocks of Cheddar are certainly on the grandest and boldest scale; on the other hand, they have not the advantage of a beautiful stream, like the Dove, dividing them. Stupendous as they are, there is a contiguous part of Mendip some hundred feet higher, sloping from their tops with a gradual ascent, and commanding, particularly to the west and south, a most extensive prospect.

Mendip

Somerset.

Mendip may be called the *Alps* of Somersetshire, as the Peak may of Derbyshire, and both these immense, remarkable chains of mountains are extremely alike with regard to the materials that compose them. The rocks of the Peak abound with veins of lead and calamine, as do those of Mendip: both contain vast caverns and subterraneous vaults: and both consist of a similar species of stone. The limestone of Mendip contains various coralloid relics (like that of Derbyshire) to a certain depth, when the miners find it more compact and quite free from fossils.

The Chedder cliffs produce several of the rarer plants. I must not omit mentioning *Dianthus cæsius** (Chedder Pink) *D. arenarius*, and *Thalictrum minus*. The history of the first of these plants has been more perplexed than that of any other British species perhaps, and it

* The trivial name of *cæsius*, which is extremely appropriate, first occurs in Sowerby's *English Botany*, vol. 1, p. 62.

has been difficult to say which was the true *Somerset.*
Chedder Pink, and which was not. It is to be distinguished, however, by the stems being mostly single-flowered: the scales of the *calyx* roundish and short; the petals notched and bearded; and the leaves rough in the margin. This elegant plant has never yet been found but on the cliffs of Chedder, where it was gathered first by Mr. Brewer, in Ray's time. The flowers make their appearance in July, decorating the rocks most luxuriantly.

The most noted mines for calamine are about SHIPHAM and Wrington. The former of Shipham. these villages is situated under some lofty, wild fells which overlook the country north-west of Mendip, and it is inhabited entirely by miners, who have hollowed out the ground under the very foundations of the houses. At the particular hours of the day when their labour ceases, they may be seen crawling out of the ground exactly like rabbits from their burrows. These subterraneous occupations, they informed

Somerset. informed us, are very fluctuating in the profit they produce. A miner will sometimes gain a guinea *per* week, and sometimes not so much as five shillings. He pays one tenth to the lord of the soil, if the mine be opened on a common, but, if it be on any enclosed land, as much as one fourth. The calamine when calcined is worth from four pounds, ten shillings, to five pounds *per* ton, being purchased chiefly by brass-founders from Bristol and Birmingham.

The calamine of Mendip, in its crude state, is either of a yellowish or of a reddish colour; indeed they sometimes find a blackish sort. In texture it is in some instances compact, in others cellular, and the form either amorphous or crystallized. A species called by the miners *bone-calamine* (which they value very highly) is in polyedral crystals; the ordinary sort has rather a stalactitical appearance, and is mixed with a good deal of calcareous spar and martial ochre. The veins, or lodes, are almost always accompanied by lead.

They

Somerset.

They usually run in a direction pretty nearly from south-east to north-west, or, to use the terms of the miners themselves, *lie at nine o'clock*. Some of the courses are at *six o'clock*, that is, from east to west. They underlie commonly a little to the south-west; but such as are perpendicular are esteemed the best. The shafts are from six to twelve fathoms deep, though, I believe, the calamine is to be found at all depths. It does not seem possible to discover veins by any marks on the surface of the ground, for there is no difference in the appearance of vegetation, nor do the springs in the neighbourhood seem to be affected either in regard to taste, or colour; so that the digging of trenches must be the only mode of ascertaining with certainty where the calamine lies. We observed that the fragments were very different in size, some being not much larger than walnuts; it has been said that others have been found to weigh eight or ten tons.

To prepare calamine for the founderies, they

Somerset. first wash, or *buddle* it, by enclosing a certain space of ground with boards or turf, through which a stream of water is conducted. By these means the calamine, lead, and spar are cleansed from earthy and impure matter, which in consequence of frequent shovelling and stirring is washed away. These substances are then put into sieves, made of strong wire at the bottom, and, by being frequently dipped and shaken about in water, subside according to their respective weights, the lead lying lowermost, the calamine next, and the sparry particles at the top. The last are skimmed off and thrown away, and the calamine when separated from the lead is placed in an oven to be calcined. This oven is so contrived that the flame may be directed over it, and the heat is kept up for four or five hours, or more, according to circumstances, the ore being frequently stirred about with long iron coal-rakes. When the latter is sufficiently dried and baked, it is beat to a fine powder either with large hammers or iron bars, and thus rendered fit for sale. The calcu-

calculation is that forty five pounds of calamine *Somerset.* are reduced by calcination to about thirty.

On Mendip they call their works *grooves*, and the miners *groovers*, which are terms that seem to be peculiar to this part of the country. Any Englishman is allowed to open a groove if he pleases, provided he does not fix on a spot taken possession of by another, and has not offended against any law or custom of the hills.

The principal lead-mines lie about Priddy and East-Harptree. There are several not far from Shipham, north-west of which place we come to what is called *Under Mendip*. At the *Under Mendip.* depth of about eighty fathoms, water here flows so fast upon the miners that, for want of engines, they can never work deeper. The ore they obtain is worth about six pounds *per* ton. The most productive lodes are enclosed between very hard rocks (of limestone) that exhibit a greyish fracture, but have a deep red surface, occasioned by the oxyde of iron. In the
K 2 grooves

Somerset. grooves we inspected, the lodes were from half an inch to two inches in thickness, and were accompanied by calamine, mixed with a calcareous stone called *crootes*. The ore is often suddenly lost, but may be recovered again by working a few fathoms further in the same direction; the intermediate space is filled in general by a loose, ochry substance, and sometimes clay: this is what is meant by a *deading bed*. A clear, heavy ore is called *goods*. Thirty-six hundred of this may yield about a ton of lead. It is of the *galena* kind, but of a more refractory nature than that of Derbyshire, for which reason it is used chiefly for making balls. A calciform species, of a radiated or fibrous texture, is sometimes found, but this is turned to very little account.

East-Harptree.

About EAST-HARPTREE manganese is dug in some quantity, in the state of black oxyde.—Near this village, is a hill called *the Lamb*, where is a remarkable cavern, the descent into which is by a shaft seventy fathoms in depth. Many veins of lead ore and calamine may be traced

traced here. The cavern is very lofty and spacious, and opens into several smaller cavities overhung with *stalactites* and various sparry concretions, *Somerset.*

The Mendip labourers suffer much in their health, from the nature of their employments, and unfortunately their poverty deprives them of the means of taking such precautions as are necessary. They rarely breathe any other than the most noxious air, for they cannot afford to open shafts for supplying fresh, and they work up to their chins in water, having no adits for carrying the latter off. In some mines they feel the fatal effects of the carbonic acid, but, from my own experience, I am certain that other circumstances often produce consequences as dreadful. I was in one gallery of such length and so confined that amidst the fumes of gunpowder (used for splitting the rock), the breath of three or four people huddled close together, and the oily *effluvia* of the candles, I had nearly sunk with suffocation before I had remained in

Somerset. it a quarter of an hour.—The common mode of descending is by a rope tied round the thighs, and it is wonderful with what rapidity the miners let themselves down only by sliding their hands along this rope when dropped to the bottom. Their buckets, which are brought up by a windlafs, hold about a gallon. Their beetles, pickaxes, and wedges, unless hardened enough to make a deep impresson when struck upon the head of an anvil, are not fit for use, so that an entire stock is sometimes broken in a day.

All disputes respecting the mines are settled by a jury of twelve men, summoned by an officer called the *Lead-reeve*. Many regulations, however, have been established by common consent, the breach of which the miners punish after their own manner, without any regular process of law. A curious instance of this is *the burning of the hill*, as it is called,—the punishment inflicted on any one who steals ore or tools, which being left in little huts, at a distance from the habitation of the proprietor,
often

often tempt a thief to carry them off. If detected, he is shut up in one of these huts,—a good deal of combustible matter, such as straw, dry boughs, &c. is placed around it, and the whole set on fire. He may make his escape by what means he can, but it is seldom without being handsomely singed and half suffocated, and he is never suffered to dig on the hills afterwards.

Somerset.

On our botanical excursions about Mendip, we had much amusement. In a wood near Axbridge appeared *Lithospermum purpureo-cæruleum*, a beautiful plant, and one that does not accommodate itself to every soil and situation. We succeeded too in our search after *Arenaria verna* and *Saxifraga hypnoides*, which grow so abundantly in the mountains of the Peak; the mention of these two plants would alone be sufficient to inform a botanist of the great elevation of Mendip.—There is but little depth of mould on any part of the hills, yet sheep and young cattle find tolerable pasture. The wood

Somerset. is of diminutive growth, and very sparing, except on the southern side, above Axbridge, and here many of the mountainous shrubs appear, which strike their roots through the crevices of the limestone. *Cratægus Aria* (white-beam tree) flourishes in two or three of the most naked, exposed spots. The wood of this tree is used for handles of tools by the miners, and a stick of it makes a pretty tough weapon.

Wookey
Hole.

Among the natural curiosities of Mendip I must not omit to mention a remarkable cavern called WOOKEY HOLE, situated about two miles, to the north-west, from Wells. It obtains its name from a village which stands not far off, under the south side of the hills. The approach to the cavern is extremely picturesque, being through a sort of recess, or hollow, formed by an assemblage of vast rocks (which over the orifice rise to the height of at least two hundred feet) almost covered with trees and plants springing out of their fissures. On the left side of this recess is a natural terrace, which leads to
the

the mouth of the cavern, and through the middle of it runs a clear rapid rivulet, that rushes out of a rude arch thirty feet in height, and forty in breadth, impetuously making its way over an irregular bed of rocks. After having admired this romantic scene, we were conducted, through an opening not more than six feet high, into a spacious vault, eighty feet in height, entirely covered with *stalactites*; on the ground lay conical nodules of pellucid spar. We descended hence down a dozen steps or more, called *Hell-ladder*, (which is the only appearance of art through the whole), and entered another vault rather smaller and lower than the former, but similarly encrusted with sparry projections from the roof and sides. Beyond this, a low, uneven passage leads to a space nearly circular and about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, with a singular vaulted roof forty feet in height. On one side of this part of the cavern flows the rivulet, which is supposed to take its rise on some boggy ground above. Eels and other fish are sometimes caught here. Adjoining to the circular area

Somerset.

Somerset. area is what our guide called the *witch's brew-house*, where a great number of singular configurations of flacite are observable, and the vulgar have given them correspondent appellations, such as the *boiler*, *furnace*, &c. To the left is the *hall*, which is very lofty, the centre of the roof being apparently one hundred feet, at least, above the ground. Next we entered the *parlour*, a very low apartment in comparison with the others; this indeed the name suggests. Here is a well, arched over, and full of fine sweet water. We now arrived at the extremity of Wookey Hole (above six hundred feet from the entrance) being stopped by the stream. As we returned we could contemplate the appearance of every part more fully and leisurely, and were much struck with the various forms which the crystals over our heads occasionally assumed:—

“ Here glitt’ring turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement) on the roof,
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches fast congeal’d

Shoot

Shoot into pillars of pellucid length
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before ;
Here grotto within grotto——”

Somerset.

COWPER.

Wookey Hole is more spacious than Kent's, (near Torquay) and resembles more the famous cavern at Castleton. Caverns cannot differ materially, however, except in size, and in that respect no one in England can be compared to the latter.

From the top of the rocks over the entrance of Wookey hole, the hill rises with great steepness almost a mile, towards the north.

About half a mile before we reach WELLS, we have a very beautiful view of that city, the noble heights of Mendip receding in the form of an amphitheatre, and sheltering it northward, whilst fertile meadows unfold to the south. The towers of the Cathedral and St. Cuthbert's church shew themselves with a venerable air, and

Wells.

Somerset. and with all the effect that distant landscape can impart.

The ideas we had been led to entertain in regard to the neatness and pleasantness of Wells were by no means diminished at our entrance into it. Though small, this city is populous, and in general well laid out. The streets are clean and commodious, and there is a good area before the cathedral, the beautiful front of which is seen to great advantage. It owes its origin to a remarkable spring called *St. Andrew's well*, supposed to possess medicinal, and indeed *miraculous* properties, and which invited hither Ina, King of the West-Saxons, whose religious zeal prompted him to found a collegiate church, dedicated to the honor of the above saint. This church became a cathedral about the year 905, when so many new bishoprics were constituted by order of Edward the elder. The see was afterwards transferred, however, for a while, to Bath, where Bishop de Villula built a palace, by the persuasions of the monks of St. Peter's, and
took

took the title of Bishop of that city. Great contentions, of course, soon arose between the two chapters of Bath and Wells respecting the right of electing to the episcopal office. The matter being referred to the arbitration of the Bishop himself, it was determined that his successors should take their title from both churches, that an equal number of delegates from both chapters should enjoy the privilege of voting, and that the installation should take place in both cathedrals. This regulation, which was made by Bishop Robert about the year 1135, continued until the reign of Henry VIII. when an act of parliament passed for vesting the power of electing solely in the Dean and Chapter of Wells.*—The western part of the present Cathedral was begun about the year 1239 by Bishop Joceline

Somerset.

* There is a very whimsical account of the circumstance that occasioned the cities of Bath and Wells being united under one bishop current among the vulgar. It is said that Charles II. wishing to raise Dean Crichton, a native of Scotland, to the episcopal dignity, gave him the choice of either Bath or Wells, and that the honest Scotchman having informed his majesty he wished to have "*Bauth*," which was mistaken for his desiring *both*, the two bishoprics were forthwith granted to him, with the intention that they should be conjoined for ever after!

Somerset. de Wells, and dedicated to St. Andrew;* the eastern is of an earlier date, and vestiges of the original Saxon structure may be perceived in some places. In the centre of the transepts rises a large quadrangular tower, one hundred and sixty feet in height, resting on four broad arches. This tower seems rather too heavy, however, in proportion to the rest of the building. The length of the nave is one hundred and ninety feet; of the choir, to the altar, one hundred and eight; and of the chapel of the Virgin beyond, which is of very elegant architecture, fifty-two feet. There are eight chapels, exclusive of the one just mentioned; in these repose the remains of several bishops and dignitaries of the diocese. The workmanship of the roof and other parts is in a very good stile, and the whole has a handsome and striking appearance, though the eye is rather offended by the white and yellow with which the cieling,

* Collinson's *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 398.

walls, &c. are daubed over. It is a vulgar *Somerset.* taste that can relish either glaring or contrasted colours in the inside of a venerable Gothic pile; we were not surprised to hear the sexton pronounce the effect to be very *neat*, and were almost induced to conclude that *his* judgment alone had been consulted. The windows are ornamented with some good painted glass, executed in 1607, but I cannot find the name of the artist recorded. In an old chapel of the north transept, is shewn a clock made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, from the abbey of which place it was brought hither; the mechanism was no doubt esteemed very wonderful at the period of its construction. The cloister, situated on the south-side of the cathedral, was built at different periods, but principally under the direction of Bishop de Beckington, who came to the see in the year 1444. The sides are not perfectly equal in length, and, though the stile is not uniform, yet they have an air of regularity. Over the eastern side is the library, which is distinguished by
its

Somerſet. its neatneſs and order from every cathedral library I have ſeen. It contains no inconfiderable number of books; theſe were the gifts of various prelates, but the moſt munificent benefactor to it was the celebrated Biſhop Kenn.* The chapter-houſe is of an octagonal form, one pillar only ſupporting the roof, as in moſt other buildings of this nature.—But the moſt intereſting part of the Cathedral, and which in ſtrict propriety ſhould have had the priority of deſcription, is the weſt front, certainly one of the moſt ſuperb pieces of Gothic workmanſhip in the kingdom. It is adorned with an infinite number of elegant niches and canopies, wherein are images of the apoſtles, and of ſeveral hierarchs, popes, princes, and biſhops. On each ſide of the great buttrefſes are ſtatues as large as the life, and the whole line of the length of the

* Kenn was one of the ſeven biſhops that oppoſed the reading of the royal declaration of indulgence, and was, in conſequence, committed to the Tower. He relinquished his preferment, however, at the arrival of the Prince of Orange, and retired to Longleat, in Wiltſhire, where he wrote his poetical works.

portal is occupied by a curious representation of the resurrection of the dead. There is a handsome tower at each corner, of appropriate size and with correspondent sculpture. I am surprised that this front should have been suffered to be disfigured by a sepulchral inscription, which, though very ancient, may still be traced, particularly the following words, a few feet above the ground: "*Pur l'alme Johan de Puttenie pries et trefe jurs de*"

Somerset.

Southward from the Cathedral stands the Episcopal Palace, which has more the appearance of a fortified castle than of the residence of a bishop. It is surrounded by an embattled wall, flanked with semicircular turrets, and on the north side there is a venerable large gatehouse, standing close to the moat. Part of the old palace is going to decay, but on the eastern side of the *ballium*, or court, several handsome modern apartments have been added. The moat is supplied with water from St. Andrew's well, which may be seen not far distant. Bishop

Somerset. Erghum began the fortifications. In his times ecclesiastical dignity was maintained less by a pious life and a zeal for religion than by external parade and *military* power.—The three gates to the College-close were erected by Bishop Beckington, and, with the other structures built at the expence of this public-spirited prelate, give an air of grandeur to the city in a remarkable degree. His device,—a flaming *beacon* on a *tun*, or cask,—occurs in numberless places.—The Vicars' close contains about forty dwelling houses, and has next the street, at the south end, a hall, and at the other end, northward, a chapel. The vicars belonging to the church form a distinct corporate body, and before the Reformation led a sort of monastic life, having received various benefactions and regulations from different ecclesiastical personages; the present establishment is under the authority of a charter granted by Elizabeth.—Opposite the north porch of the cathedral a house was pointed out to us which was formerly appropriated to the Arch-deacon of Wells, and on that account
some

some time the residence of Polydore Virgil, the *Somerset.* author of the History of England and other works. His birth-place was Urbino, in Italy, where he died A. D. 1555.

Before we took leave of the interior parts of Somersetshire, one place remained to be visited, which, in the opinion of the antiquary, may appear equally interesting with any in the west of England:—this was GLASTONBURY. Exclusive of the instruction they afford as fragments of architecture, and of their effect as ruins, the remains of an abbey, that, according to tradition, was the earliest religious institution in our island;—that contained the ashes of one of the most illustrious of its heroes;* invited the pious from the most remote parts of Christendom; and enjoyed the most splendid patronage and revenue, perhaps, of any similar establishment in Europe, certainly offer no mean subject for

* King Arthur.

Somerset. contemplation.—The town of Glastonbury is situated on a gentle declivity, open to the moors of the isle of Avalon, within the boundaries of which it stands. It consists chiefly of two long streets crossing each other nearly at right angles. Most of the buildings exhibit some marks of antiquity, and even such as are of modern erection are decorated with the spoils of the abbey. That which is now called the *abbey-house* was constructed out of the ruins of the abbot's lodging, and exhibits a multitude of escutcheons, devices, and ornaments in high relief. What was once the great gate of the abbey is become an inn, as is also an hospital for the entertainment of pilgrims, situated northward from the market-cross. The front of the latter is most elaborately and curiously ornamented, and has niches, and canopies for images, in abundance. Two hospitals for poor and infirm people, whose benefactors were abbots of this place, and two chapels, said to have been erected by the same personages, still subsist. Relics of other ancient buildings are too numerous

merous

merous to be detailed ;—I shall therefore proceed to a description of the abbey itself.

Somerset.

The foundation plot of this immense fabric (including the several offices, &c.) occupied an area of sixty acres, but, except St. Joseph's chapel, the abbot's kitchen, and some large fragments of the church, this space now contains little else but rubbish.* The nave of the church from St. Joseph's chapel to the cross was two hundred and twenty feet; each transept forty-five; and the choir one hundred and fifty-five feet, in length. The chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, contiguous to the western end, measures one hundred and ten feet in length, and twenty-four in breadth. Adjoining to the south side was the cloister, which formed a square of two hundred and twenty feet. There were five

* If the reader should feel a curiosity to be informed how this space was originally laid out, I must refer to the "*Inventory of the Chambers, Offices, &c.*" taken about the time of the Reformation, and to be seen in Collinson, vol. 2, p. 260.

Somerset. chapels, (in addition to that already mentioned) communicating with the church, and some remains of these may still be seen.

St. Joseph's chapel is pretty entire, excepting the roof and floor, and must be admired for the richness of the finishing, as well as the great elegance of the design. I cannot find any account of the time of its foundation, but the style being *Semi-Saxon*, or Saxonico-Gothic, of which it is a singular and beautiful specimen, proves it to have been prior to the fourteenth century; the communication with the church was by a spacious portal. There are doors to the north and south besides; one is ornamented with flower-work and history, the other with very elaborate flourishes and figures. The arches of the windows (of which there are six on each side) are pointed; underneath appear compartments of interlaced zigzag arches of five pillars, and some others in a different style, their spandrils adorned with roses, crescents, and stars. Large stones falling in from above have
damaged



Clonbury Abbey

Thos. & B. 1844.

damaged the floor so much that a great part of it has sunk into the vault below, which was turned upon arches that were groined and pointed. At the south-east corner of this vault is an arched way said to lead to the tower, and, we were informed, this has been traced to some distance, but it is most probable that the whole was intended to be a repository for the dead. Many leaden coffins have been taken up here, and may be seen in different parts of the town, serving for cisterns.—The ivy with which the walls of the chapel are most exuberantly covered gives them a truly venerable and interesting effect. Though I could not help feeling some melancholy emotions at the idea of so elegant a fabric suffering from the silent assaults of time, they were much increased when I considered that it was not secure against other, and perhaps more violent, invaders.

Somerset.

Two of the pillars that supported the tower, with part of the arch, and a few fragments of the south walls of the choir are the whole of the

Somerset. Conventual Church now standing. There is a sufficient specimen of the workmanship, however, in the arches of the windows, to authorize a belief that this edifice was in the best style of the early Gothic. It is wonderful that so stupendous a mass of building should have suffered such depredation and diminution within a period which innumerable others, of inferior magnitude, have survived almost unmolested; and I am rather induced to think that the rage and avarice of Henry VIII. must have been carried further than usual in this instance. The *first* of these passions, (which always grew stronger in proportion to the obstacles offered to the gratification of the second,) was certainly wreaked upon the person of Abbot Whiting in a very signal manner. This poor man, who was doomed to be the last head of the great ecclesiastical society of Glastonbury, and whose only offence (notwithstanding the many heinous charges that were brought against him,) appears to have been an unwillingness to surrender their vast possessions, was hanged on a gibbet within

within sight of his own abbey, and his aged corpse afterwards mangled and divided, in order to be exposed at different places. *Somerset.*

The Abbot's kitchen is octagonal, four of the angles being filled with fire-places, each of which measures sixteen feet in length, and has an inclined chimney, the smoke passing out at a double octangular vent that crowns a pyramidal roof of the same number of sides. The stones of the pyramid are all cut slanting with the same bevils to throw off the rain.—This curious and durable structure is said to have been built in Henry VIII.'s time; Mr. Grose thought it was not so modern.

Glastonbury Abbey has been considered as the most ancient in England; nor are the monkish writers content to fix its date before the Saxon times, but have even contended that the Christian faith was planted at this place, within thirty years after our Saviour's passion, by Joseph of Arimathea. The truth of this assertion I am
not

Somerſet. not prepared to controvert, and ſhall therefore be expected to give the particulars handed down by thoſe people. They tell us that Philip preached the goſpel among the Franks, and ſent St. Joſeph, at the head of eleven other miſſionaries, to propagate it in our iſland;—that the latter erected at Glaſtonbury to the honor of the bleſſed Virgin, of wattles and wreathed twigs, the firſt Chriſtian oratory in Britain;—that Chriſt dedicated it to his mother *in perſon*, which St. David would have done, had he not been forbidden;—and that Arviragus, King of theſe parts (*but of doubtful memory*) granted the miſſionaries fourteen hundred acres of land for their ſupport. The people relapſing into idolatry after the deceaſe of the miſſionaries, King Lucius is ſaid to have given intimation of the circumſtance to Pope Eleutherius, who ſent over St. Phaganus and Diruvianus. Theſe holy men, with others, ſettled in the ſame ſpot as St. Joſeph had choſen for his ruſtic church, and St. Patrick, the apoſtle of Ireland, diſciplined them into a monaſtic life, being appointed
their

their first abbot, about the year 439. St. Benignus, second Bishop of Armagh, followed the example of his predecessor, and presided over the society after him. About the year 530, another holy person, St. David, Arch-bishop of Menevia, came hither, and expended large sums of money on the monastery. This last mentioned saint was uncle of the renowned Arthur, who, in his time, was interred here, and whose coffin was discovered in the monk's cemetery six hundred and forty years afterwards, in consequence of the search made by order of Henry II.—Whatever degree of improbability may attach to the above account of the foundation of the abbey, it is pretty certain that, when Ina ascended the throne of the West-Saxons, it became a sumptuous and celebrated establishment, his piety having prompted him to rebuild the walls in a magnificent manner, and to make immense donations to the society. Succeeding monarchs did not withhold their benefactions, but were zealous in ratifying, and adding to, the grants before made, and coveted the honor of interment

Somerset.

Somerſet. ment among the bodies of thoſe devout and holy perſons that had repoſed at Glaſtonbury from the very promulgation of Chriſtianity. St. Dunſtan* introduced the order of St. Benedict, and by his influence at court obtained for this diſtinguiſhed ſociety ſtill greater privileges, power, and emoluments than ever. At length the abbots were mitred, became lords of parliament, and rivalled in their table and retinue their ſovereigns themſelves. Whiting is ſaid to have entertained no leſs than five hundred perſons of faſhion at a time, and, whenever he went abroad, was attended by at leaſt one hundred officers and ſervants. No leſs than ſeven

* Afterwards Arch-biſhop of Canterbury, and famous for the diligence with which he perſecuted and hunted the married prieſts out of their livings. He was a man of conſummate addreſs, and to him the regular clergy were in an eminent degree indebted for the favor and affection ſhewn them by Edmund, Edgar, and other monarchs, to the detriment of the ſeculars. In Brompton we have many intereſting particulars relative to the life of this prelate; as a *wonderful* event in it, I cannot avoid mentioning the Devil's appearance in his preſence. Being employed in making a golden cup at the time, (we are told) he had the quickneſs to ſeize his grim viſitor by the noſe with a pair of hot tongs, and made him hollow to the terror of the town of Glaſtonbury!

parks, full of deer, all belonging to the abbey, might once have been seen from a single spot. Sharpham park was often the residence of the abbot.—But the measure of monastic power was now full, and Glastonbury at length experienced the fate of other religious houses, its revenues being seized by the sacrilegious Henry. These revenues, according to Speed, amounted to the sum of 3508*l.* 13*s.* 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*—It would be unjust to assert that the income of this society was *wholly* misapplied, when we perceive the names of Bede and Gildas in the list of those who partook of it, though those venerable persons, to whom history owes so much, lived at a period long prior to the accumulation of so enormous a sum.

Somerset.

Not only the town but the environs of Glastonbury abound with religious relics. The most conspicuous is the *Torr*, or tower of St. Michael, situated on a high hill (where Abbot Whiting lost his life) rising abruptly from the moors, about a mile south-east from the town. Here were erected a monastery and a church to

the

Glastonbury
Torr.

Somerset. the honor of St. Michael, to whom Phaganus and Diruvianus are said to have erected first a small oratory. The whole of the buildings were destroyed by an earthquake that happened in the year 1271, the present tower being of a much later date, and apparently never connected with any other edifice. This tower is very lofty, and of a quadrangular form, with a carved figure of St. Michael on the western side, holding a pair of scales, in one of which is the Bible, in the other a devil, and another devil hanging by and striving to make weight, but both are too light. There seem to have been two or three floors, but they are now entirely decayed, or demolished, and part of the upper story has been blown down, in consequence of which it is become an habitation for jack-daws.—From this spot we may survey the whole space between the Severn and the Wiltshire hills.—The foot of the Torr is the only place where I have been fortunate enough to find *Vicia lutea*.

There is a noble large barn to the south of the town, which, from the antiquity of its appearance, we concluded originally belonged to the abbey. *Somerset.*

On the south-west side of Glastonbury may be seen *Wearyall-hill* (represented in the view of the ruins) the name of which originated from a belief prevalent among the vulgar, and instilled by the monks, that here St. Joseph and his companions sat down *all weary* with their journey! From the stick the former stuck into the ground, say they, sprung the famous Glastonbury thorn, concerning which so many marvellous stories have been spread, and for fancied cuttings from which, even in times when monkish superstition might be supposed to have ceased, people of the first rank gave an extravagant price. The Bristol merchants (Collinson informs us) actually made a traffic of the plants, and exported them to foreign parts; the people of Glastonbury, to this day, cultivate slips of hawthorn imagined to have sprung from the sacred

Somerset. cred trunk, and offer them to visitors as valuable articles, though many a sprig is cut in the neighbouring hedges.—I have never seen the Glastonbury thorn in fructification, but all the botanists who have examined it in that state agree that it is no other than the common *Crataegus monogyna*. It is a fact, however, that the shrub here flowers two or three months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas day, O. S. whence I conjecture it must be at least a *variety* of the above species, which may have been introduced originally by some pilgrim or other from the east.

The various curiosities, together with the superstitious traditions, above enumerated, draw multitudes of visitors to Glastonbury, which has been benefited by pious impostures not a little. Before the year 1751, the town was generally crowded for the sake solely of seeing the thorn in bloom.—But I feel too little pleasure in this ridiculous subject to dwell upon it; we will therefore take leave of Glastonbury.

Return-

Returning through Wells, we proceeded to- *Somerset.*
wards Bath, by excursions from which place we
judged we should make our observations on the
northern verge of the county with most con-
venience. Opportunities of gaining some in-
telligence relative to the coal-mines were af-
forded us by the way, as we did not hesitate to
desert the direct road in order to visit such as
lay nearer to Mendip.

About Emborough, just under the northern
side of the hills, we found the limestone begin-
ning to assume a paler colour, and the *strata*
mostly in an horizontal, instead of an inclined
position. As we advance, it insensibly approaches
nearer to the character of freestone, the texture
becoming loose and granular. This stone, how-
ever, is not, as in the northern parts of England,
the country of the coal, there being intermediate
strata, in general, of two or three different sub-
stances; the following is the order in which
they usually succeed each other:—

Limestone,

Somerset.

Marl,

Deep red clay,—or ochre,

Argillaceous flaty sandstone,

Bituminous argillite,—or hard black argillaceous rock,

Coal.

The sandstone has in many instances a pyritaceous nature, and in others is mixed with mica. To the north-west, particularly about Winford, it degenerates into ruddle.—The bituminous argillite is considered as a sure evidence of good coal being at hand; about Brislington and elsewhere in the vicinity of Bristol, it exhibits impressions of innumerable ferns and other plants, which are in general too confused to be investigated, though I have sometimes fancied I could distinguish the particular *species*. The beds vary pretty much in thickness, and are often at the depth of forty or fifty fathoms. They immediately overlie the coal, appearing in a manner to pass into it, as the colour gradually becomes deeper, and the bituminous quality more strongly perceptible. The hard, compact
rock

rock that sometimes holds the place of the slate is no small discouragement to the miners, who have not only great labour in getting through it, but seldom find a vein afterwards likely to answer being worked. These substances overlying the coal are called *coal clives*. A loose friable coal that sometimes precedes the principal *stratum* is called the *crop*. This crop often rises to the surface, when the obliquity, or *pitch* of the vein is considerable, and directs the miners where to commence their workings. None of the veins have an horizontal, or indeed a perpendicular position, unless they are broken by a ridge; that is, unless the veins have been disjoined by masses of rock or rubble breaking through them. In most of the works about Mendip the pitch is from twenty to twenty-five inches in a fathom, towards the south.

Somerset.

The RADSTOCK MINES run to the depth of forty fathoms, the great vein being about twenty-two inches in thickness; they produce from fifteen hundred to one thousand seven hundred

*Radstock
Mines.*

Somerset. bushels *per* week. The Earl of Waldegrave is the lord, and has for his portion one eighth. A loose marl covers the valley in which these mines are situated, and high cliffs of limestone rear themselves on each side, exhibiting, throughout, horizontal fissures. At the depth of fourteen fathoms they come to a good deal of black argillaceous rock mixed with quartz.

Camerton. In CAMERTON mines red clay and sandstone continue to the depth of twenty fathoms or more ; afterwards a hard bluish stone is found ; and lastly carbonaceous slate. Contiguous to the coal the last shews impressions of vegetables. There are two very productive veins, about eighteen yards apart ; these make a small angle towards the south, and are rather more than two feet in thickness. Water appears at the depth of a few fathoms, but the workmen, in opening the shaft, contrived to get rid of two hundred and eighty-three hogsheds in an hour.

About Midsummer-Norton, Stratton on the
foss,

fos, and Kilmerfdon, the pits are fupposed to yield weekly from eight hundred to one thoufand tons, which requires the labour of at leaft five hundred men. The average price of coal in this neighbourhood is about fourpence *per* bufhel.

Somerfet.

The direction of the veins of coal in Somerfetfhire is very variable, but I think that in general it is from eaft to weft nearly. The termination of the coal country fouthward feems to be about Mendip. On the fide of Wiltfhire we lofe the mines as foon as we come to the chalk. Towards the borders of Gloucefterfhire, I remarked, the veins mofly pitch to the north, but towards Mendip they incline the contrary way.

To enter into a circumftantial account of the city of BATH, in a work written with fuch general views as this, would not only be an impropriety, but in another refpect prefumptuous and unneceffary. Many full and competent defcriptions are already in the hands of every

Bath.

Somerset. body, and perhaps some even of these may be considered by the public as superfluous.—The same remarks will apply to Bristol (which, besides, is not strictly within the district I have undertaken to give a sketch of) and to the neighbouring country. In regard to picturesque scenery and antiquities I could not have been more completely anticipated than by the authors* of a *Guide* published in 1793, who left no interesting object unnoticed. The mineralogy of this district it is incumbent on me in some measure to touch upon, for unfortunately this branch has rarely been attended to by topographical writers.

The Bath stone is a sort of *oolithus* occasionally mixed with spar and shells. In the fissures of some of the quarries a mineral substance of great scarcity has been observed; this is no other than native lime, which Dr. Falconer has

* Messrs. Ibbetson, Laporte, and J. Hassell.

described (in his Essay on the Bath waters) as of a softish texture, and capable of dissolving sulphur.—This beautiful city is wholly surrounded by hills of limestone, which, however, differs a little with regard to texture, and the nature of the *strata*. About Landsdown these *strata* increase in thickness according to their depth, the thinnest *stratum* lying uppermost. The grit is here so intimately blended with marine bodies and sparry matter that it is scarcely discernible. Towards Keynsham we find in the stone immense *cornua ammonis*, which are carefully picked out and polished for sale by the quarrymen, who give them the appellation of *snake stones*. The diameter of many of these extraordinary fossils measures nearly two feet.

Limestone extends beyond the northern verge of the county of Somerset, and continues eastward until it meets the chalk boundaries near Warminster. We traced it also quite from Bath to Brewton, in which direction also it closely skirts the chalk of Wiltshire.

Somerset. The Frome road led us through the parish of
Hinton. HINTON, where we found some appurtenances of
the old priory still standing, though the greater
part of the materials were used in the construction
of the present manor-house. This priory
was founded by the famous William Longespee,
Earl of Salisbury, and natural son of Henry II.
The monks, who were of the Carthusian order,
had been settled first at Hatherop, in Gloucestershire,
but their habitation being very incommo-
dious, they were transferred hither by the direc-
tion of Ela, the Earl's widow, about the year
1227. This lady gave them the manors of Hinton
and Norton St. Philip, and formed, in a
manner, a new foundation, to which, in 1534, a
yearly revenue of almost three hundred pounds
was found to belong.*

About a mile from the village of Hinton
Philip's Norton. stands PHILIP'S NORTON, or more properly

* Collinson's *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 368.

Norton St. Philip, where the Duke of Monmouth, in his way from Taunton, had nearly cut off by surprize a fine troop of horſe belonging to the royal army, Henry, Duke of Grafton, narrowly eſcaping with his life.

Somerſet.

FROME, a noted manufacturing town, is pleaſantly ſituated on a declivity within the foreſt of Selwood, which, however, no longer retains its original aſpect. The river Frome, continuing its courſe from Yarnfield common, in Wiltſhire, paſſes here under a ſtone-bridge of five arches. There is very little neatneſs or regularity in the diſtribution of the buildings in this town, the ſtreets being alſo narrow and ill paved. The manufacture of woollen cloth is ſaid to be rather declining than increaſing, but as many as one hundred and fifty thouſand yards are annually made here even now.* The number of inhabitants amounts to eight thouſand, or more. In

Frome.

* *Agricultural Survey of Somerſetſhire.*

Somerset. regard to antiquity this town may contend with most in the county; its history commences at so early a period as the reign of Ina, whose kinsman Adhelm, afterwards Bishop of Sherborn, founded a monastery here. Some part of the old building, converted into tenements for poor families, may be discovered in that part of the place called *Lower-Keyford*. It was never inhabited by the monks after the time of the Danish depredations, which obliged them to disperse, and probably deprived them of much of their property.

The manor of Keyford was some time the property of the ancient family of Twyniho. Among the memoirs of this family I find a circumstance, which, as it throws light on a character but imperfectly sketched in the English history, and exhibits a specimen of the irregularities attending, at that period, the administration of public justice, may not seem unworthy of mention. It appears that their house was one day suddenly surrounded and broken open by a
great

great number of people, who without writ or warrant seized on the person of *Ankerette*, widow of William Twyniho. This riotous party were headed by one Hyde, of Warwick, and a Roger Strugge, of some place in the neighbourhood, tucker. They forcibly conveyed the poor woman (who was equally ignorant of the cause of her imprisonment and of the measures which were about to be pursued against her) to the city of Bath, where for a night they halted. She had not been allowed to bring a servant with her, nor even to stay a moment in her house in order to accommodate herself with any articles of apparel. The day following her arrival at Bath she was conveyed to Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, and hurried thence to Warwick, a distance of seventy miles from her home. Here, by order of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. who had directed the business from the beginning, she was deprived of all the money, jewels, &c. found about her person, and put into a place of confinement. Her daughter, who, anxious for
her

Somerſet.

her ſafety, and deſirous of tracing out the object of this forcible and unlawful proceeding, had followed with ſome relations and ſervants, was commanded by the Duke to leave Warwick without delay, and lodge the ſame night at Stratford upon Avon, under pain of death. On the third day of her detention, the unfortunate priſoner was carried to the Guildhall of Warwick (where the Juſtices of the Peace were holding their general ſeſſions), and charged with having “maliciouſly and damnably” intended the death of Iſabell, wife of George, Duke of Clarence, whoſe ſervant ſhe had been. Being called upon to ſtate the evidence of this intention, her proſecutors ſwore that ſhe had adminiſtered unto the ſaid Iſabell, “*venymous drynke of ale myxt with poyſon, to poyſon and ſlee the ſeid Iſabell, of which drynke the ſeid Iſabell ſekenyd fro the 10th daye of Oſtobre, unto the Sonday next before the feſt of the Natyvite of oure Lorde then next following (A. D. 1478) which Sonday ſhe then and thereof dyed.*” To theſe heinous charges Ankerette Twyniſho pleaded not guilty. The jury, after

Somerset.

after having heard the regular process of trial, being about to consult together, were so intimidated by the menaces of the Duke and his party who attended in the court, that they at once delivered a verdict of "*guilty*," whereupon the Justices pronounced sentence of death, and the wretched lady was dragged through the middle of the town of Warwick, to the gallows, on which she was without ceremony hanged.—These particulars are collected from a petition which appears on the rolls of Parliament (17 Edward IV.); and that no doubt was entertained of the utter falsehood of the charges is proved by the object of that petition being granted, in consequence of which the record of the indictment, the process, verdict, and judgment, and all things depending upon the same were annulled, repealed, and made void.—We can make but one inference from the barbarous proceedings of the Duke of Clarence, yet it is a matter of wonder that none of our historians (at least, so far as I can discover) throw out the the most distant hint of this prince having committed

Somerſet. mitted ſo horrible a murder ;—much leſs do they inform us of the tranſaction that I have recited. In looking back to contemporary events, however, I think we ſhall find our ſuſpicions of his guilt too ſtrongly ſupported to be ſtaggered. The very year in which the Dutcheſs is ſtated to have been murdered, the Dutcheſs Dowager of Burgundy, in order to answer ſome purpoſes of ſtate, offered her daughter Maria, heiress to the Dutchy, in marriage to Clarence, juſt then become a widower.* That his wife ſhould have died by natural means at a period ſo critical, and ſo fortunate for the intereſts of the Duke, to whom the propoſal from the Dutcheſs of Burgundy muſt have been in the higheſt degree flattering, may with good reaſon be doubted ; and, as he had wedded her more for the ſake of cementing his connection with her father, (the *king-making* Earl of Warwick), than from motives of affection, it does not ſeem probable

* Habington's *Hiſtory of Edward IV.* p. 188.

that so unprincipled a man would feel any scruple to dispatch her. Be this as it may, his enemies prevented him from accepting the hand of a second wife, by procuring from the king a death-warrant for himself. Habington's words on the subject of the charges exhibited against him, are deserving of remark: "In his attainder, (says he) according to the forme, are *crimes enough to make his death have apparence of justice*, the execution of which the King seemed rather constrain'd to, then to have fought."* For my part, I cannot help entertaining an idea, that the historians inimical to Richard III. might have purposely concealed any charge on the score of the Dutchess's death, in order to make the apparent iniquity of her husband's execution a matter of accusation against that monarch. Somerset.

In proceeding along this edge of the county, we passed through the village of NUNNEY, re- Nunney.

Somerset. markable for the ruins of a strong castle, the shell of which still remains nearly perfect, and is a very fine piece of antiquity. The ground plan of this castle is a double square, with a round tower at each corner. It measures sixty-four feet in length, and twenty-seven in breadth, and the walls, which appear to be at least sixty feet high, are on the sides eight feet and a half in thickness, and in the towers about seven. There were four stories, the lowermost of which seems to have contained the kitchen and offices, and was distinguished from the others on the outside, by having square instead of arched windows. The huge fire-place recalls to our memory the substantial dishes of the ancient barons, and we may guess from its size that it has served to roast many an ox entire. Just within the door, on the right hand, some traces of stairs appear, leading to the second story, in which probably was the grand hall, besides other rooms, the state apartments being still higher. The walls of the towers are pierced with loopholes; those between have handsome Gothic windows.





Mansley Castle

windows. At the upper part of this magnificent pile, the towers are contracted in diameter, and seem to have communicated with the parapet that goes round the outside about fifteen feet below the top. The shrubs, the festoons of ivy, and the large fragments of stone hanging from the shattered battlements, impart the most picturesque effect to this bold relic of desolated grandeur. Weeds and rubbish choak up the moat, which was formerly of great width and depth, and surrounded the whole building, receiving its supply of water from a brook that runs by the principal front, through the middle of the village. *Somerset.*

Collinson says that this castle was erected by Sir John Delamere, lord of Nunney, about the end of the thirteenth century. He must certainly be mistaken, however, in assigning its architecture to so early a period. Our own observation led us to conclude that it was of so late a date as Henry VI.'s time.—The Delameres were very early possessed of the chief

Somerset. manor of this place, which has commonly had the addition of their name to its own. But we have no account of any military transaction here until the reign of Charles I. when the castle was garrisoned for him and had a large magazine. In September, 1645, it was taken by the Parliament, and probably soon afterwards dismantled to prevent any future service that it might have afforded to the king. The effects of the siege are very visible, particularly on its western front.

Near the south side of the castle is an old mansion called the *Castle-house*, which was formerly the seat of the lord of the manor, but is now fast decaying, except a few rooms inhabited by a farmer. James Theobald, of Waltham-place, in Berkshire, Esq. is the present proprietor of the estate.

Contiguous to the church-yard of this village we noticed a ruinous house to all appearance very ancient, and called, we understood, the

Court-

Court-house. Tradition says there was once a nunnery here, from which the place had its name; if this account be true, the building in question might have belonged to it. *Somerset.*

Nunney is far from being a despicable village, and there is a sort of romantic appearance in the situation that renders it pleasant. The quarries around it, produce a blackish hard limestone, nearly allied to that which abounds on Mendip. A fine bluish lyas is also found not far distant, and when polished seems not ill entitled to the denomination of a marble.

Between Nunney and Brewton runs a romantic dale, bounded by abrupt rocks, which in their grotesque shapes and verdant ornaments resemble, in miniature, some of the crag scenes of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. We have here too the idea of a chasm formed by a sudden, partial convulsion.—This dale lies too far to the right to be noticed without stepping to some distance from the high road, though the latter

Somerset. sometimes winds enough to bring to view steep descents.

There is an effect remarkably pleasing in the
Brewton. scenery immediately surrounding BREWTON, and, though the hills are neither bold nor well shaped in general, their gently undulating outline, added to the vividness of the rich verdure that covers them, interests the eye extremely. The vales are meadows, the declivities orchards, and the eminences sheep-walks. The town is sheltered on all sides, but the greater part of it stands on a gentle elevation of ground, rising above the river Brew, from which it takes its name. This place was once the seat of Sir Maurice Berkeley, whose younger son John, as a reward for his services to the royal cause, was created by Charles II. Lord Berkeley of Stratton. The title became extinct, however, in 1772, and the manor is become the property of Sir Richard Hoare, Bart. Some walls, contiguous to the church, and a few unmeaning fragments are all the remains of the mansion,
the

Somerset.

the principal materials of which were pulled down by the present owner. The grounds are still enclosed as originally. We found no vestiges of the priory of Brewton; indeed a considerable part of it was modernized and occupied by the Berkeley family, and consequently underwent the fate of their seat. The church, which is a large structure, has two quadrangular towers, one occupying the west end, and the other rising from one side of the north aisle. The latter seems to have belonged to the original building, but the former is by far the most handsome, being finished in an elaborate style of Gothic, and ornamented with elegant pinnacles. In this church, William, Lord Berkeley, his son Captain Berkeley, of the royal navy, and Lord Fitzharding lie interred, and here (as appears by the registers of the parish) Charles I. once heard a sermon, preached by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.—There is a very rich hospital in this town, the estates belonging to which were the gift of Hugh Saxey, who is said to have been once a stable-boy at one of the inns, but after-

Somerset. wards, by the help of a little education and a course of active conduct, advanced to the post of Auditor to Queen Elizabeth. His statue may be seen in a niche on the south side of the court, in which are several apartments and a neat little chapel.—The income of the estates belonging to this charity amounts to considerably more than two thousands pounds *per annum*.—There is a manufacture of hosiery in Brewton, and a great number of hands are employed in filk reeling, whence it will naturally be supposed that the place is by no means deficient in populousness.

On the banks bordering the road to Castle-Cary, not two hundred yards from Brewton, we were fortunate enough to find *Campanula patula*, which, by its profusion in this situation, would scarcely seem ranked among the rarest English plants with propriety.

Stavordale We were now too near to the PRIORY of
Priory. STAVORDALE to have been excused, had we omitted

omitted ascertaining what remained of it. This *Somerset.* Priory was founded by Richard Loyell, lord of the manor of Wincaunton (from which it is not more than three miles distant), for Canons of the order of St. Augustine.* The donation of his estates for this purpose was made in the reign of Henry III. In 1533, the society were united to the Priory of Taunton; after the dissolution of that monastery, the lands were granted to John, Earl of Oxford, but to whom they afterwards devolved I am ignorant.

Stavordale Priory has undergone an alteration from which few monastic structures that were left in a tolerably perfect state have been saved. It is now a farm-house and barn. The latter was the chapel, and still retains some Gothic arches and carved timber work. In the wall of the porch is the basin for holy water, and a turret remains on the top that was in-

* Collinson's *History of Somerset*, vol. 3, p. 33.

Somerset. tended for the bell. There is nothing to give you any idea of splendor, or to support a belief of the original buildings having occupied any great extent of ground, but the situation and scenery being not wholly unpicturesque excite some degree of interest, and render the metamorphosed Priory deserving of being commemorated by the pencil.—In a field belonging to the farm, south-west of the house, some remains of an octagonal stone-cross may be traced.

To render our circuit complete, it was necessary to pass once more through Shaftesbury, and indeed this place lay directly in the line by which we wished to continue our journey to a part of Dorsetshire that we were still desirous of visiting.



Stavordale Priory

Thos. T. Rickitt del.



DORSETSHIRE

CONTINUED.

THE track we had chosen conducted us through the parish of GILLINGHAM, situated in a low pasture country, close to the borders of Wiltshire, the chalk hills of which county now stretched on our left. Gillingham forest was disforested by Charles I. It is astonishing that so large an extent of land (especially if we include the forest of Selwood) should have been reserved by our monarchs for waste and wild animals in a part of the country so valuable for the objects of agriculture.

Passing from Shaftesbury towards Blandford, we soon lose all appearance of any substance besides

Dorset. besides flint and chalk, the commencement of which, in this direction, is marked by Melbury hill,—a very bold eminence rearing itself to the height of one thousand, five hundred, and ten feet above the level of the sea. The declivities were now again distinguished by those singular natural terraces, which we so often contemplated with wonder on our tour, and which must so often occur to the eyes of the traveller in traversing the downs of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. It may be unnecessary to say that I allude to the *linches*, or *linchets*, as they are called,—geological appearances that we no where find accounted for, though their frequency and peculiarity cannot but render them equally deserving of attention with many objects that daily exercise the ingenuity, and excite the contention of philosophers.—I have never seen these linches but on chalk hills. An exception may be made, indeed, in regard to some limestone soils, as about Brewton, in Somersetshire, and a few other places, and, even in these instances, the ridges are extremely faint. It may be remarked, that
in

in proportion to the steepness of the descent, the narrower are the terraces, and the more abrupt the ridges, but on an easy declivity the areas are very broad, and the ridges diminish in sharpness. In most instances these last run parallel to the course of the valley immediately below, those parts which have the greatest declination hanging over the deepest ground. Sometimes they are seen to cut one another, and to run in all directions on the same slope, but the concomitant circumstances are great inequalities in the nearest valley, or a peculiar irregularity in the hill itself.—From attending to these appearances I could never form any other idea than that linches owe their origin to subsidences of ground in a state of solution. Upon this supposition, wherever the greatest sinkings took place, the *waves* of mud that followed would slide lowest. If the subsidence was abrupt and sudden, the greater would be the accumulation of the soft matter rolling down for want of support; if it was gentle and gradual, shallow waves only would follow, except near the upper parts, where
the

Dorset.

Dorset.

the masses would at first slide with some rapidity and volume, on account of a greater fluidity of the soil near the surface. *Stratum* after *stratum* would continue to sink, until the more liquid had wholly drained into the valleys and hollows. The roundness of the *brows* of chalk hills can be accounted for only by this theory, because if their upper *strata* had not been originally fluid, a sharpness of edge must have been left. There is another circumstance to be considered: flint scarcely ever lies in any other than horizontal beds,—at least so far as I have observed in the southern parts of our island. We cannot conceive this arrangement to have happened but in consequence of deposition, though of the individual process by which the deposition was occasioned it seems as if we must remain for ever ignorant.

Huge undulations of chalk appear along this edge of the county, their sides but scantily covered in some places with brushwood and furze until we come to the Chace.—On the right, the
fister

sister hills of Hod and Hameldon appear ; both of these are fortified with strong, regular ramparts, and command extensive views of the vale of Blackmoor and the neighbouring country. From the alpine nature of the situation, a botanist may promise himself some success on these heights. Dr. Pulteney found *Cineraria integrifolia* (mountain flea-wort) on Hod-hill, and I have myself seen *Thesium linophyllum* (bastard toadflax) and *Rubia sylvestris* in a wood skirting its declivities.—The scenery of the Chase is in many points extremely beautiful, gaining its effect chiefly from its wildness, and from long blue hills in the distance. Many groupes of trees, from the rudeness and irregularity of their growth, form very picturesque objects, and seduce the attention most effectually from the dreary country beyond.

Dorset.

There are no longer any traces of Pimpern maze, which we had no occasion to go out of our way to search for, as it was situated just at the conjunction of the Salisbury and Shaftesbury roads.

Dorset. roads. Hutchins says it was destroyed by the plough in 1730 ; Dr. Stukely visited it before that year, and by his disquisition upon it in his *Itinerarium*,* excited our curiosity to see such a work very strongly, though the learned antiquary must certainly have strained conjecture a good deal too far in assigning the origin of the *Troy-towns*, as they are called, to the Roman times. The coincidence of appellations indeed seems at first in a singular manner to countenance his idea of the games of Julius having been introduced into England, for in some parts of the country these mazes are called also *Julian's bowers*. But when we consider that these were merely a few banks, raised with chalk and turf two or three feet above the ground, and curving in the manner of a labyrinth, wide enough only to admit persons on foot, it is more natural to conclude that they were intended solely for purposes of pastoral amusement.

The word *Troy* is likely to have been originally Welsh, for mazes are fr̄quent in Wales, and have there the name of *Caer-troi*, signifying *turning towns*.

Dorset.

In order to visit W^NI^BORN-MINSTER, we were obliged once more to pass through Blandford, from which a road passes a little to the right of Badbury.—We had not planned well in excluding Winborn from our first tour, especially as it was so near when we first set out.

Winborn-
Minster.

This town is of high antiquity, and obtained the name of *Minster* from its church, which formerly belonged to a monastery erected here by St. Cuthburga, as Leland tells us.* It stands on a gravelly soil between the Stour and the Allen, and, though not a place of trade, contains a good number of inhabitants, who have some concern in the woollen manufacture and the

* *Itinerary*, vol. 3, p. 72.

Dorset. knitting of hosiery.—The minster is a structure deserving of particular notice, no less on account of its age and venerable appearance, than of several peculiarities in its style of architecture. It measures one hundred and eighty feet in length, and has two quadrangular towers, one of which stands on the middle of the roof, and the other at the west end. There was once a spire on the eastern tower, which, however, in my opinion suffered no loss from its fall. A curious mixture of the Saxon and Gothic orders is observable through the whole of this building, and those who imagine the latter to have sprung out of the former may certainly here find some confirmation of their conjectures.* The interlaced

* I cannot hesitate to acknowledge, that for my own part, I have always thought a transition from the Saxon into the Gothic style extremely easy, and the reasons on which I have founded my belief that the one actually passed into the other are the result of a diligent study of many different structures in this kingdom. It is very natural to imagine that several of the peculiarities by which the various orders are characterised owe their origin to chance and sudden conceits of workmen. The perforations which occur in the church belonging to the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, must have given an idea of a new and elegant kind of arch,

Dorset.

laced Saxon arches adorning the outside of the eastern tower, being perforated in several places under the points of intersection, absolutely constitute *Gothic* windows. In the inside, large pointed arches may be seen sweeping round and enclosing a row of small circular ones. The arches of the nave are pointed, but have Saxon mouldings, and the pillars are massy. The windows above these are very obtuse, and would, on that account, seem to be of a modern date, in comparison with the rest of the church.

arch, whether the Gothic was then known as a separate order or not, and it is very improbable that its effect should escape the eye of an architect. But supposing the Gothic arch to be wholly unconnected with the Saxon in its origin, and introduced from a distant country, how happened it to spread in England by piece-meal only? The commencement of the pure, absolute Gothic is usually fixed at about the end of the thirteenth century. If this part of its history be correct, the mixed style must have prevailed nearly one hundred years, for we find no edifices in the uncorrupted Saxon after the year 1200. Long after the reign of Henry III. there still remained in the Gothic order what I cannot help considering as memorials of its origin,—detached shafts supporting the arches of windows, which evidently correspond with the appendages to the interlaced circular arches on the towers of Winborn Minster and the church of the Hospital of St. Cross. The idea of the three compartments in the Gothic window may likewise be derived from the same quarter.

Dorset.

—On the south wall of the choir four niches still remain, and there are several old stalls, which probably belonged to the prebendaries who were placed here after the nuns, but are now occupied by the corporation. Cardinal Pole, Camden says, was some time Dean.—Among the distinguished persons interred in this church are St. Cuthburga (who was sister of Ina, King of the West-Saxons, and wife of Alfred, King of Northumberland), and King Ethelred, slain in an engagement with the Danes at Wittingham. The grave of the latter is marked, but not by the ancient inscription.—We admired very much the monument of Sir Edmund Uvedale, situated on one side of the south aisle. Its date is 1606, but the workmanship is so extremely good that it would not disgrace a much later period. The figure, which represents the knight reclining on one hand, has uncommon ease, and the execution of the armour and belt deserves particular notice. Under an arch, on the south side of the choir lie the *effigies* of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset and

and his wife, the parents of Margaret, Countess of Richmond.—On the opposite side, Gertrude Marchioness of Exeter, and mother of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was interred.—The crypt underneath the choir seems to have been built at the same period as the rest of the church; it has pointed arches, with bold circular groins to support the roof. This crypt was formerly used as a chantry. The cavity cut for containing holy water still remains.—There is a library contiguous to the south part of the minster, but it contains only a few worm-eaten books of school divinity, which I see no necessity for *chaining* any longer. A polyglott bible alone makes any thing like a respectable appearance, among so much rubbish.—Divine service is performed by three ministers, who are elected by the corporation.

Dorset.

South-east from Winborn-Minster, at the distance of two miles, is the village of GREAT-CANFORD, where are still some remains of the ancient mansion of the Longespees and Monta-

*Great
Canford.*

Dorset.

cutes, Earls of Salisbury. These remains consist chiefly of a kitchen, which is generally known by the appellation of *John of Gaunt's kitchen*, whether on account only of his having been entertained here, or in consequence of his having been proprietor of the mansion itself, I cannot say, though it does not appear by any ancient records that the *manor* ever came into the possession of the Duke. The kitchen at present adjoins to the house of Sir John Webb, Bart. and has been much modernized on the outside. Two curious embattled chimnies, however, are left standing. The smoke was let out through perforations at the sides. Within, three large fire-places may be seen, but the communication between the two parts into which the kitchen is divided has been stopped, one being now entered only from the street. The largest fire-place measures nearly twenty feet in width. —It was in 1765 that the habitable part of the old seat was pulled down, and the present house erected, which is now the residence of a society of Nuns, for the accommodation of whom

whom it was extremely eligible. These ladies, who are of the Carmelite order, came hither from Hoftricht (between Antwerp and Breda) about three years ago.

Dorset.

The church of Great Canford is a very ancient structure, though, from its meanness, it at first appears unworthy of notice. The windows of the tower are Saxon.—With regard to the village itself, the situation is pleasing, being on the borders of some wide, verdant meadows which are watered by the river Stour.

The road from Winborn to Salisbury passes through the parish of Cranborn, to the south-west of which stands WINBORN ST. GILES, the feat of the Earl of Shaftesbury. This manor came into the possession of the Ashleys in the reign of Edward IV. The heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley, who was knighted at the siege of Cadiz, in 1597, brought it to the Coopers of Rockburn, in Hampshire. Her son became Earl of Shaftesbury, and was Lord Chancellor

*Winborn St.
Giles.*

Dorset.

in 1672. There are monuments of several of this family in the parish church, which is situated close to the park, and deserves mention, if only on account of its neatness.—With regard to the mansion, the eastern part is the most ancient, and was the seat of the Ashleys; the western was built in 1651. The river Allen runs through the grounds.

Mention of the Shaftesbury family must necessarily bring to our minds the eloquent and philosophic Earl who added so much splendor to it by his writings. It was to Michael Ainsworth, a native of this village, that he addressed his "*Letters*." His lordship's benevolent disposition prompted him to patronize this young man, whose relatives being placed but little above poverty, he undertook to pay all his University expences.

Cranborn.

CRANBORN, occupying a low spot not far from the head of the Allen, was a place of great note in the Saxon and Norman times, but there
are

are no particulars in its history deserving of being recorded here, except the birth of Bishop Stillingfleet.—It has the advantage of a market, and is surrounded by a fine sporting country, which, however, is now curtailed of some of its recommendations by the conversion of a great part of the Chace to the more useful purposes of husbandry.

Dorset.

It is with regret I find myself at length arrived at the termination of my tours. Describing has seemed like a second time surveying the scenes which I should never re-visit without new delight; under that delusion I have frequently fallen into expressions of admiration applicable only to the reality. It is too probable that I have erred in imagining that the reader would partake of my sensations. Whilst I have contemplated a *picture*, he has had only a *sketch* to inspect, and a sketch roughly and imperfectly traced too, through the impotency of the pencil employed upon it, as well as the immensity of the original. Yet, if, I should for-

Dorset. Fortunately have succeeded in endeavouring to excite an interest in the subject, to awaken curiosity, to exercise speculation, or to guide the traveller to objects that may gratify him,—I cannot consider my time ill spent, nor despair of my undertaking being to some extent approved.

OBSERVATIONS

EXPLANATORY OF THE

MAP.

TO sum up the mineralogical Remarks, relative to soil, scattered through these volumes, no other means can be satisfactorily made use of but a delineation in the manner of a Map, by which a general idea of the several transitions of substances may be obtained at one view. It would be impossible, however, to represent with perfect accuracy *all* the superficial *strata* of so extensive a district as that which forms the subject of the preceding observations, without having surveyed every part of it with the most scrupulous nicety, and without a minuteness of inspection wholly irreconcilable with the objects, and the opportunities, of a cursory journey. In fact, to mark observations merely acci-

accidental, trace every trifling irregularity, and distinguish every shade and faint variation, of substances spread over so wide a space, would not only require a scale so enlarged as to weary the eye in following it; but, after all, become no important acquisition to the more enlarged and useful views of the geologist. I have not attempted therefore to exhibit any thing more than the grand stretch of the different *strata*, and the most prevalent substance in the composition of each. The method usually adopted for these purposes has been to stain the spaces supposed to be occupied by the several substances with different colours, but these have always appeared to me to be attended with many inconveniencies and imperfections. As characters they are entirely arbitrary, and cannot be made to express either the gradual changes of composition, or the connection of *strata* one with another.—A second method made use of in mineralogical maps has been shading, by means of lines, in such a way that the alterations of soil should be discovered by their different directions

tions and combinations. This idea seems to have been first started by Dr. Martin Lister, more than a century ago. He published his plan in the *Philosophical Transactions*,* under the title of "*A Proposal for a new Sort of Maps of Countries*," which, was, in fact, the first hint of the utility of mineralogical maps in any shape. M. Guettard employs lines in his "*Carte Mineralogique sur la Nature et la Situation des Terreins qui traversent la France et l'Angleterre*," which occurs in the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences for the year 1746. Mr. Whitehurst also (in his "*Inquiry into the original State and Formation of the Earth*") and Mr. Frazer (in his "*Agricultural Survey of Devonshire*") have pursued the same plan. Yet much greater advantages attend the use of lines than appear in the above instances, or than have hitherto indeed been imagined. Lines are characters no less arbitrary than co-

* Number 164, p. 739.

lours, if they can be applied to no other purpose than the mere demarcation of *strata*, without denoting whether they have any affinity one to another, or not, and whether they be insulated, as it were, and terminate abruptly, or connect themselves by a participation of the same substance in their composition.

In the annexed Map, these points will seem to be gained, it is hoped. As an exemplification, the characters denoting killas and argillaceous slate may be compared with each other.— Strait horizontal lines combined with diagonal ones proceeding downwards from the left constitute the character for the former of these substances; undulated horizontal lines for the latter. The direction of one of the component parts of the character for killas being made to correspond with that of the simple lines denoting the slate will serve to point out the transition of the one substance into the other, so obvious in several parts of Cornwall and Devonshire. Strait lines, separately, in the same direction,
being

being pitched upon to signify clay, will exhibit the affinity between it and the slate ; by forming a part of the character of killas they serve also to shew that a principal part of the composition of this last is argill. The diagonal lines, which are used separately for serpentine, point out the other prevailing earth in killas, *viz.* the magnesian, and connect the killas with granite, in which they may represent the micaceous, as when in a contrary direction the quartzose, portion of that rock. It may be objected that simple lines are by no means natural signs for a substance so compounded as serpentine, especially when in other substances they stand for pure *magnesia* ; clay, likewise, it may be said, from never occurring in the state of pure argill, is not represented by the same sign as the latter, nor quartzose rock by the same as *sillex*, with consistency. To this I reply that as no other substances occur in the Map approaching more nearly to the state of pure *magnesia*, argill, and *sillex* than the serpentine, clay, and quartzose rock, the simple characters seemed rather eligible than otherwise, on account

account of the inconvenience attending a multiplication of signs. It would certainly be improper to recommend them as *general* mineralogical characters, especially when others of an analogous nature may be made merely by undulating, doubling, or interrupting the lines; indeed characters of this sort may be varied to infinity,—a convenience that cannot be obtained by colours.

I have been in some perplexity to determine whether the preponderating substance in the composition of a mineral, or the external appearance by which it is arranged in a system, should have the preference in regulating the mineralogical sign. Upon the whole, it may produce less confusion to follow the arrangement observed in scientific catalogues, and I have accordingly given the magnesian sign to serpentine, though it is well known that this species contains *silica* in the proportion of five to three to *magnesia*. There are few instances, however, of the place of a mineral in the system
being

being at variance with the proportions of its component parts.

In defining the extent of some *strata* which our route did not allow me the means of tracing sufficiently myself, I have depended on the best information I could procure, though it has rarely happened that I have had occasion to apply to other quarters, as the gaps in my own observations were few.

As the insertion of the names of towns and the course of rivers in a map of so small a scale would have occasioned great confusion, those of the more remarkable projections and recesses of the coast only are noticed.

There cannot be a more convenient plan for constructing a mineralogical Map than this here proposed. A ruler and a pen or pencil are all the materials necessary for a traveller to carry with him in order to delineate as he proceeds.—
If it be as practicable to represent the soil as it
is

is any picturesque object that occurs, (and there is no question that the study is equally *useful*), we may hope to see very shortly a complete picture of the mineral face of the whole island.

Length of the several Stages

ON THE

PRECEDING TOURS.

FIRST TOUR.

	Miles.
(FROM SALISBURY to) Spetisbury (<i>Dor-</i> <i>set</i>) by Moore-Critchill	24
Swanwich	20
Poole, and back, including Studland, the Agglestone, and Brownsea	22
West Lullworth, including St. Adhelm's head and Kimmeridge	16
Weymouth	12
Chefilton	5

Portland bill, and back, including Kingfton	9
Abbotsbury	9
Bridport	10
Charmouth	6
Lyme-Regis	3
Sidmouth (<i>Devon</i>)	16
Ottery St. Mary	6
Exeter	11
Thorverton, and back, including Upton-	
Pyne	7
Teignmouth, by Powderham Caftle and	
Start-point	17
Chudleigh	7
Afhburton, including Bovey-Heathfield .	9
Totnefs	8
Torquay, including Berry-Pomeroy .	10
Dartmouth	14
Ivy-	


Ivy-bridge	17
Plymouth	10
Saltaſh (<i>Cornwall</i>)	4
Fowey, including Eaſt and Weſt Looe .	20
St. Germain's	6
Menabilly	3
Polgooth Mine, and back	16
Roche Rocks, and back	18
Truro	18
Falmouth	12
Cape Lizard, by Gweek and Mullion .	20
Helſton	11
Marazion, including Pengerſwick . . .	10
Penzance	3
St. Burien's, including Bolleit	5
St. Juſt, including Treryn and Land's-end	10
St. Ives, including Caſtle Chun	15

Camborn, including Hale Pounding-houses	10
Redruth	4
Gwennap Mines, and back	8
St. Agnes, by the North Downs	6
St. Michael, including Huel-Mexico	10
St. Columb	7
Bodmin	11
Camelford, by Wadebridge	16
Tintagel	6
Launceston, including Boscastle	17
Callington	12
Saltaſh, including Pentilly Caſtle	7
Bere-Alſton, and back (<i>Devon</i>)	12
Plymouth	4
Plymouth-Dock, and back	4
Mount Edgcumbe, and back	5
Taviſtock, through Plym Wood	8

Oke-

Okehampton, including Lidford	.	.	16
Exeter	.	.	23
Honiton	.	.	16
Axminster	.	.	9
Ford Abbey, and back	.	.	14
Bridport	.	.	12
Dorchester	.	.	15
Blandford	.	.	16
SALISBURY	.	.	22
			<hr/>
<i>Total Length of the first Tour</i>	.	.	729
			<hr/>

SECOND TOUR.



(From SALISBURY to) Shaftesbury (<i>Dorset</i>)	20
Milborn-Port	13
Sherborn	2
Cern-Abbas, and back	24
Broad-Marlton (<i>Somerſet</i>)	8
Ilcheſter	6
Somerton	5
Langport	5
Taunton	13
Columbton (<i>Devon</i>)	27
Exeter	7
Crediton	8

Bow

Bow	8
Hatherleigh	14
Torrington	13
Biddeford, including Frithelstoke	9
Hartland, and back	30
Barnstaple	8
Ilfracombe	11
Combe-Martin	5
Linton	10
Porlock (<i>Somerset</i>)	12
Minchhead	7
Dunster	2
Watchett, including Old-Cleeve	8
Bridgwater	20
Banwell	20
Woodspring, and back	14
Chedder	6

Wells, including Wookey	.	.	.	9
Glastonbury	.	.	.	5
Bath	.	.	.	25
Frome	.	.	.	13
Nunney	.	.	.	3
Brewton	.	.	.	9
Shaftesbury (<i>Dorset</i>), including Stavordale				
Priory	.	.	.	18
Blandford	.	.	.	12
Winborn	.	.	.	8
Great Canford, and back	.	.	.	4
Cranborn	.	.	.	9
SALISBURY	.	.	.	11
<i>Total Length of the second Tour</i>				461

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Errata.

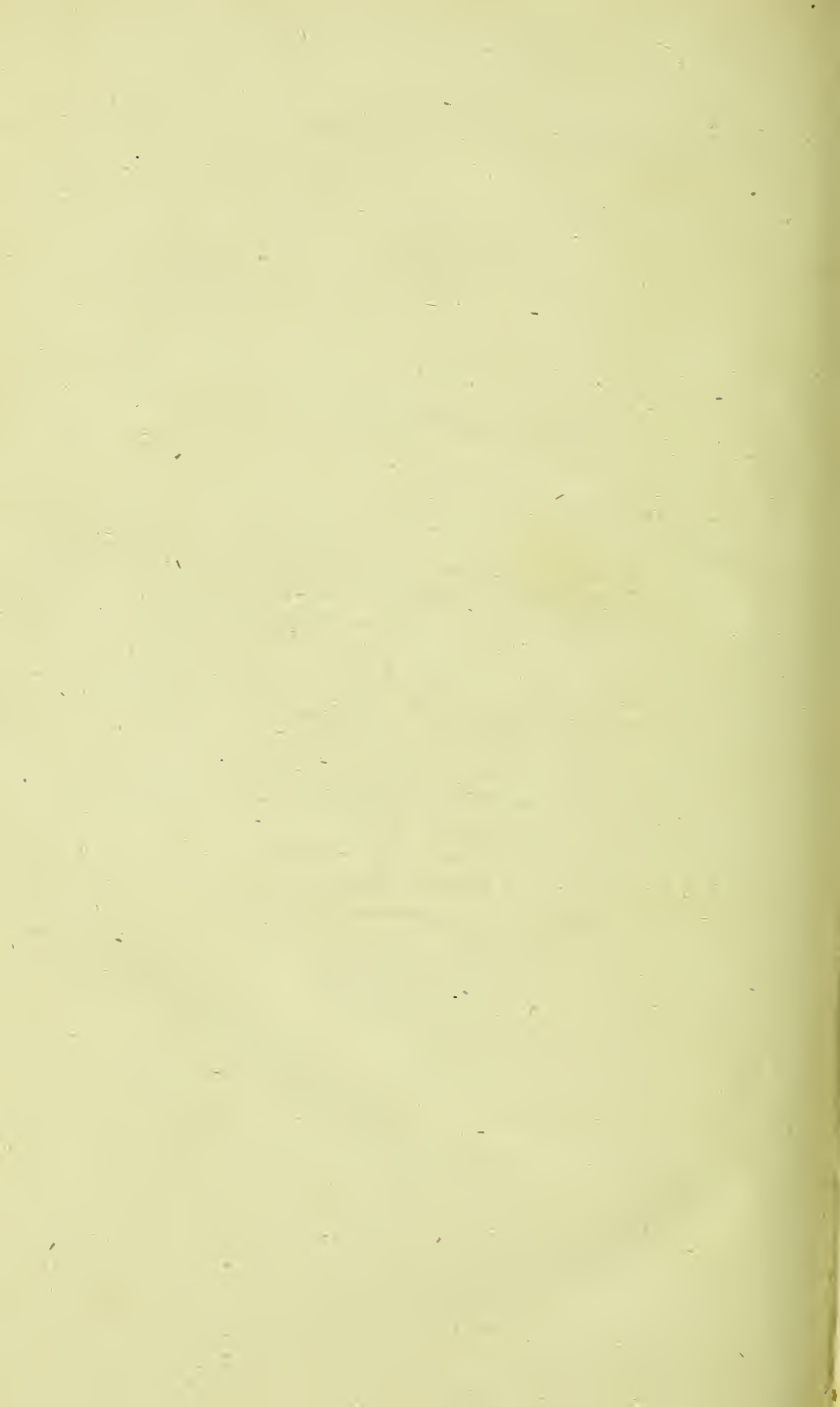
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Page 28, line 5, (note) for *todidem* read *totidem*.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| — 214, — 13, for <i>each</i> | — read <i>them</i> , |
| — 225, — 8, — <i>has</i> | — <i>have</i> . |
| — 235, — 12, — <i>remind</i> | — <i>reminds</i> . |
| — 322, — 16, — <i>Iter</i> | — <i>Itinerarium</i> . |

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- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| — 22, — 18, — <i>seems</i> | — <i>seem</i> . |
| — 37, — 13, — <i>begins</i> | — <i>begin</i> . |
| — 44, — 12, — <i>irreconcilable</i> | — <i>irreconcilable</i> . |
| — 46, — 10, after <i>the</i> insert <i>foot</i> . | |
| — — 11, dele <i>foot</i> . | |
| — 123, — 19, between <i>of</i> and <i>bills</i> insert <i>the</i> . | |
| — 131, — 8, for <i>pleases</i> read <i>please</i> . | |
| — 168, — 3, for <i>appurtenances</i> read <i>appertenance</i> . | |



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